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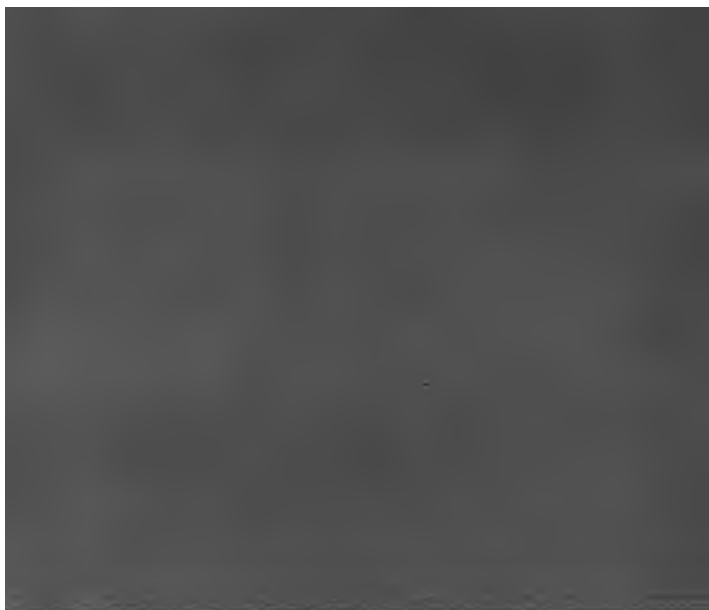
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WILLIAM HOGAN.

P O P E R Y !

AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS.

—  
ALSO,

AURICULAR CONFESSION;

AND

POPI~~S~~H NUNNERIES.

BY WILLIAM HOGAN, ESQ.,  
FORMERLY A ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST.

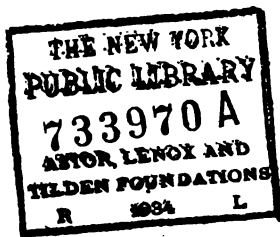
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WITH SEVERAL ILLUSTRATIONS

HARTFORD:  
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1854.

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THE FOLLOWING PAGES  
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RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED  
TO  
AMERICAN REPUBLICANS,  
BY  
THE AUTHOR.



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## P R E F A C E .

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IN submitting the following pages to the public, I can say, with truth, that I am actuated by no other motive than a sincere desire to promote the interest, and contribute all in my power to perpetuate the free institutions, of this, my adopted country.

It is many years since I have had any intercourse or connection with the church or priests of Rome; and I vainly imagined that, after the first outbreak of their animosity, for repudiating their doctrines, it would succeed into a calm indifference. I was aware of the custom, in that church, to defame and calumniate all who "went out from her;" but especially those who have held any distinguished position.

Against such, appeals are immediately made to the people by their priests, until, finally, maddened by sophistry, fanaticism, and falsehoods, they look upon the seceder as one whom it is their duty to destroy; and in whose word, honor, and virtue, no confidence is to be reposed. The object of the Romish church, in this, cannot be mistaken. It is too plain to escape even the least observant eye. A lawyer who can render legally valueless the testimony of opposing witnesses, seldom fails in establishing his case; and hence it is that the Romish church never fails to destroy, if she can, the credibility of all who break loose from

## P R E F A C E .

her, knowing them to be the best witnesses of her iniquities. But for some years back, and until recently, the violence of Popish priests against myself seemed to slumber. This was natural. In the body ecclesiastic, as well as in the natural body, a morbid excitement often succeeds a stupor; and recently these *gentlemen* have assailed me again. To apparent indifference succeeded a frantic zeal; and from one end of this continent to the other, they have tried to injure me, by appeals to the public through their presses, and especially through the *confessional*. All this I would have disregarded, as usual, but I find that these priests have become politicians, and that every blow aimed at me, for the free exercise of my judgment as to the best mode of worshipping God, is aimed at the constitution of my adopted country, which grants this blessing, without let or hindrance, to all the children of men.

Well aware that Americans are not acquainted with ~~the~~ designs of Popery against their country and its institutions, I feel it my duty to lay before them the following pages. The perusal of them will satisfy every American that our country is in danger, not so much from enemies abroad as from foes within. They will find that Papists have reduced political, as well as religious corruption, to a system, and are, at this moment, practising it amongst us, upon a great and gigantic scale.

# SYNOPSIS OF POPERY,

AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS.

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WHEN this country renounced its allegiance to the British crown, and proclaimed itself independent Popery was on the wane in Europe; it was there getting more sickly, more languid and feeble, until it had little more than a mere nominal existence; but while its blossoms were fading, its thorns retained their vitality, inflicting pains and wounds on all who came in contact with them. The Jesuits, one of the most influential orders of friars belonging to the Roman church, continued still active as ever in their fiendish avocations; they roamed about, like so many guomes, from country to country, and from people to people, carrying with them, and strewing on their paths, the seeds of moral death on all that was precious and valuable in the social system. Whatever they touched was blighted; whatever they said or preached breathed treachery; wherever they went, vice, crime, and duplicity marked their track. But dark as the times were then, enshrouded as they had been in ignorance, and idolatrous as the people were, they began to manifest some dissatisfaction at the machinations of Jesuits in their efforts to acquire temporal power. They began to feel it in

the loss of their property, out of which they too late saw themselves gradually swindled; they felt it in the loss of their liberty and civil rights, out of which they had been persuaded, all for **THE GOOD OF THE CHURCH**. Endurance became intolerable, and those unhallowed agents had to be partially suppressed.

The Popish church, at this time, seeing the influence of her most active agents gradually diminishing, her ancient glories fading, and her power vanishing from her grasp; and scarcely able to breathe any longer in the putrid atmosphere which her own corruption and impurities had created, very naturally turned her eyes towards this brilliant new world. It was then young and beautiful; it abounded in all the luxuries of nature; it promised all that was desirable to man. The **HOLY CHURCH**, seeing these irresistible temptations, thirsting with avarice, and yearning for the reëstablishment of her falling greatness, soon commenced pouring in among its unsuspecting people hordes of Jesuits and other friars, with a view of forming among them institutions which were already found to be destructive to the peace and morals of all social and religious principles in Europe. We now see Popish colleges, and nunneries, and monastic institutions, springing up in our hitherto happy republic; and, if similar causes continue, as they have ever done, to produce similar effects, it needs no prophet's eye to see, nor inspired tongue to tell, what the consequences must be to posterity. Many suppose that Popery has been modified; that it is different now from what it was in ancient times; that the spirit which actuated Papists in those dark days ceases to influence them now that the faggot, the rack, and vari-

ous other modes of torture, are not still in use in the Roman church, and that it has long ceased to lay claim, by divine right, to temporal sovereignty, or to any other of those prerogatives which they formerly insisted upon. There are some so fastidiously liberal as to grant them all immunities which may be with safety granted to other sects; others there are, so patriotic as to hold at defiance all their power; and others so self-conceited as to fancy themselves an over-match even for Jesuits, in religious chicanery and political intrigue.

All this arises, not from want of true zeal in American Protestants, but because they are unacquainted with the canons of the Romish church. These canons are inaccessible to the majority of the American people, even of theologians, and with the purport and meaning of them none but those who have been educated Roman Catholic priests have much or any acquaintance. I hesitate not to say—although I do so with the utmost respect and deference—that there are but few American theologians who have much acquaintance with the doctrines or canons of the Romish church. They form no part of their studies; a knowledge of them is not necessary in the legitimate discharge of their pastoral duties; and hence it is, that in many of their controversies with Romish priests, they are not unfrequently browbeaten, bullied, and often almost ignominiously driven from the arena of controversy by men who, in point of general information, virtue, piety, zeal, and scriptural knowledge, are greatly their inferiors. He who argues with Catholic priests must have had his education with them; he must be of them and from among them. He must know, from experience, that they will stop at no falsehood where

the good of the church is concerned ; he must know that they will scruple at no forgery when they desire to establish any point of doctrine, fundamental or not fundamental, which is taught by their church ; he must be aware that it is a standing rule with Popish priests, in all their controversies with Protestants, to admit nothing and deny every thing, and that, if still driven into difficulty, they will still have recourse to the archives of the church, where they keep piles of decretals, canons, rescripts, bulls, excommunications, interdicts, &c., ready for all such emergencies ; some of them dated from three hundred to a thousand years before they were written or even thought of ; showing more clearly, perhaps, than anything else, the extreme ignorance of mankind between the third and ninth centuries, when most of these forgeries were palmed upon the world. With the aid of these miserable forgeries, they attempt to prove, among other things, that the *divine right of the Pope* to the sovereignty of this world was acknowledged by the fathers of the church, in the earliest days of Christianity.

There are to be found now, in the Vatican at Rome, canons and decretals which go to show that the Pope was considered "equal to God," as early as the third century. More of these impious forgeries attempt to show that some of the most pious fathers of the church, in the days of her unquestioned sanctity and piety, acknowledged "Mary, the mother of Jesus, to be equal to God the Son, and deserved supreme adoration." With these forged instruments, they attempt to show that the primitive Christians believed in the real and actual presence of the whole body and blood of Christ, in the wafer which they call the *Eucharist*.

Monstrous, horrible, and impious, as these absurdities are, I once believed them myself. So much for the prejudices of education.

The object of the following pages is to show, first, the origin of Papal power; secondly, to call the attention of Americans to its rapid growth in many of the nations of the earth; and, thirdly, to put my fellow citizens on their guard against giving it any countenance or support within the limits of the United States.

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### ORIGIN OF THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE.

We have no authentic evidence that the bishops or presbyters of the primitive Christian church laid claims to temporal power, much less to universal sovereignty, such as Popes have arrogated to themselves, in subsequent times, even down to the present day. Constantine, as we are informed by the best authorities, was the first to unite civil and ecclesiastical power. He introduced Christianity among the Romans by civil authority. This occurred between the years 272 and 337; but never during his reign, nor before it, was there an instance of a bishop or presbyter of the church aspiring to temporal jurisdiction. They were poor and persecuted; they were meek and humble; they were well content with the privilege of worshipping God in peace. The instructions of their divine Master were fresh in their minds—they almost still rung in their ears. They felt that they were sent into the world with special instructions to “preach the gospel to every creature.” Their heavenly Master told them that his



"kingdom was not of this world." They felt the full force of that high and holy admonition, "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's." They cheerfully submitted to the civil authorities. They claimed not the right of giving away kingdoms, crowning emperors, deposing princes, and absolving their subjects from their oaths of allegiance. These pure Christians and devout men asked for no distinctions, but those of virtue and zeal in the cause of Christ; they sought for no wealth but that of Heaven; they desired no crown but that of glory; they sought no tiara save that of martyrdom; they were surrounded by no court but that of the poor; no college of cardinals waited on their pleasure; there were no *nuncios* sent from their court; no foreign ambassadors passed between them and the powers of this earth. The only court with which they had business to transact, and in which their treasures were laid up, was the court of Heaven; and their only ambassadors at that court were the angels of heaven, sent forth to minister unto them.

But this state of things did not last long. As a modern writer beautifully expresses it, "the trail of the serpent is over us all." The Emperor Constantine, seeing the poverty of the primitive church, — her vast and progressive increase in numbers and the consequent demand upon her charities, — granted to her bishops permission to hold property, real and personal. This concession on the part of Constantine, simple and trifling as it seemed to be; this commingling of the things of heaven and earth, was unnatural. It contained within itself the principles of dissolution, or rather of entire destruction; and became, in time, the source from which have sprung most of the wars, massacres,

and bloody strifes, that have desolated and divided into fragmentary sections, the richest, the fairest, and the finest portions of the globe, during the last fifteen hundred years ; and will continue to do so, unto the end of time, unless the advance of civilization, and the great progress which the human mind has made in ethics, morals, and metaphysics, on this continent, puts an immediate check to Popish interference with the policy of our country.

Could we suppose an individual, who knew nothing of ancient times ; who was an entire stranger to the darkness which pervaded Europe during the middle ages ; who had no acquaintance with the pretensions, arrogance and insolence of Roman pontiffs ; who knew no other constitution and no other laws but those of our own country ; he could not but feel surprised at being first told, that there now lived in Rome, an upstart ecclesiastic, called a *Pope*, who has the hardihood to assert that he is Sovereign Lord, and that too by divine right, of these United States, as well as of all other kingdoms of this world. He goes even further, and contends that his predecessors had similar divine rights, and that all the citizens and inhabitants of this country owed allegiance to him personally, and to no one else, unless delegated by him to receive it. But strange as this may appear, it is no less true, as I will show from authorities, which cannot be questioned, by those who claim such extravagant immunities.

The Pope of Rome predicates his claim to universal sovereignty upon the power of *loosing* and *binding* on *earth* and in *heaven* ; which, in the exuberance of their fancy, Roman Catholic writers contend was given to St. Peter. Their next step is to prove, that this supremacy was acknowledged

by the primitive fathers of the church, and consequently their rights and claims are beyond dispute. But before I proceed to give any of the authorities, upon which Roman Catholic writers rest the antiquity of the recognition of their Pope's temporal power, it may not be amiss to inform the reader that the very first on which they rely is one of the most unblushing forgeries on record; and is dated about six hundred years previous to the time at which it purports to have been written. It is taken from the words of a conveyance of certain temporal concessions, said to be made by the Emperor Constantine to Pope Sylvester, some time between the second and third centuries. It is in the following words :

“ We attribute to the chair of St. Peter all imperial dignity, glory, and power. We give to Pope Sylvester, and to his successors, our palace of Lateran, one of the finest palaces on earth ; we give him our crown, our mitre, our diadem, and all our imperial vestments ; we resign to him all our imperial dignity. We give the Holy Pontiff, as a free gift, the city of Rome, and all the western cities of Italy, as well as the western cities of other countries. To make room for him, we abdicate our sovereignty over all these provinces, and we withdraw from Rome, transferring the seat of our empire to Byzantium ; since it is not just that a terrestrial emperor shall retain any power where God has placed the head of the church.”

It would be a waste of time to show that no such donation as the above ever existed. No mention is made of it in any history of the Popes that has ever been written, or in any other document which had reference to them during the reign of Constantine. It is a forgery so shallow, unreal, and unsubstantial,

that there is no well-educated historian, and never has been one, who gave it any credence. The historian Flewry pronounces it a falsehood ; and he, being a Roman Catholic, must be considered good authority upon all matters relating to the *holy church*. The quotation, however, from this supposed deed of concession, by Constantine to Pope Sylvester, is not without instruction to the citizens of this country. It should arouse them to a sense of the dangers which are hovering over them. It should remind them that every thing is perishable. The fairest flower must fade ; the loveliest lily must wither ; the laughing rose must droop ; even our fair republic may lose its bloom, and pass away. A state of things may arise in this country, when its executive may be a Papist, its judiciary Papists, and a majority of its population may be Papists. These things are not beyond the range of possibility ; and are you sure that your own descendants, and those of the pilgrim fathers, may not, one day or other, give this republic as a free gift to the head of the Papal church ? You are now strong — so was Rome. Your power is now irresistible — so was that of Rome and other countries. Your arms are invincible — so were those of Rome. You are now distinguished all over the world, for your progress in the arts and sciences ; the world looks to you as models of patriotism and pure republicanism — so did the world once look to Rome. But what is Rome now, and what drove her from the high position she once occupied ? I will tell you ; — the intrigues of the Popish church. And a similar fate awaits you, unless you cut off all connection, of whatever name, between the citizens of the United States and the church of Rome. While this sink of iniquity breathes, it will carry with it destruction and death wherever it goeth.

We have had several histories of the Popes, and the first mention made of donations to them, at least of any comparative value, is by Anastasius, who wrote about the beginning of the tenth century, or a little before the close of the ninth. He informs us that Charlemagne conferred upon the Holy See (as that hotbed of iniquity is impiously, even at the present day, called) *whole provinces*, and acknowledged that they belonged to the Pope *by divine right*; though it is well understood, and denied by no competent historian, that Charlemagne never even owned these provinces. It is well known to the readers of history, that there existed no empire of any extent, but that of the East, until the beginning of the eighth century. Charlemagne assumed the title of King of Italy, in the year eight hundred. He received homage from the Pope, and so far from being subject to him, he acknowledged no divine right in him; but on the contrary, he held the Pope in strict subjection to himself. He even went so far as to prohibit the *Holy See* from receiving donations of any kind, when given without the consent or to the prejudice of those who had just and equitable claims to them.

This, if there were no other proof, is sufficient to show that neither the Popes nor the Holy See had any pretensions to universal supremacy, or to supremacy of any kind, as far down as the eighth century. It will not be denied that the civil authorities of Rome were liberally disposed towards the Popes or fathers of the church in the early days of Christianity. The Emperor Theodosius the Great, who died in the year three hundred and ninety five, recommended to all his subjects to pay "a due respect to the See of Rome." Valentinian III. commanded his subjects "*not to depart from*

to millions are Papists. Consequently, seven millions and a half of our people are educated and trained, according to the doctrine of the Romish man; and yet we Protestants are called upon to extend the hand of friendship to these Papists, and our legislators are asked to grant them charters to build colleges, churches, nunneries, and monk-houses, not for the purpose of teaching the growing generation the revealed will of God, as read in the Scriptures, but to persuade them that all other religions except that of Rome, are erroneous: that their parents, brothers, and sisters are heretics, damned forever, and by implications excited to persecute them.

The Pope is now setting on foot a projected  
rich is intended to enlarge the circle and out-  
of which he desires Rome to be the centre, and  
the centre, and circumference. The project of  
the Pope have met with several adherents  
to Reformation. His Holiness has been in  
of Jesuits, his friends of all over Europe,  
Franciscans, and Capuchins, have been  
attached. He determined upon such a plan,  
as the new world appeared to him a theatre  
upon which he could make his religious  
drama. Thus he will soon have his  
new theatre, some kind of a theatre  
people, which in this respect is a very  
valuable, and which nothing but the  
but to him by his own Reformation on  
the world.

to him, and promises them forgiveness both here and hereafter. Some adherents of the emperor, indignant at this conduct of the Pope, remonstrated with him; and what was his answer? "Know you," said this insolent Pope, addressing himself to the people, "that my chair is above the chair of the emperor." But this Pope did no more than every succeeding one would have done under similar circumstances. If we look back to the page of history, from the present period to the days of Charlemagne, Louis Debonaire, and Gregory the Fourth, we shall find that it has been an invariable practice with the Roman See to sow dissensions and disunion in every government where it has obtained a footing, with the ultimate view of its final overthrow and subjecting it to Popish vassalage.

Americans will bear in mind that Roman Catholics believe their church to be infallible; that she never changes; that what was deemed right by her in the days of Gregory and those of his immediate successors, is right now, and, *vice versa*, what she deems right now was right then. In a word, the church of Rome is *infallible*. This is believed by every one of her members at the present day. It is taught by every Popish bishop and priest in the United States.

The following curse is contained in the Roman Catholic BREVARY, in which, every Romish priest reads his prayers three times every day. "*Qui dicit ecclesiam catholicam Romanam non esse infallibilem, anathema sit* — Whoever says that the Roman Catholic church is not infallible, let him be accursed." Such is the belief of every Roman Catholic. Will not Protestant Americans pause and reflect for a moment? The population of the United States is about twenty millions, and about

two millions are Papists. Consequently, seventeen millions and a half of our people are *accursed* and *damned*, according to the doctrine of the Romish ritual ; and yet we Protestants are called upon to extend the hand of friendship to these Papists, and our legislators are asked to grant them charters to build colleges, churches, nunneries, and monk-houses, not for the purpose of teaching the growing generation the revealed will of God, as read in the Scriptures, but to persuade them that all other religions, except that of Rome, are erroneous ; that their parents, brothers, and sisters, are heretics, accursed forever, and by implication entitled to no allegiance from them.

The Pope is now setting on foot a movement which is intended to embrace the whole world, and of which he desires Rome to be the sole representative, centre, and circumference. The powers of the Pope have met with several severe shocks since the Reformation. His forces have been broken, his armics of Jesuits, his friars of all orders, Dominicans, Franciscans, and Capuchins, have been scattered and enfeebled. He determined to arm himself afresh, and this new world appeared to him as the safest ground on which he could unite his scattered forces in Europe. This he well knows cannot be done, without throwing some fire-brand of dissension among our people, which at this moment he is trying to effect ; and which nothing but the resistance offered to him by AMERICAN REPUBLICANS can check or prevent.

On the continuance, strength, and union of this party, depends the stability of our government. This the Romish priests and hisnops well know, and are beginning to feel ; and hence they are denouncing them from their pulpits, and in all their



presses. But no Protestant opposes this party. Why call it a party? It is no party. It is but the spontaneous move of the good and the virtuous of all parties who love their God, their Bibles, and their country, and upon whose strong arm and bold hearts rests the question whether Americans shall be free or the slaves of his royal holiness the Pope of Rome. Often have I lifted my voice, a feeble one, indeed, in favor of *American Republicans*. I believe their cause is the cause of God and freedom, and upon them every American and every Protestant foreigner must rely for protection against the merciless spirit of Popery.

It requires no stretch of imagination to fancy a difference of opinion, or even of interest, between the citizens of this country. Suppose, for instance, that the North and South were at variance; suppose them actually at war with each other; what would be the course of the Pope's emissaries, hundreds of whom are now roaming through this land? The safest course and the surest mode of ascertaining what they would do in such an event, is to look back and ascertain what they have invariably done under similar circumstances. It is seldom wrong, and as a general principle it is safe, to judge of the future from the past; and if so, there can be no doubt of the course which Jesuits and Roman Catholics would pursue in the event of any difficulties or collisions between the people of the different sections of this country. Would they try to reconcile them? Did they ever do so in a like case? What was the conduct of the Jesuits and Popes as early as the eleventh century, when the Roman people differed in opinion as to their form of government, and some points of religious faith? The Pope laid an interdict upon the whole people; the weaker

party was overpowered by the Papal authorities ; and their leader, as Flewry informs us, was burned alive by order of the Pope Adrian. Frederick, called Barbarossa, who was the tool of the Pope on this occasion, became the next victim to his barbarity. And why ? what had he done ? what crime did he commit against the state ? His only crime was, — he refused to hold the Pope's stirrup. For this he incurred the displeasure of Adrian, nor did he ever enjoy a day's peace until the Pope seduced him into an expedition against Saladin ; where, together with thousands of others, who were persuaded to undertake that religious crusade, he died after several hard fought victories.

The history of the Popes, in all ages, shows that they never abandon any temporal or spiritual authority to which they lay claim ; and had they the power of enforcing it now, they would exact from this country the same obedience which they did in the most benighted days of the middle ages. Should a separation of these States take place ; should the chain that has bound us together for the last half century, in links of love and social happiness, be unfortunately broken, by any untoward circumstances ; think you, fellow citizens, that foreign Papists in this country would try to reweld it ? Far from it. They would unite in breaking it, link by link, until not a particle of it remained. This they have done in every country where they obtained a footing ; this they are doing now, under various pretences, all over Europe ; and should this country escape the fate of others, where Jesuits and Popes dare to exercise their supposed authorities, it will stand prominent and proudly, though solitary and alone, amid the records of ages, and ruins of time. I have no such hope. The efforts which are now making to check

the progress of Popery, may, perhaps, retard the day of our downfall ; but come it must, unless the allegiance, which is now demanded by the Pope of Rome from his subjects in the United States, is unqualifiedly forbidden. The Pope is a temporal prince. Like other kings and princes, he should never be permitted to meddle, directly or indirectly, temporally or spiritually, with this country. He should not be permitted to appoint bishop or priest to any church, diocese, living, or office in the United States. The Pope's *bulls*, rescripts, letters, &c., &c., should not be published or read from any pulpit this side of the Atlantic ; and, though Roman Catholics should not be prevented from the free exercise of their religion, they should be compelled to do so without reference to foreign dictation. If they must have a Pope, let him be an American, and sworn to support our constitution. Let him, and all Roman Catholics, be denied the right of voting, or of holding any office of honor, profit, or trust, under the government of the United States, until they forswear all allegiance, in spiritual as well as temporal affairs, to all foreign potentates and Popes. Until this is done, an oath of allegiance to this government, by a Roman Catholic, is entitled to no credit, and should not be received. This will appear evident to Americans, if they will turn their attention for a moment to the following oath, which is taken by every Romish bishop, before he is permitted to officiate, as such, in any of these United States : —

“I do solemnly swear, on the holy evangelist, and before Almighty God, to defend the domains of St. Peter against every aggressor ; to preserve, augment, and extend, the rights, honors, privileges, and powers of the LORD POPE, and his successors ; to

observe, and with all my might to enforce, his decrees, ordinances, reservations, provisions, and all dispositions whatever, emanating from the COURT OF ROME ; to *persecute and combat, to the last extremity, heretics, scismatics, and all who will not pay to the sovereign pontiff all the obedience which the sovereign shall require.*"

While this oath is obligatory upon Romish bishops, they are not to be trusted. They should not be permitted to interfere, directly nor indirectly, with the institutions, laws, or ordinances of any Protestant country. Their oaths should not be taken in courts of justice ; their followers, every one of whom is bound by a similar oath of allegiance, should be excluded from our grand juries, from our petit juries, but more especially, from our halls of legislation ; for wherever and whenever the supposed interest of the Pope clashes with that of the civil authority, or even with the administration of reciprocal justice, a Papist, under the control of his bishop, will not hesitate to sacrifice the good of the country, the interest, life, and prosperity of his fellow-being, for the good of the church. Of the truth of this, history abounds with examples, and Popish writers are replete with authorities.

Thomas Aquinas, whose authority no Roman Catholic questions, says in his work *de Regem.*, "The Pope, as supreme king of all the world, may impose taxes and destroy towns and castles for the preservation of Christianity." The American reader will bear in mind, that by Christianity, St. Thomas means Popery. Pope Gregory the Seventh, about the year one thousand and fifty, has made use of the following language, and proclaimed it as the doctrine of the Romish Church. "The Pope

ought to be called Universal Bishop. He alone ought to wear the tokens of imperial dignity; all princes ought to kiss his feet; he has power to depose emperors and kings, and is to be judged by none." Pope John the Twelfth, in the year nine hundred and fifty-six, announced the following to be the universal belief, that "Whosoever shall venture to maintain that our lord the Pope cannot decree what he pleases, let him be accursed." Pope Boniface the Eighth, in 1294, declares, *ex cathedra*, "that God has set Popes over kings and kingdoms, and whoever thinks otherwise declares him accursed." The same Pope, in another place, says, "We therefore declare, say, define, and pronounce it to be necessary to salvation, that every human creature should be obedient to the Roman pontiff." The Pope of the present day, as every Roman Catholic writer maintains and teaches the laity to believe, has the same power *now* that the Popes had at any period of church history.

The council of Trent, the last held in the Popish church, declares that Pius the Fifth, who was then Pope of Rome, "was prince over all nations and kingdoms, having power to pluck up, destroy, scatter, ruin, plant, and build." Cardinal Zeba, a sound theologian according to Popish belief, maintains, with much ingenuity, "that the Pope can do all things which he wishes, and is empowered by God to do many things which he himself cannot do." All writers upon canon law compliment the Pope by calling him *our Lord the Pope*, and this title was confirmed to him by the council of Lateran. In the fourth session of that council, it is maintained "that all mortals are to be judged by the Pope, and the Pope by nobody at all." Massonius, who wrote the life of Pope

John the Ninth, tells us that a bishop of Rome, namely, a Pope, cannot commit even sin without praise."

Were there no other reproach upon the Romish church but the bare utterance of such blasphemy as this, it would be enough to disgust mankind; it should raise every voice in her condemnation, and every hand to pull down this masterpiece of satanic ingenuity. But strange as it may appear, the present Pope maintains similar claims, and enforces obedience; nay, more; — in this year of our Lord, 1845, insists upon the right of deposing all in power, and of absolving their subjects from further allegiance.

But, extravagant as Papal pretensions were between the ninth and tenth centuries, it was only about the middle of the eleventh that they began to show themselves in the full blaze of their hideous deformity. Hildebrand, whom we have had occasion to mention as Gregory the Seventh, shook off all civil restraint, and proclaimed the universal and unbounded empire of the Popes over the rest of the world.

As Shoberl expresses it, "he caused to be drawn up a declaration of independence in all things, temporal and spiritual, expressly specifying the Pope's divine right of deposing all princes, giving away all kingdoms, abrogating existing laws, and substituting in their place such as the holy Pope for the time being may approve of." This declaration, or bill of rights, is correctly translated by Shoberl, and published in his work, entitled, "The Rise and Progress of the Papal Power." Many, probably, may read this volume, who have had no opportunity of seeing Shoberl's work; and others there are, who may refuse giving his statement that

credence which circumstances compel them to give the writer.

Having been educated a Roman Catholic priest, and the fact being well known that admission cannot be had into her priesthood without being well versed, at least in her own doctrines, it is fairly to be presumed that my statements are entitled to full credit, when those of Protestants may be denied by Romish priests, who, while united with that church, are compelled, under pain of being cursed, to subscribe to any falsehood, however gross, provided it subserves the interest of the Pope; and deny any truth, however plain, rather than contradict or weaken the authorities by which the impious follies and wicked pretensions of the church of Rome are supported. I will give this bill of rights to my readers. It should be in the hands of every American. It should find a place in every primary school in the United States. It should be among the first lessons of infancy, so that every child, when he grows up and sees a Roman Catholic bishop or priest, should pause and ask himself, Does that man believe those things? Are we called on to pass laws for the support and protection of churches, where such doctrines, as this *bill* contains, are promulgated? Can we trust the man who promulgates them, or those who subscribe to them? Is it safe to live in the same community with them? Do they not endanger our civil institutions? Do they not jeopardize the morals of our children? Will it not, at some future day, be a blot upon the page of our history, and a foul stain upon our character for intelligence, that we have ever sanctioned such doctrines, or that we had ever allowed men who professed them, any participation in our civil

rights ? But let Pope Gregory's declaration of Papal divine rights speak for itself.

"The Romish church is the only one that God has founded.

"The title of universal belongs to the Roman pontiff alone.

"He alone can depose and absolve bishops.

"His legate presides over all the bishops in every council, and may pronounce sentence of deposition against them

"The Pope can depose absent persons.

"It is not lawful to live with such as have been excommunicated.

"He has the power, according to circumstances, to make new laws, to create new churches, to transform a chapter into an abbey, and to divide a rich bishopric into two, or to unite two poor bishoprics.

"He alone has a right to assume the attributes of empire.

"All princes must kiss his feet.

"His name is the only one to be uttered in the churches.

"It is the only name in the world.

"He has a right to depose emperors.

"He has a right to remove bishops from one see to another.

"He has a right to appoint a clerk [priest] in every church.

"He, whom he has appointed, may govern another church, and cannot receive a higher benefice from any private bishop.

"No council can call itself general without the order of the Pope.

"No chapter, no book, can be reputed canonical without his authority.



"No one can invalidate his sentences ; he can abrogate those of all other persons.

"He cannot be judged by any one.

"All persons whatsoever are forbidden to presume to condemn him who is called to the apostolical chair.

"To this chair must be brought the more important causes of all the churches.

"The Roman church is never wrong, and will never fall into error.

"Every Roman pontiff, canonically ordained, becomes holy.

"It is lawful to accuse when he permits, or when he commands.

"He may, without synod, depose and absolve bishops.

"He is no Catholic who is not united to the Romish church.

"The Pope can release the subjects of bad princes from all oaths of allegiance."

Those who have not been educated Roman Catholics, or who have not lived in Catholic countries, will find it difficult to suppose that such pretensions as the above should ever have been entertained or submitted to : extravagant, absurd, wild, and wicked as they are, they have been acquiesced in by the court of Rome ; and are, at this day, contended for, and would be enforced, in this country, had that church the power to do so. She has never resigned the rights claimed in the above declaration ; and there is not a Roman Catholic who dares assert the contrary, without a dispensation from his bishop or his priest to tell a deliberate falsehood, with a view of deceiving Americans for the good of *the church*. This, however, they can always obtain and grant to each other, as circumstances may require.

While a Roman Catholic priest, I have often received and given such indulgences myself; and there is not a period in the Christian world, since the days of Pope Gregory, when all the powers and prerogatives, enumerated in the above Papal bill of rights, were not claimed and acted upon by Popes of Rome, down to the hour at which I write. Let us test the truth of this assertion by the unerring rule of history, although it may seem unnecessary, as no Roman Catholic will deny it; at any rate, it will not be questioned by those who have any acquaintance with the history of their own church. I am well aware that the majority of Roman Catholics in this country know nothing of the religion which they profess, and for which they are willing to fight, contend, and shed the blood of their fellow beings. I am not even hazarding an assertion, when I say there is not one of them who has read the gospels through, or who knows any more about the religion he professes, than he does about the Koran of Mohammed. He is told by the priest, "that Christ established a church on earth; that it is infallible; and that they must submit implicitly to what its popes, priests, and bishops teach, under pain of eternal damnation." This is all the great mass of Roman Catholics know of religion; this is all they are required to learn; and hence it is that these people are unacquainted with the pretensions of the Pope, the intrigues of Jesuits, or the impositions practised upon them by their bishops and priests.

But to the history of Papal pretensions. As early as the year 1066, Gregory, who was then Pope, summoned William the Conqueror, king of England, to repair to Rome, prostrate himself upon his knees, and do homage to his holiness. This William refused; but his holiness deemed it expe-

dient to compromise the matter, though he did not yield a jot of his very modest pretensions. This humble follower of the Redeemer looked upon Sardinia and Russia as a portion of his dominions. The following extract of a letter of his, to the sovereign of Russia, is a fair sample of the insolence of this man Pope, or rather this God Pope, as his subjects considered him. "We have given you a crown to your son, who is to come and to receive it at our hands on taking an oath of allegiance to us." He also commanded the emperor of Greece "to abdicate his crown," and he also deposed the king of Poland. This modest Pope wrote to the different princes of Spain, "that it would be much better to give up their country to the Saracens, than not pay homage to the See of Rome." He excommunicated Philip the First of France, because he refused to "pay homage to him." Writing to the French bishops, he says, "Separate yourselves from the communion of Philip; let the celebration of the holy mass be interdicted throughout all France; and know that, with the assistance of God, we will deliver that kingdom from such an oppressor." This same Pope excommunicated Henry the Fourth, "because he refused to acknowledge him as his superior," and absolved his subjects from their oath of allegiance to him: and what was the result? Henry was obliged to submit. Having repaired to the Pope's court, he was stopped at the entrance, and before he was permitted to appear in the presence of this ruffian Pope, who was then shut up with Matilda, countess of Tuscany, one of the numerous women with whom he lived on terms of *intimacy*, he was compelled to undress and put on a hair shirt. The Pope then condescended to say, "that Henry should fast three days, before he

could be permitted to kiss his holiness's toe ; and he would then absolve him upon promise of good behavior."

Alexander the Third, about the year 1160, deposed Frederic First, king of Denmark ; and placing his foot upon his neck, he impiously exclaimed, "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder." This practice and these pretensions to sovereign power, continued down to the days of Elizabeth ; and from thence down to the present moment. Pope Pius V. excommunicated Elizabeth, and absolved her subjects from their oath of allegiance ; and while doing so, addressed to himself the following words from the Psalmist : " See, I have this day set thee over the nations, and over the kingdoms, to root out and to pull down, to destroy, to build up, and to throw down." More of this hereafter.

Such were the doctrines of the Romish church in 1558. Such were the practices of that church for centuries previous ; nor is there one single instance on record of her having modified or abridged the extent or magnitude of her claims, unless when compelled to do so by coercion ; and even then she did not abandon her claim, but only ceased to exercise it in obedience to the law of force. The Romish church, in this country, as I shall show, claims the same temporal powers now which she has always claimed and exercised for so many centuries. She would now depose the executive of this country, as she did Philip of France, if she dared do so. The Pope would absolve our citizens from their oath of allegiance, had he the power of carrying his dispensation into effect ; and what is the duty of Americans under such circumstances ? Are you to submit passively ? Is it your duty to wait and

witness the growth of Popery among you, to nourish and feed it with the life blood of your existence as a nation, until the monster outgrows your own strength and strangles you, to satiate its inordinate appetite? I lay it down as a sound principle in political as well as moral ethics, that if a government finds, within the limits of its jurisdiction, any sect or party, of whatever doctrine, creed, or denomination, professing principles incompatible with its permanency, or subversive of the unalienable right of self government, and worshipping God, according to the dictates of each and every man's conscience, that sect or party should be removed beyond its limits, or at least excluded from any participation in the formation or administration of its laws.

Would it, for instance, be wise in our government to encourage the Mormons to introduce among us, as the law of the land, the ravings and prophecies of Joe Smith? Suppose that sect maintained that Joe Smith was their *Lord God*; that the kingdoms of this world were his; that he claimed and did actually exercise the right of dethroning kings, and was endeavoring, by every means in his power, to place himself in a position to exercise, at no distant period, the right of deposing our presidents, state governors, and absolving our people from their oaths of allegiance. Should not that sect, as such, be instantly crushed? Should it not, at least, be forbidden to interfere, directly or indirectly, with our civil institutions? Let us suppose the prophet Joe Smith to hold the seat of his government in Europe, and that Europe was full to overflowing with Mormons; we may further suppose this great high priest to have thousands and millions of subordinate officers, sworn and bound together by oaths cemented in blood, to sustain

him as their sovereign ruler, by every means which human ingenuity could devise, and at every sacrifice of truth and honor. Suppose, further, that this high priest was annually sending thousands of his subjects to this country, with no other view but to possess your fertile lands and overthrow your government, and substituting in its place that of this *foreign priest* and tyrant; would you permit them to land upon your shores? Would you allow them to pollute the purity of your soil? Would you allow their unclean hands to touch the altars of your liberty? Would you not first insist that they should purge themselves from the sins and slime of Mormonism, and free themselves from all further connection with this monster man, and would-be God, who impiously demanded blind obedience and unqualified homage? I could answer for you, but I will not; the history of your republic answers for you; the movements, which are now going forth from one end of your country to the other, are answering for you, in tones too solemn and too loud to be drowned by the roaring of Popish bulls. But it is much to be feared that Americans do not yet fully understand the dangers to be apprehended from the existence of Popery in the United States. It is difficult to persuade a single-hearted and single-minded republican, whose lungs were first inflated by the breath of freedom, whose first thoughts were, that all men had a natural right to worship God as they pleased—that any man could be found, so lost to reason, interest, and principle, as to desire to barter those high privileges, which he may enjoy in this country, for oppression and blind submission to the dictates of a Pope, or even any body of men, civil or ecclesiastic; still less can an American believe, without

difficulty, that he who sees the excellence and practical operation of our form of government, will try to overthrow it, by submitting to any creed, to any king or Pope, who requires from him allegiance, incompatible with that which he has already sworn to maintain. Nor, generally speaking, will men do those things.

While man believes in the moral obligations of an oath, he will not easily violate it. While he believes that there is an all-seeing Providence, to whom alone he is accountable for his actions, he will be cautious in committing offences; but once satisfy a man, that there is, within his reach, a power which can pardon his sins, even those of perjury; which can change abstract evil into good, and he will stop at nothing. While the pardon of offences is a marketable article, it never will want for a purchaser, so prone are we to the commission of crime. Let man have an adviser, in whom he is taught to place unlimited confidence, on whom he looks as the representative of his God on earth, and he soon becomes his ready tool for good or for evil. Such precisely is the position in which ninety-nine out of a hundred Roman Catholics are placed. They are told by their priests, that, as members of society, the first allegiance they owe is to the head of their church, the Pope of Rome, and the next to the government, *de facto*, under which they live; but these well-practised ecclesiastical impostors never forget to add, that the first allegiance, being of a spiritual character, absorbs and supersedes the latter; thus annulling, and rendering the oath of allegiance, which they take to our government, something worse than even mere mockery; and hence it is, that very few Catholics, particularly the Irish, ever read the constitu-

tion of the United States, nor do they require it to be read for them. They know not, they care not what it is. It is enough for them to believe that the oath, which they take to support it, is not obligatory. Of this they are assured by their priests. Yet strange, these very priests tell them they commit mortal sin by becoming Freemasons, or uniting themselves with that excellent and benevolent association, the Odd Fellows. And why, reader, do they do this? Why prevent them from uniting with Odd Fellows or Freemasons? Why has the Pope recently cursed all ODD FELLOWS? Why has he sent a bull to this country, cautioning Catholics against having any thing to do with them? Why have the Romish priests, from one end of this country to the other, echoed these curses? Did the Pope discover any bad thing in the constitution or rules of action of Freemasons or Odd Fellows? Are these institutions aiming at the overthrow of any fixed principles in morals, in religion, or in virtue? No such allegation is made. Why then do Popes and priests forbid Roman Catholics from uniting with them? It is expressly because the Pope knows nothing about those excellent institutions. It is because he is aware he can make no use of them; but let those societies beware, if they wish to keep their secrets. They should not allow any man to join them until he first swears that he is not a Roman Catholic; otherwise some Jesuits will get among them, and the next packet will convey their doings to his royal holiness the Pope.

I cannot illustrate more clearly the value which foreign Roman priests and their followers put upon an oath of allegiance to this government, than by stating a conversation which occurred between



myself and a Jesuit, the Rev. Dr. De Barth, then vicar-general of the diocese of Pennsylvania, and residing in Philadelphia. It took place some years ago, and his opinion of the validity of an oath of allegiance to this government, is the same now that is held by all Papists. I will give it by way of question and answer, just as it occurred.

*Question by Mr. De Barth.* Do you intend becoming a citizen of the United States?

*Answer.* I believe not, sir. I don't think I could conscientiously take an oath of allegiance to this government, without violating that which I have taken at my ordination.

*Mr. De B.* You are entirely mistaken. Any part of your oath of allegiance to this country, which may be incompatible with your *first* and *greater* allegiance to the head of your church, cannot be binding on you.

*Ans.* I have doubts upon that subject.

*Mr. De B.* What! doubt your superior, sir? This looks badly. It threatens heresy. Have you been conversing with any heretics of this country? Declare your intentions, sir, to become a citizen. Take the oath; it is necessary you should be empowered to hold real estate for the good of *the church*. The church must have her property out of the hands of trustees; in this country they are all heretics; we must get rid of them in St. Mary's church.

This led me into an examination of the allegiance which I swore to the Pope at my ordination. I found that I owed him none; that I was the dupe of an early education; that I owed allegiance only to my God and the country which protected my life, my liberty, and my freedom of conscience; and without further conversation with this intriguing

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and debauched Jesuit—as I subsequently found him—I became a citizen of the United States as soon as possible; renouncing all allegiance, temporal and spiritual, to his *holiness the Pope*; and firmly resolved to induce all others, who, like myself, had been the dupes of Popish intrigue, to cut loose from them. I determined to support no civil constitution but that of the United States, and to have no one for my guidance in spiritual matters but my own conscience and the word of God.

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#### POPISH BISHOPS AND PRIESTS ABSOLVE ALLEGIANCE TO PROTESTANT GOVERNMENTS.

I am aware of the difficulty there is in persuading Protestant Americans, that Roman Catholic bishops and priests teach their people to believe, that they, the priests, possess the power of absolving them, either from their oath of allegiance or any other crime. It is, however, time to speak plainly to Americans. It is time to let them know that there exists in the midst of them a body of people, amounting in number to about two millions, who believe in this doctrine, so corrupt in itself, and so well calculated to disturb the peace and harmony of society. There is not a priest or bishop in the United States who dares deny this; they act upon it every day. It is customary with the priests to confess weekly, and to forgive each other's sins; and I am sorry to say, from my knowledge of them, since my infancy to the present moment, that there is not a more corrupt, licentious body of men in the world. But I will not be judge, accuser, and witness, in this case. I know well that Americans

will take the *ipse dixit* of no man. They are not in the habit of lightly judging any individual or body of men, in any case. I will, therefore, lay before them the Roman Catholic doctrine - on the subject of penance and confession, as taught by the council of Trent, and now believed and practised by Roman Catholics in the United States. I will only add, that I have taught these doctrines myself, when a Roman Catholic priest, and while groping my way through the darkness of Popery. There are many now living who heard and received them from me, and to whom I have no apology to make for the errors into which I led them, except that, like themselves, I was the dupe of early education. The following are some of the canons of the council of Trent concerning penance or confession :

“Whoever shall say, that those words of the Lord and Saviour : Receive the Holy Ghost ; *whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained* ; are not to be understood of the power of remitting and retaining sins in the sacrament of penance, as the Catholic church has always understood, from the beginning ; but shall falsely apply them against the institution of this sacrament, to the authority of preaching the gospel ; let him be accursed !

“Whoever shall deny that sacramental confession has either been instituted by divine command, or is necessary to salvation ; or shall say that the mode of secretly confessing to a priest alone, which the Catholic church always has observed from the beginning, and still observes, is foreign from the institution and command of Christ, and is a human invention ; let him be accursed !

“Whoever shall affirm, that in the sacrament of penance, it is not necessary by divine command, for

the remission of sins, to confess all and every mortal sin, of which recollection may be had, with due and diligent premeditation, including secret offences, and those which are against the two last precepts of the decalogue, and the circumstances which change the species of sin: but that this confession is useful only for the instruction and consolation of the penitent, and was anciently observed, only as a canonical satisfaction imposed upon him; or shall say, that they who endeavor to confess all their sins, wish to leave nothing for the divine mercy to pardon; or finally, that it is not proper to confess venial sins; let him be accursed!

“Whoever shall say, that the confession of all sins, such as the church observes, is impossible, and that it is a human tradition, to be abolished by the pious; or that all and every one of Christ’s faithful, of both sexes, are not bound to observe it once in the year, according to the constitution of the great Lateran council, and that for this reason, Christ’s faithful should be advised not to confess in the time of Lent; let him be accursed!

“Whoever shall say, that the sacramental absolution of the priest is not a judicial act, but a mere ministry to pronounce and declare, that sins are remitted to the person making confession, provided that he only believes that he is absolved, even though the priest should not absolve seriously, but in joke; or shall say, that the confession of a penitent is not requisite in order that the priest may absolve him; let him be accursed!

“Whoever shall say, that priests who are living in mortal sin do not possess the power of binding and loosing; or that the priests are not the only

ministers of absolution, but that it was said to all and every one of Christ's faithful: *Whatsoever you shall bind upon earth, shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever you shall loose upon earth, shall be loosed also in heaven; and whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven, and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained:* by virtue of which words, any one may forgive sin; public sins, by reproof only, if the offender shall acquiesce; and private sins, by voluntary confession; let him be accursed!

"Whoever shall say, that bishops have not the right of reserving cases to themselves, except such as relate to the external polity of the church, and therefore that the reservation of cases does not hinder the priest from truly absolving from reserved cases; let him be accursed!

"Whoever shall say, that the whole penalty, together with the guilt, is always remitted by God, and that the satisfaction of penitents is nothing else than the faith by which they apprehend that Christ has satisfied for them; let him be accursed!

"Whoever shall say, that satisfaction is by no means made to God, through Christ's merits, for sins as to their temporal penalty, by punishments inflicted by him, and patiently borne, or enjoined by the priests, though not undergone voluntarily, as fastings, prayers, alms, or also other works of piety, and therefore that the best penance is nothing more than a new life; let him be accursed!

"Whoever shall say, that the satisfactions by which penitents redeem themselves from sin through Jesus Christ, are no part of the service of God, but traditions of men, obscuring the doctrine

concerning grace, and the true worship of God, and the actual benefit of Christ's death; let him be accursed!

“Whoever shall say, that the keys of the church were given only for loosing, not also for binding, and that therefore the priests, when they impose punishments upon those who confess, act against the design of the keys, and contrary to the institution of Christ; and that it is a fiction, that when by virtue of the keys the eternal penalty has been removed, the temporal punishment may still often remain to be suffered; let him be accursed!”

I must be permitted here to remind Americans, that all Roman Catholics are taught to believe, and distinctly to understand, that whatever they confess to their priests, is not to be revealed; nor is the individual, who confesses, permitted to reveal whatever the priest says or does to him or her, except to another priest. For instance, should a priest insult or attempt to seduce a woman, and succeed in doing so, she dare not reveal it under pain of damnation, except to another priest in confession, who is bound also to secrecy; and thus, priests, bishops, popes, and all females of that denomination, may be guilty of licentiousness,—the bare mention of which would pollute the pages of this or any other work,—with impunity. The priests can first pardon the woman, and then themselves, according to the doctrines of the *infallible church* of Rome. This is not all. It is not enough that the sanction of the church should be given to these enormities; but priests also claim the right of concealing, from the civil authorities, any knowledge which they may have of crimes against the state as well as the power of forgiving them. The following is the language of the church upon that subject. Attend

to it, fellow citizens, and tremble at the dangers that threaten the destruction of your republic, from the introduction of Popery among you.

“Although the life or salvation of a man, or the ruin of the state, should depend upon it, what is discovered in confession cannot be revealed. The secret of *the seal*—confession—is more binding than the obligation of an oath.” If a confessor is asked, what he knows of a fact communicated to him, he must answer that he does not know it; and, if necessary, confirm it by an oath; and “this is no perjury,” says the Popish church, “**BECAUSE he knows it not as man, but as GOD.**” There is Popery for you, in its naked beauty! If a man wishes to murder, or to rob you, he may go to his priest, apprise him of his intention, confess to him that he will assuredly murder and rob you, or that he has done so already, and yet this priest may be your next door neighbor, and he will not make it known; and why, reader? Because he knows it *as God*, and as *God* he tells the murderer to come to him and he will forgive him. It is not at all impossible but the day may come when this country may be at war with Europe. We can easily fancy the despots of Europe forming another **HOLY alliance**, for the laudable purpose of suppressing democracy. France, Austria, Spain, Italy, and a large portion of Germany and Switzerland, together with the **HOLY SEE**, would necessarily constitute that holy junto; and if so, and war were declared by them against this country, what would be the consequence? Inevitable ruin; certain defeat; not caused by foes abroad, but by foes within, leagued by the most solemn ties, and bound by the most fearful oaths to sacrifice our country, and all we value, for the advancement of the Roman church.

That there is a foe in the midst of us, capable of doing so, no man acquainted with the doctrines and statistics of the Roman Catholic church in this country can deny.

It has now : — Dioceses, 21 ; apostolic vicarate, 1 ; number of bishops, 17 ; bishops elect, 8 ; priests, 634 ; churches, 611 ; other stations, 461 ; ecclesiastical seminaries, 19 ; clerical students, 261 ; literary institutions for young men, 16 ; female academies, 48 ; elementary schools, *passim*, throughout most of the dioceses ; periodicals, 15 ; population, 1,300,000. Late accounts carry the population up to 2,000,000.

The increase of the Romish church, in this country, since 1836, amounts to 12 bishops, 293 priests, 772 churches and other stations, 1,400,000 individuals, and other things in proportion.

Should the said church go on increasing for the next thirty years as she has done for the last eight years, the Papists would be a majority of the population of the United States, and the Pope our supreme temporal ruler.

I have stated to you before what the doctrines of these two millions are in relation to the power of the Pope ; and I repeat it now, and most solemnly assure you, that there is not a Roman Catholic in Europe or the United States who does not believe that the Pope has as good a right to govern this country as he has to govern Italy ; and that he is, and of right ought to be, our king. Pope Gregory VII. has declared, " that the Pope alone ought to wear the tokens of imperial dignity, and that all princes ought to kiss his feet." There is not a Roman Catholic clergyman, whether bishop or priest, who does not believe that it is the duty



of our president, our governors, and magistrates, to do the same.

Bellarmino, one of the best authorities among Catholic writers, says, "The supremacy of the Pope over all persons and things is the main substance of Christianity." Mark that, fellow-citizens! That is the belief of Bishop Hughes, of New York; that is the belief of Bishop Fenwick, of Boston, and of every other Roman Catholic bishop in the United States, as I will soon show.

Pope Boniface VIII. says, "It is necessary to salvation that all Christians be subject to the Pope." Bzovius, an orthodox Roman Catholic writer, whose authority no bishop or priest will venture to question, says of the Pope — "He is judge in heaven, and in all earthly jurisdiction supreme; he is the arbiter of the world." Moscovius, another eminent Popish writer, informs us that "God's tribunal and the Pope's tribunal are the same." Pope Paul IV., in one of his bulls, published in the year 1557, declares, that "all Protestants, be they kings or subjects, are cursed;" and this doctrine is an integral portion of the law of the Roman Catholic church, as may be seen in the fifth book of the decretals of the council of Trent. This is not all. We find in the forty-third canon of the council of Lateran, that "all bishops and priests are forbidden from taking any oath of allegiance," except to the Pope.

We find in another part of the decrees of the council of Lateran, held under Pope Innocent III., the following denunciation:—"All magistrates who interpose against priests in any criminal case, whether it be for murder or high treason, let him be excommunicated." Bear that in mind, Ameri-

can Protestants ! If a priest murder one of you, if he commit high treason against your government, your magistrates dare not interfere, under pain of being *damned*. So says the INFALLIBLE ROMAN CHURCH ; and so will she act, should she ever acquire the power of doing so, in this country.

It is said by Lessius, an eminent Jesuit writer, and professor of divinity in the Roman Catholic college of Louvaine, who wrote about the year 1620, and whose authority no Roman Catholic dare doubt, under pain of eternal damnation, that "the Pope can annul and cancel every possible obligation arising from an oath." This he taught to his students in the college of Louvaine. This same doctrine has been taught in the college of Maynooth, Ireland, where I was educated myself. It is taught there at the present day. See the works of De La Hogue.

Judge you, Americans, what safety there is for your republic, while you support and sustain among you a sect numbering two millions, who are sworn to uphold such doctrines as the foregoing. The very domestics in your houses are spies for the priests. Nothing transpires under your own roofs which is not immediately known to the bishop or priest to whom your servants confess. But you may say, "The confessor will not reveal it." Here you are partly right, and partly mistaken ; and it is proper to explain the course adopted by priests in such matters as confession.

If it be the *interest* of the church, that what is confessed should be made public, the priest tells the party to make it known to him, "*out of the confessional*," and then he uses it to suit his own views ; perhaps for the destruction of the reputation, or

fortune, of the very man, or family, employing this domestic. But it may be replied that Roman Catholics are good-natured people; that they are generous and industrious. Admitted: I will even go further; there is not a people in the world more so. Nature has done much for them, especially those of them who are natives of Ireland; but the want of a correct education has corrupted their hearts, and embittered their feelings; they are not to be trusted with the care or management of the affairs of Protestant families.

It is not generally known, nor perhaps suspected, by Protestant parents, who employ Roman Catholic domestics, in nursing and taking care of their children, that these nurses are in the habit of taking their children privately to the houses of their priests, and bishops, and there getting them baptized, according to the Roman Catholic ritual: I state this as a fact, within my own knowledge. While I officiated as a Roman Catholic priest, in Philadelphia, I baptized hundreds, I may say thousands, of Protestant children, without the knowledge or consent of their parents, brought to me secretly, by their Roman Catholic nurses; and I should have continued to do so till this day, had not the Lord, in his mercy, been pleased to visit me, and show me the wiles, treachery, infamy, corruption, and intrigue of the church, of which the circumstances of birth and education caused me to be a member. It was usual with me in Philadelphia, in St. Mary's church, of which I was pastor, to have service every morning at seven o'clock; and often when I returned home, between eight and eleven, have I found three, four, and sometimes six and eight children, whose parents were Protestants, waiting for me, in the arms of their Roman Catholic nurses,

to be baptized. This is a common practice in every Protestant country, where there are Roman Catholic priests; but as far as my experience goes, it prevails to a greater extent in the United States than elsewhere; and I should not be in the least surprised, if at this time, in the city of Boston, nearly all the infants, nursed by Roman Catholic women, are baptized by their priests and bishops. Roman Catholic women are unwilling to come in contact, even with *heretic* infants. They believe them *damned*, unless baptized by a Romish priest. There is another fact, indirectly connected with this subject, which is not generally known. It is believed by Roman Catholics, that all mothers, after their confinement, are to be *churched* by some Romish priest or bishop. This *churching* is performed by the repetition of a few prayers, in Latin, a sprinkling of holy water, and the woman who does not submit to this mummary, is believed by any Roman Catholic nurse whom she may employ, to be eternally *damned*, together with her child. They go so far as to say, that the very ground upon which the unchurched mother walks is *accursed*; that the very house in which she lives is *accursed*; and that all she says and does is *accursed*.

So firmly have the Romish priests and bishops fastened this belief upon the minds of their *dupes*, that at this moment in Ireland, and I may venture to say in this city of Boston, no Catholic woman will leave her bed after confinement, without being *churched*, lest the ground on which she walks may be accursed. Until this ceremony is performed, none of her Catholic neighbors will hold any intercourse with her. How then can Protestant mothers expect otherwise, than that Catholic nurses will

have *their* children baptized by priests! or what security can they have that they will not, under the direction of priests, try to turn the minds of their children from the contemplation of truth, and pure gospel light, to the foul sources of Popery and superstition! Look to this, American mothers.

It may not be amiss in this connection, to lay before American Protestants, the doctrine of the Romish church upon baptism; and, lest I may be accused of setting down aught in malice, I shall do so in the words of the council of Trent.

*Canons of the Council of Trent concerning  
Baptism.*

“1. Whoever shall say that the baptism of John had the same virtue as the baptism of Christ; let him be accursed!

“2. Whoever shall say that true and natural water is not absolutely necessary for baptism, and therefore wrests those words of our Lord Jesus Christ, as though they had been a kind of metaphor: ‘Except a man be born of water, and the Holy Spirit;’ let him be accursed!

“3. Whoever shall say that in the Roman church, which is the mother and mistress of all churches, the doctrine concerning the sacrament of baptism is not true; let him be accursed!

“4. Whoever shall say that the baptism which is also given by heretics, in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, with the intention of doing what the church does, is not true baptism; let him be accursed!

[Here is another of those rules, by which the holy Romish church leaves herself room to impose upon the public. Can any man believe, can any one even suppose a case, where a heretic acts, or intends

to act, according to the intention of the church of Rome? The very act of heresy was against that church and her doctrines; and the truth is, if the church would speak honestly, or her priests and bishops do so for her, all who are not baptized in the Romish church, and who are baptized, are eternally damned. So thinks, and so teaches, the Popish church.]

“5. Whoever shall say that baptism is optional, that is, not necessary to salvation; let him be accursed!

“6. Whoever shall say that a baptized person cannot, even if he would, lose grace, how much soever he may sin, unless he is unwilling to believe; let him be accursed!

“7. Whoever shall say that baptized persons, by baptism itself, become debtors to preserve faith alone, and not the whole law of Christ; let him be accursed!

“8. Whoever shall say that baptized persons are free from all precepts of holy church, which are either written or traditional, so that they are not bound to observe them, unless they choose to submit themselves to them of their own accord; let him be accursed!

“9. Whoever shall say that men are so to be recalled to the memory of the baptism which they have received, that they may regard all the vows which are made after baptism as null and void, by virtue of the promise already made in baptism itself, as if by it they detract from the faith which they have professed, and from the baptism itself; let him be accursed!

“10. Whoever shall say that all the sins which are committed after baptism, by the mere remembrance and faith of the baptism received, are

either dismissed or become venial ; let him be accursed !

“ 11. Whoever shall say that a baptism, truly and with due ceremony conferred, is to be repeated on him who has denied the faith of Christ among infidels, when he is converted to repentance ; let him be accursed !

“ 12. Whoever shall say that no one is to be baptized, except at that age at which Christ was baptized, or in the article of death ; let him be accursed !

“ 13. Whoever shall say that infants, because they have not the act of faith, are not to be reckoned among believers after having received baptism, and on this account are to be re-baptized when they arrive at years of discretion ; or that it is better that their baptism be omitted, than that they should be baptized in the faith only of the church, when they do not believe by their own act ; let him be accursed !

“ 14. Whoever shall say that baptized children of this kind, when they have grown up, are to be asked whether they wish to have that ratified which their sponsors promised in their name when they were baptized ; and that when they reply that they are unwilling, they are to be left to their own choice ; and that they are not in the meantime to be compelled by any other punishment, to a Christian life, except that they be prohibited the enjoyment of the Eucharist, and the other sacraments, until they repent ; let him be accursed ! ”

This last canon, as the reader perceives, explains fully why Roman Catholics are so anxious for the baptism of Protestant children by their priests. It gives them the power of compelling those children, should they deem it expedient to do so, to profess

the Catholic faith, and thereby strengthening her power. They try to alienate the children from the parents ; or calculating upon that natural affection with which a parent clings to a child, they hope to bring over the parent also to the *Catholic faith* ; or, failing in this, they hope to break up those alliances of blood which nature has established, and that community of interest and feeling, which society has sanctioned, and religion and nature have blessed, between parent and child.

A true Papist will stop at nothing to advance the power of the Pope, or the interest of the holy church. Heretics, by which the reader will understand all who do not belong to the Roman Catholic church, are to be destroyed, cost what it will. Death, and the destruction of heretics, is the watch-word of Popery. Down with Protestant governments, kings, presidents, governors, judges, and all other civil and religious authorities, is the war-cry in Popish countries. They desire neither to live nor die with us. They refuse to be laid down in the same common earth with us. Need this be proved to Americans ? One would suppose not. Our intercourse with Roman Catholic countries is such, at present, that there can be no longer any doubt of this fact.

Our commercial transactions with Spain, Portugal, South America, Mexico, and the neighboring Island of Cuba, enables many of our people to judge for themselves, and say what is now the condition of Protestants in those countries where Popery predominates. Can a Protestant worship God in those countries, according to the dictates of his own conscience ? He cannot. They are all told by their priests, that a Protestant is a thing too unclean to worship God, until he is first baptized



and then shrived or confessed by their priests. A Protestant cannot even carry his Bible with him, into these countries. Many of my fellow-citizens, who may see this statement, will bear testimony to its truth. When a Protestant arrives at any port in a *purely* Catholic country, his trunks and his person are examined; and if a BIBLE is found in them, or about him, it is taken from him. The ministers of his religion dare not accompany him, or if he does, his lips are sealed, under pain of a lingering death. Should sickness lay its heavy hand upon him, there is no minister to attend him, no Bible allowed him, from which he may quench his thirst for the waters of life. Should death visit him, there is *no one to close* the eyes of the lonely Protestant stranger. A good Roman Catholic would not touch the *accursed heretic*, and when dead he is not allowed the rights of Christian interment; he must be cast by the wayside, as suitable food for the hog, the dog, and the buzzard. How many a worthy American have I seen myself, in Cuba, cast away when dead, as you would a carion, not even a coffin to cover him; and why all this? Because he was a heretic; because he did not believe in the supremacy of the Pope, and the infallibility of the Romish church; and yet those inhuman wretches, those libels upon religion and humanity, come among us, ask you for lands on which to build churches and pulpits, from which they curse you and your children; become citizens of your republic, inmates in your families, with smiles on their faces and curses in their hearts for you. Let not this language be deemed exaggeration. I have heard it, I have witnessed it, I have seen it. And yet Americans, heedlessly fancying themselves and their institutions secure, refuse

these, their sworn enemies and their mortal enemies, nothing they ask for. Such a policy is the only apology of our people to the world. I am acquainted with men who are not averse to our given motto. But still, the removal of these barriers will vitiate the rights of citizens are treated in London. But, if there has been any ill-treatment of the constitution, so as to enable the people to those P. just measures and to the thirsty towards the same. The people of England and Portugal, which are not necessary by themselves. But, if there is even a Pagan will, should not be allowed to bring.

I will confess that a great deal of trouble we are, at least up to the present time, the ties of justice. But, if the people of England and Portugal, which are not necessary by themselves. But, if there is even a Pagan will, should not be allowed to bring.

Let people know that the world is no principle better established than that all commercial relations and commerce should be formed and should be kept upon that basis of justice and equity. The same basis of equity and justice should be Protestant country extends to Pagan countries and

their people, should be extended by them to us. By national friendship and comity, is not, I apprehend, and should not, be meant or understood, the privilege of selling a bale of cotton here or a bag of coffee there. It includes the free exercise of the rights of the parties thereto, so far, at least, as they are not incompatible with each other, or with the general principles of natural or national law. The Spaniard, the Portuguese, the Italian, the Mexican, or Cuban, may worship his God, the Virgin Mary, or any saint he pleases, and no American will disturb him; no American will forbid him. If he dies, his priests may have him buried where he will. This is as it should be. Man has a natural right to worship God; it is a right implanted in his very nature. As well may we say to a man, thou shalt not breathe the air of our country, as say, thou shalt not worship the God that gave thee birth; and as well also may we say, thou shalt not worship that God except according to the mode which we prescribe, as forbid him doing so at all. The natural right of worshipping God, or a first cause, implies the right of doing so according to the dictates of each man's conscience, provided, in doing it, we interfere with none of those laws, which civilized nations should reverence. This is the principle on which we act with Popish countries and people, and upon the principle of reciprocal justice, we ought to demand similar treatment from them.

We have friendly treaties with these people. Friendly, forsooth! Can that man or that nation be friendly, who forbids us to read our Bibles within their territories, or to bury our dead among their dead, or to worship God according to the usages of our forefathers, or the dictates of our own con-

science? Such treaties should rather be termed *treaties for the abrogation of natural rights of Americans within Popish dominions*. We enjoy no rights there; and if we have any by implication, under our treaties, they are impiously wrested from us by a wicked rabble of priests and bishops, distinguished only for their ignorance, rapacity, and licentiousness.

I solemnly call upon every American citizen, who reveres his God, respects his fellow-citizens, or values the happiness of his country, to submit no longer to Popish insolence abroad, and to allow them no rights in this country, which they are not willing to reciprocate. If our existing treaties of *amity* with Popish powers are not sufficient to protest us in the free exercise of our religion, when among them, let us break them, let us tear them asunder, and scatter them as chaff before the wind. They were never binding upon us. They were made in violation of natural rights, which God alone could give, and man cannot take away. Call upon your government to protect you; choose no man as your representative who will allow Popery to flourish in this free soil, and witness the religion of your forefathers trampled upon, with impunity, by Papists in a neighboring country; and if you cannot obtain your rights by law, you will show the world that you have, at least, moral and physical courage enough to redress your wrongs.

Let not Papists, who, at the distance of a few days' sail from your ports, would deny your brother the rights of Christian interment, or the consolation of dying with his Bible in his hand, dare call upon your aid, to propagate a religion, which inculcates principles worse and more dangerous than were ever practised in Pagan lands.

Much sympathy is felt and expressed, particularly in this state of Massachusetts, where I write, for some of her colored population, because it is deemed necessary, in slave states, to prevent them from commingling with their slaves, lest they may excite them to dissatisfaction with their condition, and ultimately to insurrection. It is deemed a matter of such magnitude that Massachusetts, in the plenitude of its sympathy, felt herself called upon to send an ambassador to South Carolina, to protect her citizens, and demand redress for this supposed outrage upon her rights. It is not my intention to enter into the merits or demerits of the question at issue between the states of Massachusetts and South Carolina. I will merely state, that the former consists in this, viz: by a law of the state of South Carolina, every free person of color, entering that state, is liable to be imprisoned till he leaves the state. This is done by South Carolina and some other slave states, as a necessary measure of precaution; but the prisoner is kindly treated; at least, we hear nothing to the contrary; no such complaint is made by Massachusetts. The prisoner is allowed the free exercise of his religion; his friends may visit him almost at any hour; his spiritual instructor is never denied access to him; he may have his Bible with him, or any other books he may think proper. But this will not satisfy the sympathizing people of Massachusetts. They call public meetings of their citizens; threaten to dissolve the union; and declare they will raise a sufficient military force to invade South Carolina, and redress this outrage upon a citizen's rights, at the point of the bayonet.

Man is truly a strange being, and various indeed are the currents of his sympathies, but still more va-

rious and unaccountable are the causes which often set them in motion. It is comparatively but seldom, that a colored citizen of the North goes to slave states; but if there should be the least infraction of his civil rights, the whole North flies into a passion; and yet this very people of the North can see the citizens of their own country, kindred, and blood, in a neighboring Popish port of Havana, for instance, deprived of all their rights, both conventional and natural, without a murmur. Not a complaint is heard in New England, from the son, whose father is confined in the dungeons of Cuba, not because he is suspected of any intention to create insurrection, but simply because he refused to kneel to some wooden image, which a parcel of debauched priests are lugging about the streets; or because he expresses his belief that such processions and mummeries are worse than Pagan idolatry.

The American Protestant, who will dare worship his God publicly, or even in private, within the walls of his own house, unless with closed doors, and without the knowledge of the Popish spies of the Inquisition, is liable to imprisonment, from which, in all probability, he is never to be released. If a Bible be found in his house, it is burned, and he and his family are cast into jail. This is the case in every country where the Popish church has power enough to make its religion that of the state; and yet we have treaties of *amity* with these countries. What a burlesque upon *amity*! what a mockery of friendly relations, with a people who deny us the exercise of the natural right which every man has, to worship God as he pleases! who compel our fathers, brothers, and our sons, to bow the knee, in idolatrous worship, to

wooden images, and particles of bread, which are paraded as *Gods*, through the streets, in Roman Catholic countries. Friendly relations, forsooth, with a people who consider us damned, and already consigned to perdition! And yet we hear no complaint in Massachusetts, of cruelties to our citizens; nothing is said of the violation of those friendly relations, secured to us by treaty, and annually declared by our presidents, in their messages, to exist and to be maintained between our people and those Popish countries. When we hear of an American citizen in Cuba, when we hear of his natural rights being trampled under foot, by Catholic governors, bishops, and priests, no complaint is made of a violation of friendly alliance; no meeting is called to express sympathy for the individual sufferer, or indignation against the treacherous government of Popery; no act of our legislature has been passed, making appropriations to send ambassadors to these neighboring nations, for injuries done to our citizens; and yet it is a well-known fact, that where one colored citizen of New England is imprisoned, for a few days, in South Carolina, there are a thousand of our enterprising seamen and merchants, confined in the dungeons of Spain, Italy, Portugal, Mexico, and Cuba, at our very door. How long will these outrages be tolerated? A Popish captain comes here; the hands before the mast are Papists; the ship may have her chaplain, or may have as many *little gods*, and saints, indulgences, scapulas, beads, and rosaries, as they please; they may land, captain, crew, saints, and all, and no one molests them; but if an American ship arrives at the very port from which the other sailed, her captain and crew are forbidden even to carry their Bible on shore; but should the ship have a Protestant chaplain, and that chaplain

venture on shore, with his congregation of sailors — all American freemen — he dare not take his Bible with him, or hold religious worship on this Popish soil ; and should this captain, chaplain, or any of the crew die, he is not allowed Christian burial, unless he can buy the privilege from profligate priests, at an enormous sacrifice of money, and after certain purifications effected by holy water, and smoking, which they call *incense*. This is what our government calls *friendly relations*.

How long shall we be amused by the executive messages, annually informing us of receiving “assurances of friendship from Popish countries?” Let the people take this subject into their own hands ; let them have no alliance, no treaty, no commerce with a people, who will deny them the right of worshipping God peaceably and respectfully, or who will refuse them the right of burying their dead decently and with due solemnity. The treaties which are made with Papists begin, on their part, with the most solemn avowal of good faith, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. They assure us of their friendly sentiments towards us under this solemn and awful sanction ; but no sooner is this promise made — no sooner have they pledged their honor, their faith, and all that is holy, to support it — than they disregard all those obligations, feeling and believing that they are already dispensed with by their church, which teaches them to hold no faith with heretics. The priests, however, and bishops, more crafty than the mass of their people, plead *state necessity* for withholding from us privileges which we give them. This is a shallow pretext, and worthy only of the source from which it comes. Can any case be supposed, or any necessity arise, to violate the eternal princi-



ples of right and wrong, of justice and truth. Are moral and national obligations anything more than mere dead letters and leaden rules, which can be bent by hands strong enough to do so, and to suit their own purposes and designs?

Suppose a man in private life — suppose further, that man to be a Papist — he enters into a treaty of alliance and friendship with a Protestant; he calls God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost to witness that he will fulfil his engagement; we can easily fancy the Protestant, within the jurisdiction of that Papist, reading his Bible, without interfering or any way molesting the individual within whose jurisdiction he is. Let us imagine this Protestant seized by the Papist, thrown into prison by him, while alive, and if dead, thrown away as food for the birds of prey. Would you call this fulfilling the obligations of friendship or friendly alliance? Would the Protestant ever enter into such a treaty of alliance again? Would not every Protestant who witnessed this transaction look upon the Papist who committed it, even though he be but a private individual, as a bad man, with whom no further intercourse ought to be had? Assuredly, he would. But let it be borne in mind, that actions do not change their nature; immutable principles are always the same; they do not change with the paucity or number of actors; what is bad in an individual will be wrong in a nation, and in every individual of that nation. The only difference is, that an act of perfidy and bad faith in a nation is, if possible, worse in itself, and infinitely more mischievous, than if committed by an individual.

Our political sophists may deny this, and gloss over the conduct of Popish governments towards

our citizens while among them ; but they cannot long hide from our people that the eternal laws of truth cannot be violated ; nor can their meaning be frittered away by the technicalities of treaties. Truth, whether moral or political, is like the sun of heaven ; it is but one — it is the same every where. It is sometimes clouded, it is true, but these clouds are momentary ; they pass away, and it shines again in its native brilliancy. The day is fast coming, and I trust it has even arrived, when Americans will see, that by a treaty of amity is not meant the right of shipping our commodities to Popish countries, and receiving theirs in exchange ; reserving to one party the privilege of denying to the other a right dearer to him than all earthly considerations ; and which is guarantied to him by the eternal laws of God, while the other party is under no restraint as to the full and free enjoyment of those natural rights. And here, I beg leave to say to our legislators, that Protestant Americans, upon due reflection, will not long give their assent to any treaty, nor form an alliance with any country, which shall deny them the free exercise of their religion.

The American, who will enter into an alliance with the Pope, or a Popish country, explicitly agrees to deny his God, and forswear the religion of his forefathers. He virtually consents that the party with which he makes the agreement shall be privileged to curse and damn him, his country, his religion, and his rights. This needs no proof. Look around you, and see your citizens in Mexico denying their God by submitting to Popish laws, which forbid their worship according to the dictates of their conscience. Were your puritan forefathers to witness this, would they not exclaim,

"Shame upon our degenerate sons, who will barter their religion and their birthright for the petty advantages of commerce!" No wonder that Popish priests and Popish presses should call Americans *cowards and the sons of cowards*. Who but a coward, and what but a nation of cowards, would surrender that liberty of conscience which their forefathers purchased at the price of blood? This Americans do by assenting to a treaty with any country which does not guarantee to them the right of worshipping God without hindrance. Americans will not forget, though they cannot too often be reminded of the fact, that those countries where their feelings are thus outraged are, *de facto*, governed by the Pope and his vicegerents, whose actions for centuries back have proved them to have been no other than conspirators against the improvement and happiness of the human race. What were the means by which they conducted their governments? The very same that they are now in every Roman Catholic country, all over the globe; craft, dissimulation, oppression, extortion, and above all, fire, faggot, and the sword. There is not an article of their faith, nor a sacrament of their church, which is not enforced by curses, as I shall show in the sequel. These vicegerents of the humble Redeemer have the insolence to ape the very thunders of heaven. History informs us, that their robes have been crimsoned in blood. Their images of saints, some of which I have seen in Mexico, made of solid gold, and many of them six feet high and well-proportioned, were wrung from the poor.

Many of those countries, which they now possess, and where God and nature have scattered plenty, have been made barren by Popish avarice

and the licentiousness of its priests. The fields, which laughed with plenty, they have watered with hunger and distress. They found the world gay with flowers, and with roses: they dyed it with blood. They and their doctrines acted upon it like the blast of an east wind. Popery, since the eighth century in particular, has been what a pestilence or conflagration is to a city.

Come with me, in imagination, to Italy, and judge for yourselves. Pass on with me, to Spain, Portugal, South America, and you will see that I am not exaggerating. You will find that I have only told truth, but not the whole truth. No tongue can tell it. We have no language to express it. I will give you a few instances of the fruits of Popery in the neighboring island of Cuba. What I am about stating has come under my own observation; and is, besides, a matter of record, and accessible to many. The natives of Cuba pay fifteen millions per annum to her *most Christian* Majesty, the queen of Spain. They support an army of sixteen thousand men, every one of whom is a native of old Spain, kept there for the sole purpose of extorting this enormous annual tribute. The number of priests there is immense. They, too, must be supported at the point of the bayonet. These priests are known to be the most profligate vagabonds in creation. And why, it will naturally be asked, should such men be tolerated? Why supply them with money to gamble at the faro table, at cock-fights and bull-fights? The reason is plain; they act as spies for the Pope, who, in reality, manages the government of old Spain, and contrives to draw, from that already impoverished and distracted country, the last dollar of a people whom God has endowed with every virtue, and a capacity

of cultivating them, had not the curse of Popery fallen upon them.

Such is the avarice of the Popish church and Popish tyrants, that, if a farmer in Cuba kills even a beef for his own use, he must pay the government ten per cent. upon its value. When I was in Cuba, the farmer must pay ten and a half dollars duty upon every barrel of flour imported into the island ; when he might raise, in the field, before his own door, the finest wheat in the world, if the government would let him. Such are but a few of the blessings of Popish governments. Do Americans desire this republic reduced to such a state of vassalage as this ? or will you profit by these lessons, which experience is daily teaching you ? Wherever you turn your eyes, and see Popery in the ascendant, you will find it the Pandora's box, out of which every curse has issued, without even leaving hope behind. It should, therefore, be suppressed on its appearance in any country. It should be the duty of every good man to extirpate it, and sweep it, if possible, from the face of the globe. It is nothing better than a political machine, cunningly devised, for the propagation of despotism. It is the masterpiece of satanic wickedness. Execrated and exploded be this infernal machine ! and thanks forever be to that God, who has shown me its intricacies, in time to save me from becoming what, I know of my own knowledge, Roman Catholic priests are — hypocrites, infidels, and licentious debauchees, under the mask of sanctity and holiness. Their religion is supported by *curses*, as I have before stated, and will now prove from the doctrines of their own church. The reader has already been told, that the Popish church maintains the doctrines that a belief in seven sacraments is

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forth from the side of Christ : and also because this is proper to signify the effect of this sacrament, which is the union of Christian people with Christ : for water signifies the people, according to Rev. xvii. 15. *And he said to me, the waters, which thou sawest, where the harlot sitteth, are peoples, and nations, and tongues.*

“The form of this sacrament are the words of the Saviour, by which this sacrament is performed : for the priest, speaking in the person of Christ, performs this sacrament : for, by virtue of the words themselves, the substance of the bread is converted into the body, and the substance of the wine into the blood, of Christ ; yet so that Christ is contained entire under the form of bread, and entire under the form of wine : Christ is entire also under every part of the consecrated host, and of the consecrated wine, after a separation has been made. The effect of this sacrament, which it produces in the soul of a worthy partaker, is the union of the person to Christ,” &c.

*Canons of the Council of Trent, concerning the Most Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist.*

“1. Whoever shall deny that, in the sacrament of the most holy Eucharist are contained truly, really, and substantially, the body and blood, together with the soul and divinity, of our Lord Jesus Christ, and therefore the entire Christ, but shall say that he is in it only as in a sign, or figure, or virtue, let him be accursed !

“2 Whoever shall say that in the most holy sacrament of the Eucharist, the substance of bread and wine remains together with the body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, and shall deny that wonderful and singular conversion of the whole substance

of the bread into the body, and of the whole substance of the wine into the blood, only the forms of bread and wine remaining, which conversion indeed the Catholic church most aptly calls transubstantiation ; let him be accursed !

“3 Whoever shall deny that in the adorable sacrament of the Eucharist, the entire Christ is contained under each kind, and under the single parts of each kind, when a separation is made ; let him be accursed !

“4. Whoever shall say that the body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ are not present in the admirable Eucharist so soon as the consecration is performed, but only in the use when it is received, and neither before nor after, and that the true body of our Lord does not remain in the hosts, or consecrated morsels, which are reserved or left after the communion ; let him be accursed !

“5. Whoever shall say either that remission of sins is the principal fruit of the most holy Eucharist, or that no other effects proceed from it ; let him be accursed !

“6. Whoever shall affirm that in the holy sacrament of the Eucharist, Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, is not to be adored, even with the external worship of latria, and therefore that the Eucharist is to be honored neither with peculiar festive celebration, nor to be solemnly carried about in processions according to the laudable and universal rite and custom of the church, or that it is not to be held up publicly before the people that it may be adored, and that its worshippers are idolaters ; let him be accursed !

“7. Whoever shall say that it is not lawful that the holy Eucharist be reserved in the sacristy, but that it must necessarily be distributed to those who



are present immediately after the consecration ; or that it is not proper that it be carried in procession to the sick ; let him be accursed !

“ 8. Whoever shall say that Christ, as exhibited in the Eucharist, is eaten only spiritually, and not also sacramentally and really ; let him be accursed !

“ 9. Whoever shall deny that each and every one of Christ’s faithful, of both sexes, when they have attained to years of discretion, are obliged, at least once every year, at Easter, to commune according to the precept of holy mother church ; let him be accursed !

“ 10. Whoever shall say that it is not lawful for the officiating priest to administer the communion to himself ; let him be accursed !

“ 11. Whoever shall affirm that faith alone is a sufficient preparation for taking the sacrament of the most holy Eucharist ; let him be accursed ! And lest so great a sacrament be taken unworthily, and therefore to death and condemnation, the said holy synod doth decree and declare, that sacramental confession must necessarily precede in the case of those whom conscience accuses of mortal sin, if a confessor is at hand, however contrite they may suppose themselves to be. But if any one shall presume to teach, preach, or pertinaciously assert, or in publicly disputing, to defend the contrary, let him by this very act be excommunicated.”

*Canons of the same Council concerning the Communion of Children, and in both Kinds.*

“ 1. Whoever shall say that each and every one of Christ’s faithful ought to take both kinds of the most holy sacrament of the Eucharist, by the command of God, or because necessary to salvation ; let him be accursed !

"2. Whoever shall say that the Holy Eucharist church has not been instituted by Jesus Christ for all reasons, to administer the communion to the living, and also to the dead and unbelieving, only under the form of bread: or that she has acted in this, let him be accursed."

"3. Whoever shall say that the whole and entire Christ, the body and blood of all Christ is received under one and the same material accidents, as some falsely assert, he is not received truly in all kinds, according to the institution of Christ: let him be accursed."

"4. Whoever shall say that the essence of the Eucharist is absolutely the same as before they have entered in terms of consecration, let him be accursed." &c.

The next in order is EXTREME UNCTION.

### *Canons of the Council of Trent concerning Extreme Unction.*

"1. Whoever shall say that extreme unction is not truly and properly a sacrament instituted by Christ our Lord, and commemorated by the apostle James, but only a rite ordained by the fathers, or a human invention, let him be accursed."

"2. Whoever shall say that the sacrament consisting of the oil does not signify grace and help, and nor raise up the soul out of death to life in Christ, as if the gift of working miracles only, it does, let him be accursed."

"3. Whoever shall say that the signification of extreme unction is the remission which the Holy Roman church observes as though it be the meaning of the blessed apostle James, and that, therefore, they are to be dearest, let him be accursed!"

The sixth sacrament is that of Order.

*Canons of the Council of Trent concerning Orders.*

“1. Whoever shall say that in the New Testament, there is not a visible and external priesthood: or that there is not any power of consecrating and offering the true body and blood of the Lord, and of remitting and retaining sins: but only the office and naked ministry of preaching the gospel; or that they who do not preach are surely not priests; let him be accursed!

“2. Whoever shall say that besides the priesthood there are not other orders in the Catholic church, both greater and inferior, by which as by certain steps, the priesthood may be attained; let him be accursed!

“3. Whoever shall say that orders, or sacred ordination, is not truly and properly a sacrament instituted by Christ the Lord; or that it is a certain human invention, devised by men ignorant of ecclesiastical things, or that it is only a certain ceremony of choosing the ministers of the word of God and of the sacraments; let him be accursed!

“4. Whoever shall say that by sacred ordination the Holy Spirit is not given, and that therefore the bishops say in vain, Receive the Holy Ghost: or that by it character is not impressed: or that he who has once been a priest may again become a layman; let him be accursed!

“5. Whoever shall say that the sacred unction which the church uses in holy ordination is not only not required, but is contemptible and pernicious; likewise also the other ceremonies of orders; let him be accursed!

“6. Whoever shall say that in the Catholic church there is not a hierarchy instituted by divine

appointment, which consists in insigne potestas, and ministers: let him be accursed!

"7. Whoever shall say that insigne potestas are not superior to priests, or that they have not the power of confirming and ordaining: or that which they have is common to them with the papas or that orders conferred by them without the consent or call of the people or the secular potestas are null and void: or that they who have been ordained duly ordained not sent by ecclesiastica and temporal power, but come from some other source are lawful ministers of the word and sacraments: let him be accursed!

"8. Whoever shall say that the insigne potestas who are appointed by the authority of the Roman papal potestas, are not lawful and the insigne potestas are a human invention; let him be accursed!

### *Canons of the Council of Trent concerning Marriage.*

"1. Whoever shall say that marriage is not truly and properly one of the seven sacraments of the evangelical laws instituted by Christ the Lord: or that it is invented by men in the church and does not confer grace: let him be accursed!

"2. Whoever shall say that it is lawful for Christians to have several wives at once and that this is forbidden by no divine law: let him be accursed!

"3. Whoever shall say that only those degrees of relationship and affinity, which are expressed in Leviticus, can hinder marriage from being contracted, and annul the contract: and that the church cannot dispense in any of them, or appoint that more may hinder and annul: let him be accursed!

"4. Whoever shall say that the Church could

not constitute impediments annulling marriage, or that in constituting them, she has erred; let him be accursed!

“5. Whoever shall say that the bond of marriage may be dissolved on account of heresy, or mutual dislike, or voluntary absence from the husband or wife; let him be accursed!

“6. Whoever shall say that a marriage solemnized, but not consummated, is not annulled by the solemn profession of a religious order by one of the parties; let him be accursed!

“7. Whoever shall say that the church errs, when she has taught and teaches that according to the evangelical and apostolical doctrine, the bond of marriage cannot be dissolved on account of the adultery of one or the other of the parties, and that neither of them, not even the innocent party who has given no cause for the adultery, may contract another marriage, whilst the party is living, and that he commits adultery, who marries another after putting away his adulterous wife, or she, who marries another, after putting away her adulterous husband; let him be accursed!

“8. Whoever shall say that the church is in error when, for many reasons, she decrees that a separation may be made between married persons, as to the bed, or as to intercourse, either for a certain, or an uncertain time; let him be accursed.

“9. Whoever shall say that the clergy, constituted in sacred order, or regulars, who have solemnly professed chastity, may contract marriage, and that the contract is valid, notwithstanding ecclesiastical law, or vow, and that to maintain the opposite, is nothing else than to condemn marriage; and that all may contract marriage, who do not think that they have the gift of chastity, even though *they have vowed it*; let him be accursed: as God

does not deny this to those who seek it aright, nor does he suffer us to be tempted above what we are able to bear.

“ 10. Whoever shall say that the married state is to be preferred to a state of virginity, or celibacy, and that it is not better and more blessed to remain in virginity, or celibacy, than to be joined in marriage ; let him be accursed !

“ 11. Whoever shall affirm that the prohibition of the solemnization of marriage, at certain times of the year, is a tyrannical superstition, borrowed from the superstitions of the Pagans, or shall condemn the benedictions, and other ceremonies, which the church uses at those times ; let him be accursed !

“ 12. Whoever shall affirm that matrimonial causes do not belong to the ecclesiastical judges ; let him be accursed ! ”

The atrocity of the above doctrines, is evident to every reflecting mind. Protestants can now see for themselves, whether they can safely hold any communion with them, or have any confidence in Roman Catholics. There is not a Protestant Christian in the United States, nor in the world, who is not publicly and solemnly denounced, as an accursed being, by the Roman Catholic church, and by each and every one of its members ; but in addition to those curses, which I have enumerated, there is another more solemn ; one which is annually pronounced against them, by the Pope of Rome, and by every bishop and priest in this country. It is known by the title of *Bulla in cenâ Domini*. The curse contained in this bull, is pronounced annually at Rome, by the Pope, on Thursday before Good Friday. It includes every living being who is not a Roman Catholic. All our pres-

idents, vice-presidents, members of congress, governors, magistrates, municipal authorities, officers of our navy and army, all our Protestant clergymen, whether Unitarians, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists, or Methodists; and upon all these, without distinction, the Pope of Rome, dressed in his royal robes, invokes the curse of Heaven, once at least every year. Every priest in the Roman church is bound to do the same. It was a part of my own duty, and one which I never failed to discharge, until I protested against the doctrines of the Romish church. The Popish priests never deemed it prudent to pronounce this curse publicly, in the United States, but while I was among them, we never omitted to do so privately, on the morning of Thursday before Good Friday. It commences with the following words on the part of the Pope:—

“We, therefore, following the ancient custom of our predecessors, of holy memory, do firstly — excommunicate and curse, in the name of Almighty God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and by the authority of St. Peter and St. Paul, and by our own authority, all Heretics, Hussites, Wickliffites, Lutherans, Calvinists, Huguenots, Anabaptists, Trinitarians, and all apostates from the faith, and all who read their books,” &c., &c. This curse includes every soul in the United States, who is not a Roman Catholic. Will you, Americans give these men and their doctrines footing among you? Will they longer dare to curse you and your children with impunity?

In the 6th section of the above bull, the Pope and his priests curse all civil powers, who impose taxes without the consent of the Roman court.

In the 12th section, they curse all who maltreat

cardinals, bishops, or priests. You are, therefore, to take heed and not quarrel with priests, though they insult your wives, or debauch your families. In the 15th section, all are cursed, who take away jurisdiction from the court of Rome, and prefer leaving causes of difference between them and priests, to our civil tribunals.

In the 17th section, all are cursed, who in any case appeal to civil tribunals, when the difficulty is between Romish priests and citizens.

In the 18th section, the Pope curses all who take away church property.

In the 19th section, the Pope curses all who, without express license from him, impose taxes on priests, monasteries, nunneries, or churches. Our legislature is sitting while I write. Take heed, gentlemen, lest you tax the Roman Catholic bishop Fenwick, or any of his priests. Be sure you do not tax his real estate, his nunneries, or other property. If you do, you are doubly damned.

In the 20th section, the church curses all judges, and magistrates, who shall sit in judgment on a bishop or priest, without license from the holy see.

In the 22d section, this *bull* is declared to be binding forever, and it is brought to a conclusion by a solemn assurance that if any priest shall violate it, he shall incur the wrath of Almighty God, and of St. Peter and Paul.

I would again ask Americans whether Roman Catholic priests, or bishop, or the two millions of followers which they have in this country, are any longer to be trusted. I tell Americans, and I proclaim it to the world, that they are spies upon our republic; they are the sworn foes of our laws, of our principles, and of our government; and they are united by the most fearful oath never to rest while



our religious liberty lasts, and to use every means which ingenuity can devise, and treachery and perjury accomplish, to effect its overthrow, and substitute in its place, the religion of the Pope; a religion, if such a name can be given to a most infamous system of policy, which for sixteen hundred years has deluged Europe in blood.

I make these assertions, not at random, not upon hearsay, not upon the authority of Protestant writers, but upon that of Roman Catholic theologians, and upon my own personal knowledge. I solemnly declare it to be my deliberate opinion, that it is the duty of all civil governments on the face of the earth, to unite in excluding, from their territories, all Roman Catholic priests and bishops, as their deadly enemies, and the sworn transgressors of all national law; and for us in this country to countenance them, while they have any connection with the Pope of Rome, or profess to owe him any allegiance, is nothing short of a species of insanity. The *bull* of which I have spoken, is taught in every Roman Catholic college in the United States. The students in those institutions are educated in the belief that their church, which is infallible, requires of them to be unfaithful to this heretical government, and not only that, but to betray it, whenever the interest of the church demands it.

Every Irish Roman Catholic priest, who comes to this country, is instructed by his bishop, to pull down, if possible, the standard of heresy, which he is told he will find waving over the United States, and erect in its place that of the Pope, which he swears to defend.

These are the principles of priests and their followers, who are coming amongst you in thousands; whom you have encouraged for the last fifty years, until at last, you have emboldened them, by your

mistaken sensibility and mock philanthropy, to say and proclaim to the universe, *Americans shan't rule us*. This was their motto, during the last presidential election; a motto devised and blessed by those turbulent demagogues and pensioned agents of the Pope, in New York. But they are not the only Papists who have proclaimed that Americans shall not rule them. The same has been done in Philadelphia and Boston. These men are at the bottom of all the riots, tumults, and popular commotions, which have occurred in this country for several years back. Witness the disturbances in Philadelphia, in 1821 and 1822, by an Irish bishop, in trying to get possession, in the name of the Pope, of church property, estimated to be worth over a million of dollars. (I shall refer to this hereafter.) Witness the riots in the same city last May, where several Americans have been sacrificed to the fury of a Popish mob. Witness the proceeding in this city of Boston, on the occasion of a nun having made her escape from the convent in Charlestown, to avoid, I have no doubt, what delicacy forbade her to mention. Other causes were assigned for her escape, and some were weak enough to deem them sufficient; but from my own knowledge of convents, there can be no doubt of the real cause of the escape of the virtuous young lady, of whom mention is made.

Here is another instance of the morbid and mistaken sensibility of many of our people. A certain number of Popish agents have applied to our legislature to build a *jail*, which they call a convent, in our very midst. To this jail, they attach a school, for the education of young ladies, and for this ostensible purpose, numbers of older ones are kept in the *jail* or convent, by the Pope's agents.

The young ladies, who are sent to this school, are treated with kindness and attention ; every thing is done to please, to flatter them, and even to cultivate their minds. The interior of the jail or nunnery is depicted in the most delightful colors. The happiness of the inmates is said to be equal to the saints in paradise. No opportunity is lost to impress on the minds of their pupils, the temporal as well as eternal beatitudes of this convent, until, finally, the young minds of the scholars become perfectly enchanted, and, in the full glow of their youthful imagination, they determine to become NUNS. This step, too, they are taught to take with apparent caution ; they must serve a noviciate, go through all the ceremony of wearing a white veil ; the old nuns representing to them the happiness they are about to enjoy, when they are about to assume the black veil. But when this is done, the poor innocent victims soon feel the horrors of their condition. They are confined to solitary cells, to which no one has access *but the priests*, and thus, in our very midst, a free born American citizen is seduced from her parents, from her guardians, and fellow-citizens, and no one is permitted to go and ask her freely how she likes her condition. She is confined there with more severity, and watched more closely, than any female in a Turkish Seraglio ; and as we all recollect, a few years ago, a Popish bishop, with his priests, and some thousands of their *subjects*, viz., Irish Papists, threatened to sack the city of Boston, because the people deemed it necessary to pull down that synagogue of satan, the Charlestown nunnery. I am not an advocate of mobs or riots ; I would observe the law of the land, and see it enforced at every risk ; but there is a point at which no man would support even the civil law

There are laws founded upon necessity, and the eternal laws of morality, which have a paramount claim upon our allegiance. Suppose some hoary-headed profligate should obtain a charter to build a house on Mount Benedict ; suppose further, he attaches a school to it, to be governed by the faded victims of his former dissipation, with a view of making money for himself ; suppose he and they had the address to gather around them some of the most innocent, lovely, and respectable females in the country ; let us even suppose that ninety-nine in a hundred of those young ladies left that school with unblemished reputation and high accomplishments ; and we had that evidence that *only one* in a hundred fell victims to the designs of the founders of this corrupt institution ; who would hesitate to determine what should be done with this institution, or this nunnery, as Roman Catholic priests would call it ? An answer is not necessary. But suppose the hoary-headed gentleman should apply to the legislature to rebuild it, would they do so ? There was a time when their acquaintance with Popery might have induced them to say aye, if such a resolution were introduced ; but now that they have seen Popery in its native colors, withered should be the tongue of him who would advance such a proposition ; and paralyzed should be the arm of the American who would support it. But it may be replied, that the Roman Catholic church is different now from what it was in ancient times ; that it has essentially changed in its doctrine and in its discipline.

Others may say that Protestants, too, have been intolerant, and guilty of many cruelties, in the propagation of their religion. This is freely admitted ; but there is this wide difference between the two religions. The Popish creed inculcates persecution

and utter extermination of all who do not believe in its doctrines; while on the contrary, the creed of the latter has never, and does not now, inculcate any other doctrine, than Jesus Christ, and him crucified. In plain English, the Romish church curses all who differ from her; while the Protestant church blesses all, though they may be in error, and sincerely prays for their conversion. The spirit of the latter breathes nothing but love, joy, peace, and good will to mankind; that of the former, malice, hatred, ill will, and persecution. This has been her uniform theory from the middle of the third century; and as I will now show you, from the lips of her own divines, and canonized saints, her members have never ceased to reduce it to practice. Cyril, who is to this day invoked, and prayed to as a saint, taught and practised the above Romish doctrine. He was bishop of Alexandria, in the year four hundred and twelve. There is not a Roman Catholic, who is not taught to pray to him; and, of course, they can have no objection to my giving him as authority. Whatever St. Cyril believed, is believed by Papists now. Whatever he did was right, and according to sound doctrine consequently as Holy Mother, the church, never errs, and never can err, it must be right now. Let us see what this saint has done and believed, in his time. Socrates, a native of Constantinople, gives the following account of a portion of the life of St. Cyril, and other bishops of Alexandria. I take it from his ecclesiastical history.

The bishops of Alexandria had begun, says Socrates, to exceed the limits of ecclesiastical power, and to intermeddle with civil affairs, imitating, thereby, the bishop of Rome, whose sacred authority had, long since, been changed into dominion and empire.

The governors of Alexandria, looking upon the increase of the Romish episcopal power as a diminution of the civil, watched the bishops, in order to restrain them within the limits of the spiritual, and prevent their encroaching on the temporal jurisdiction. But Cyril, from the very beginning of his episcopacy, bade defiance to civil power, acting in such manner as showed but too plainly that he would be kept within no bounds. Soon after his installation, he caused, by his own authority, the churches, which the Novitians were allowed to have in Alexandria, to be shut up, seized on the sacred utensils, and plundering the house of their bishop, Theapemptus, drove him out of the city, stripped of every thing he possessed. Not long after this, Cyril put himself at the head of a *Christian* mob, and, without the knowledge of the governor, took possession of the Jewish synagogue, drove the Jews out of Alexandria, pillaged their houses, and allowed the *Christians* — all Papists — who were concerned with him in the riot, to appropriate to themselves all their effects. This the governor highly resented, and not only rebuked Cyril very severely, for thus encroaching on his jurisdiction, and usurping a power that did not belong to him, but wrote to the emperor, complaining of him for snatching the sword of justice from him, to put it into the hands of the undeserving multitude.

This occasioned a misunderstanding, or rather an avowed enmity between *St.* Cyril and the governor. With the *saint* sided the clergy, the greater part of the mob, and the monks; with the governor, the soldiery and the better class of citizens. As the two parties were strangely animated against each other, there happened daily skirmishes in the streets of Alexandria. The friends of the gov-

error, generally speaking, made their party good, having the soldiery on their side. But one day, as the governor was going out in his chariot, attended by his guards, he found himself, very unexpectedly, surrounded by no fewer than five hundred monks. The monks were, in those days, the standing army of the bishops, but are now of the Pope's alone. The monks in the service of St. Cyril, having surrounded the governor's chariot, dispersed the small guard that attended it, fell upon him, dangerously wounded him, and determined to put an end to the quarrel between him and St. Cyril, by taking his life.

The citizens, alarmed at his danger, flew to his rescue, put the cowardly monks to flight, and having seized on the monk by whom the governor was wounded, delivered him into his hands. The governor, to deter others, caused the monk to be put to death. But St. Cyril, partly to reward the zeal which the monk had exerted in attempting to assassinate his antagonist, caused him to be honored as a holy martyr. The partizans of St. Cyril, enraged at the death of the monk, and under the advice of this Romish *saint*, determined to revenge it; and the person they singled out among the friends of the governor to wreak their rage and revenge on, was one who, of all the inhabitants of Alexandria, deserved it the least. This was the famous and celebrated Hypatia, the wonder of her age for beauty, for virtue, and knowledge. She kept a public school of philosophy in Alexandria, where she was born, and her reputation was so great, that not only disciples flocked from all parts to hear her, but the greatest philosophers used to consult her as an oracle, with respect to the most abstruse points of astronomy, geometry, and the

Platonic philosophy, which she was particularly well versed in. Though she was very beautiful, and freely conversed with men of all ranks, yet they were so awed by her known virtue and modesty, that none ever presumed to show, in her presence, the least symptom of passion. The governor entertained the highest opinion of her abilities, often consulted her, and in all perplexed cases governed himself by her advice. As she was the person in Alexandria whom he most valued, St. Cyril and his friends, to wound him the more effectually, entered into a conspiracy to destroy this beautiful and innocent lady.

This barbarous resolution being taken, as she was one day returning home in her chariot, a band of the dregs of the people, encouraged and headed by one of St. Cyril's priests, attacked her in her chariot, pulled her out of it, and throwing her on the ground, dragged her to the great church called Cæsareum; there they stripped her naked, and with sharp tiles, either brought with them or found there, continued cutting, tearing, and mangling her flesh, till nature, yielding to pain, she expired under their hands. Her death did not satisfy their rage and fury. They tore her body in pieces, dragged her mangled limbs through all the streets of Alexandria, and then gathering them together, burned them. Such was the end of the famous Hypatia, the most learned person of the age she lived in; but she was not a Roman Catholic. Can you, Americans, believe that this very Cyril is now a saint in the Roman Catholic church; that he is daily prayed to, honored, and worshipped by Papists? Can you believe that the Catholics whom you employ in your houses, the nuns to whom you intrust the education of your children, daily invoke the intercession of this murderous Cyril?



And think you, fellow-citizens, that the spirit of the Popish bishop, Cyril, has died with him, or that the church, which approved of his conduct, would refuse to sanction a similar act at this day? If you do, you are mistaken. Was the conduct of Cyril ever censured by the church? Were the murders and atrocities which he committed, and caused to be committed, even disapproved by the holy mother? If they were, I would ask at what council was it done? Where and when was such a council held? Who was the presiding Pope? The fact is, so far from incurring the displeasure of the Romish church, this notorious Popish murderer of Jews and heretics was *canonized and sainted*; and similar distinctions would be now awarded to him who would commit similar crimes, if his holiness the Pope deemed it prudent to have such crimes committed.

We saw an instance of the spirit which actuated Cyril, some years ago, in this city, when, in the case of the Ursuline Convent, to which I have already referred, every Papist within fifty miles of Boston, who was able to bear arms, volunteered his aid to his bishop, in taking vengeance upon our citizens, merely because they would not sanction among them the existence of a house, called a nunnery, and used as a jail, for the confinement of some of our most virtuous females, against their will. Had Miss Reed, who escaped from that den of profligacy, been caught by her Popish pursuers, and without the knowledge of our citizens, what would have been her fate? She might not have been torn to pieces, as Hypatia was, but her torments would not have been less cruel. She would have been kept upon her bare knees, perhaps ten hours in the twenty-four, for months.

She would be obliged to pray to the same *St. Cyril*, and a string of such vagabonds, for the *remission of her sins*. She would be compelled to kiss the ground and lick it with her tongue, at stated intervals, and bread and water her diet, until the zeal of her holy confessors was perfectly satisfied. And if those who aided her escape were detected, what would have been their fate? Thanks to our republican government, they could not be punished in this country; but had they committed the deed under a purely Catholic government, the *infallible* church would consign them to the inquisition, and have broken them upon the rack.

This is the church, and her members are the men, whom you are countenancing amongst you. The Romish church never surrendered the right which she once claimed of destroying heretics. She only suspends it for the moment, until her strength and numbers shall enable her to enforce it. But there are some who will not believe this, especially when Catholic priests and bishops deny it. Many Protestants, who are natives of this country, and unacquainted with Roman Catholic doctrines, will not believe it. Many, even, of our Protestant clergymen will scarcely believe it; such is the craft and consummate falsehood of priests and bishops, that I have never met with one Protestant who entertained the most remote idea that keeping no faith with heretics, and persecuting them to death, formed any portion of the doctrine of the church of Rome.

This is owing to the fact of their being born in a free country, at a distance from the seat of Romish power, and their having little access and no acquaintance with the standard works of Popery. Many, even, of the native born Americans, who

have become Roman Catholics, know little or nothing of the doctrines of the church into which they have permitted themselves to be seduced. I will hazard the assertion, that there are not ten lay members amongst them, in the United States, who have read the works of Belarmine, the canons, or decrees of the various councils that have been held in the Popish church, or even the *corpus juris canonici*, containing the decrees of the council of Trent.

If the writings of De La Hogue, used in the college of Maynooth, Ireland, or the works of Antoine or Den, taught in that college when I was a student there, were thoroughly read, and the doctrines contained in those standard works of Popery understood, there is not a moral man living who would not shun the church of Rome, as a thing too unclean, too impure, too licentious, too wicked, too corrupt, and of too persecuting a character to be allowed to exist at all. This their priests well know; and, having recently discovered that a few copies of Den's "Theology" had found their way into this country, they have the unblushing effrontery to deny that his work was ever approved of by the church, or was ever received as such in any college in Ireland. I studied in the college of Maynooth, and have read speculative theology under Dr. De La Hogue, and moral theology under Dr. Antoine, in the same class with several priests now in this country, and among other works which we read in that class was the "Moral Theology" of the Rev Peter Den; especially his treatise *de Peccatis*.

I have the pleasure of an acquaintance with some native Americans who are become Roman Catholics. They are men of honor, moral worth, and possess highly cultivated minds. They were

religious men; and deeming a connection with some church to be necessary, and seeing nothing of the Romish church but its seductive and imposing ceremonies, they united themselves with it, or, if they happened to hesitate in joining it, and deemed it necessary to consult with Catholic priests and bishops, these crafty Jesuits soon furnished them with Catholic works manufactured for such occasions, and unobjectionable to the most pious Christian; taking good care, at the same time, to keep out of their way such works as I have alluded to, from which they may learn that there is no religion in the Popish church, and that it is no more than a political machine, devised for the suppression of republicanism, knowledge, and the liberties of man.

Let us pass over the time which intervened between the fourth and twelfth centuries. The history of the Popes and the Romish church, during that period, is replete with crimes committed by Popes, and atrocities sanctioned by the church, the bare mention of which humanity shudders. The very earth is almost saturated with the blood which Popish despots caused to be shed under the mask of religion, but, in reality, for the advancement of their own temporal power.

I will now show that the spirit of Cyril had not died with him. During the reign of Pope Innocent III., that holy pontiff discovered that there was, in the province of Narbonne and in several other provinces of the south of France, a religious sect, called the Albigenses, who presumed to differ from the Romish church, and had the audacity to believe that the Bible was the only rule of faith. They rejected the external rites of the Romish church, except baptism and the Lord's supper.

They had no faith in images, indulgences, and other such semi-pagan mummeries. Auricular confession and the forgiveness of sins by man they rejected as impious. They looked upon nunneries as places of sin, instituted by priests, as a sort of substitute for the marriage of the clergy. They demolished such of them as were in existence among them, and declared the marriage of the clergy as lawful and honorable. They scouted at the idea of the temporal jurisdiction of the Pope over the nations of the earth, and looked upon him as emphatically *the Man of Sin*.

These crimes, of course, were not long overlooked by the *infallible church*! They were heresies. These people were heretics, and the holy mother, *in the plenitude of her affection* for her strayed children, determined that they should be exterminated. But how was this to be done? The holy father, Pope Innocent III., was not long in determining. He sent two spies amongst them, of the names of Guy and Regnier. These were Monks, whose hands were already stained with blood. They were empowered by the Pope, to use their own discretion in checking the heresy of the Albigenses by fire, sword, faggot, or the inquisition, which employed all those means upon such occasions.

The Albigenses however, were so numerous their lives so pure, so chaste and correct, that this was not easily accomplished; and his holiness had to preach a crusade against them, and published a bull addressed to all the authorities of southern France, declaring them *accursed* and *excommunicated*, and giving absolution to all who should murder them and take possession of their property. Here are the words of the bull. "Ac-

cording to the canonical sanctions of the holy fathers, no faith ought to be kept with those who do not keep faith with God, or are separated from the communion of the faithful" — Papists. "We release, by our apostolical authority, all those who deem themselves bound to them by any oath, either of alliance or fealty; we permit every Catholic man to seize their persons, to take their lands, and keep them for the purpose of extirpating heresy."

Here, Americans, is a specimen of true, genuine Popery, as Innocent expresses it, "*sanctioned by the canons and holy fathers of the Romish church.*" People of New England, what think you of it? Bear in mind that this is not the act of a few fanatics; it is not the belief of a few zealots. If it were, it would be wrong to charge it to the Romish church. All denominations have had among them fanatics; but the extravagances of a few individuals are not chargeable to the body to which they might have belonged. Even our New England Presbyterian forefathers had among them persecutors; but who, in his sound mind, could charge this to the Presbyterian church? There is nothing in their creed or doctrines which sanctions the persecution of those who differ from them and there the Romish church differs from all others. The persecution and destruction of heretics, and the confiscation of their property, is an *integral part* of the Roman Catholic faith, and the watch-word of Papists.

The crusade against these unfortunate Albigeneses commenced its march about the year 1209. Indulgences were offered to all who would unite in the war, and history informs us that the Pope and his vassals in the church raised an army of

monks and pious Papists, amounting to between three and five thousand men, who were to serve for forty days; at the termination of which, the Pope, in one of his heavenly transports, saw that "every one of the sect of the Albigenſes should be massacred." To this army his *holiness* caused to be added, by an offer of indulgences, multitudes of peasants, with scythes and clubs, who were to be under the command of monks, and whose peculiar duty it was, to slaughter the wives and children of these *heretics*, while their husbands and fathers were engaged in the field with their adversaries. Horrible! Yet this is a true picture of what *has been*, and what *will be* in this country, at some future day, should Popery gain the ascendancy.

It is much to be lamented that the Christian League, as it is termed, had not looked to this, in place of going abroad in search of objects worthy of their philanthropy. They seem to me to have acted like a man who, while his own house is in a blaze, runs out to see if there be any of his neighbors' houses on fire, and leaves his own to smoulder into ruins. Assuredly, such a man would not be deemed prudent, nor should he even be considered sane.

Far be it from me to think or speak disrespectfully of the pious and reverend gentlemen who compose that league; but their solicitude for the welfare of a foreign country and a foreign people appears to me strange, when all their charities are much more needed at home. They desire the suppression of Popery, especially in Italy, where it is kept alive by Austrian bayonets and Popish bulls, and where it will live until those bayonets are broken and those bulls are burned. They can

no more suppress Popery in Italy, than they could confine a fire with a flaxen band.

The continuance of Popery depends upon this country alone. Extinguish it in the United States, and it dies every where. The old world is sick of it; it has cursed it long enough. It is for us alone to say whether it shall live or die. Americans alone can sound the death knell of Popery; and, if this Christian League will unite their energies and bring them all to bear, in excluding Popery from the United States, they will be conferring a blessing, not only upon this, but upon the old world.

But to return to our subject. Cruel, beyond measure, were the sufferings of the Albigenses, a few instances of which I beg to lay before my readers, as specimens of Popish charity and their mode of fulfilling that holy commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." When the Pope's army arrived at a place called Beziers, the citizens were, of course, alarmed. The Pope's legate sent many messengers among them, advising them to give up such heretics, with their wives and children, as continued obstinate among them. They replied in the following words—"*Rather than be base enough to do what is required of us, and abandon our religious principles, we will eat our children first, and our wives will die with us.*" On receiving this answer, the Pope's army, or rather incarnate devils, rushed upon them so suddenly, and in such numbers, that they had to surrender, after little or no resistance.

There were many among them who were not heretics, but, seeing the injustice done to their fellow-citizens, and knowing the purity of their lives, united with them in resisting oppression. Some



of the most merciful of the Pope's army, entertaining scruples as to what should be done to those who were not heretics and happened to fall into their hands, deemed it a duty which they owed to *holy mother*, to consult the Pope's legate upon this occasion; and what, Christian reader, think you was the reply of this representative of the *Roman Catholic church*? What was the answer of this imbodiment of Popery? It was what it would be this day, under similar circumstances. — "*Kill them all; the Lord will know his own!*" At this answer, the bells rung, by order of this legate, and never ceased to toll, until fifteen thousand were butchered upon the spot, according to the account given by the legate himself; although a contemporary historian, named Bernard Itier, and much better authority than this blood-thirsty legate, informs us that thirty-eight thousand were slaughtered in cold blood.

During this time, Pope Innocent and the infallible church were not idle in other parts of France. Wherever heresy existed, or heretical blood was to be shed, there were to be found the representatives of the holy church, until not a vestige of the Protestant doctrines of the Albigenses was to be seen. Nearly all its ministers and its followers suffered the most cruel deaths, and their church was drowned in the blood of its defenders. But the MAN OF SIN being still apprehensive that some vestige of Protestantism might remain, or that the life of some unfortunate member of the Albigenses might have escaped, the Popish murderers established, in those countries, that accursed tribunal, the Inquisition; some of whose members appeared in the guise and occupation of farmers, to act as spies among that

class of people ; others as merchants,           anics, &c. To these were added female Jesuits, some of whom were shop-keepers, milliners, servant-maids, &c. ; and, suitably educated, whenever necessary, were ready to act their parts well.

Thus no man was safe. No family, no lady, was safe. They dreaded the very air they breathed. They knew not when the officers of the inquisition would call them from their homes, their children, their husbands, and their wives, to be cast into the dungeon of the inquisition, without knowing their offence, or who accused them.

This was Popery in the twelfth century ; this was Popery in the fourth century ; and this is Popery in the nineteenth century. Americans, are you aware that there are Jesuit nuns now in this country ? Are you aware of the reasons why they are so anxious to get Protestant rather than Catholic scholars into their schools ? The reason is this ; they are in this country spies upon your actions. Your thoughts, your designs, your influence, the probable amount of your wealth, and your political opinions, are known to your children. These Jesuit nuns worm themselves into your confidence ; the young hearts of their pupils are soon laid bare to these artful hypocrites ; and before you scarcely notice the absence of your children, your domestic secrets are known to some Popish agent, who makes such use of them as the holy church may direct. This is done daily. I make this statement of my own knowledge, and I warn you, if you value your domestic happiness, or the peace and harmony of your children, never permit one of them, male or female, to enter a school kept by nuns or Jesuits.

From these observations, the reader must have seen that Popery, in its teachings and actions, is,

and has been, the same always. What, then, becomes of the assertions, so frequently made by Roman Catholic priests and bishops, that the doctrines of the church, in relation to heretics, have been relaxed? Certain it is, at all events, that there has been no mitigation in the treatment of heretics down to the thirteenth century. Let us come down a little farther, and see if any had taken place during the thirteenth century. We discover none whatever.

It was during this century, that the "GREATER EXCOMMUNICATION," as it is called, was pronounced by the Pope, and the whole church, against all who should interfere with the clergy in the exercise of their *temporal* or *spiritual rights*. The curse was pronounced, by every parish priest, throughout the Papal world, four times a year, — *Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, and All-Hallows day*. The curse is in the following words, and is now repeated on the same days, by the Pope and all the priests and bishops of the Romish church, not publicly, — that they dare not do, — but in private. "Let them be accursed, eating and drinking, walking and sitting, speaking, and holding their peace, waking and sleeping, rowing and riding, laughing and weeping, in house and in field, in water and on land, in all places; cursed be their heads and their thoughts, their eyes and their ears, their tongues and their lips, their teeth and their throats, their shoulders and their breasts, their feet and their legs. their thighs and their inward parts; let them remain accursed, from the sole of their foot to the crown of their heads; and just as this candle (the curser has a lighted candle in his hand, which he extinguishes) is deprived of its present light, so let them be deprived of their souls in hell."

Such is the curse which the Pope pronounced against all heretics in the thirteenth century ! and however surprised you may be, a similar one is pronounced once a year against all Protestants. There are many Americans who cannot believe that such a curse as the above, has ever been pronounced against a fellow-being. I have conversed with some intelligent Protestants in this city, who doubted whether such an anathema was ever uttered, and seemed struck with horror, as well as surprise, when I informed them that it was pronounced against myself in Philadelphia in presence of, at least, three thousand people. The reader must know, by this, that I am a heretic, and look upon the introduction of Popery into the United States, as the greatest evil which Providence has permitted to fall upon us. Arise, fellow-citizens, in the fulness of your power,—every Protestant in this country is a heretic, as well as myself. We are all annually cursed and damned by a set of Popish agents, bishops, and priests ; men who, from my own personal acquaintance with them, I know to be unworthy of your friendship or your support ; who walk your streets with apparent sanctimoniousness, but whose lives in private are such as delicacy forbids me to mention.

These men, under pretence of being democrats are attacking your liberties with the club of Hercules. They are acquiring gigantic force. You have recently witnessed the truth of this assertion ; they fancied they had strength enough to cut you down as the legate of Pope Innocent did the Albigenses in the twelfth century. They bid defiance to reason, argument, and the law of your land ; and it grieves me to see every thing yielding to their power, as chaff before the wind. But Providence

interposed, and these miserable dupes of Romish priests received a check, which, if followed up, will have a salutary effect in future. But, I pray you, be on your guard; watch the movements of Papists among you; have no confidence in them; have as little as possible to do with them. Trust them in nothing which may either directly or indirectly involve their religion. I most solemnly appeal to our national and state legislatures, to exclude them from every office of honor, profit, or trust, while they have any connection whatever, *spiritual* or *temporal*, with the Pope of Rome. Believe them not, when they tell you that their allegiance to the Pope is only *spiritual*. I understand what they mean by spiritual allegiance.

From what has been stated, it is clear that no modification had taken place in Popish pretensions during the thirteenth century, neither had the church relaxed one iota in her persecutions of heretics. On the contrary, her cruelties increased—the declarations of Popish priests to the contrary notwithstanding.

Let us now see what has been the conduct of the Popish church towards heretics, from the latter end of the thirteenth century to the conclusion of the fourteenth.

How was the illustrious John Wickliffe, professor of divinity in Oxford, treated by the church of Rome, during the reign of Boniface IX. But let us first see what the crimes of Wickliffe were, for which he had been so severely punished by the *holy Roman church*. The illustrious and good Wickliffe, the founder of the Reformation, whose very name every Christian venerates, maintained, 1st, That the Scriptures contain all truths necessary to salvation; 2d, That in the Scriptures only, is to be found, a perfect rule of Christian

practice ; 3d, He denied the authority of the Pope in temporal matters ; 4th, He maintained that the Pope was the MAN OF SIN, the *son of perdition*, to which St. Paul alluded, "sitting as God in the temple of God." As soon as the opinions of Wickliffe were ascertained, Gregory XI., the ruling Pope, addressed a FULL to the primate of England, ordering him to have Wickliffe arrested and imprisoned, until he received further instructions.

The popularity of Wickliffe was such, that this step was considered dangerous ; and we find that nothing further was done to this eminently pious man, than banishing him from the university of Oxford into private life, where he died in peace, and went to his grave with the blessings of the good and the virtuous. But this did not satisfy the Pope, nor the *infallible church*. O, no. The *holy mother* never forgives a heretic, dead or alive. As soon as Wickliffe departed this life, in the sixty-first year of his age, the church and Papists exhibited the wildest symptoms of joy. One of their writers, in giving an account of his death, uses the following language : "On the day of St. Thomas, the martyr, that limb of the devil, enemy of the church, deceiver of the people, idol of heretics, mirror of hypocrites, author of schism, sower of hatred, and inventor of lies, John Wickliffe, was, by the immediate judgment of God, suddenly struck with a palsy, which seized all the members of his body, when he was ready to vomit forth his blasphemies against the blessed St. Thomas, in a sermon which he had prepared to preach that day !"

But holy mother was not yet satisfied. She had not the felicity of hanging Wickliffe ; her ears were not delighted with his groans upon the rack ;

she did not hear his flesh hissing amid the flames of the faggot, nor his bones breaking upon the wheel; she must, however, have all the revenge left to satiate her malice. Thirty years after the death of Wickliffe, the *infallible* council of Constance, at which the Pope presided, passed an order that the body and bones of John Wickliffe, if they might be known and discerned from the bodies of faithful people — Papists — should be taken from the ground and thrown *far away from the* burial of any church, according to the canon laws and decrees.

This decree was not put in execution for thirteen years afterwards. His grave was then opened and his body disinterred with great solemnity, and in the presence of the Catholic bishop of Lincoln, it was publicly burned, and the ashes thrown into a neighboring rivulet. But the indignities offered to Wickliffe, while living, and after his death, were not sufficient to appease the malice of Papists. Blood, and blood alone, could satiate their thirst for revenge. His followers were hunted up and mercilessly put to death. Among the first of his followers, who suffered, was Lord Cobham, a nobleman, distinguished for his valor, devotion to his country, and true piety. His character was without blemish, and his morals and patriotism undoubted; but he was a heretic; he was among the followers of Wickliffe; he believed in the Holy Scriptures. This was crime enough, and for this he was *excommunicated*. Cobham appealed to the Pope, but the appeal was refused: he was cited again; he was offered absolution, if he would sue for it, and submit to the Popish church. This he refused; the consequence was, he was thrown into

prison, from which he escaped and was not retaken for nearly four years, he was, however, finally captured after a most heroic resistance.

He might have escaped again, being an overmatch for his captor, had not a *pious Roman Catholic woman*, while he was nobly defending himself, taken up a stool, and with a desperate blow, broken both his legs. In this condition he was recommitted to prison until he was sentenced to death *for his heresy*. The sentence was, "that he should be drawn from his place of confinement through the city of London, to Temple Bar, there to be hanged, and burned hanging." The historian Bale gives a most affecting account of his execution.

"On the day appointed," says Bale, "he was brought out of the Tower with his arms bound behind him, having a very cheerful countenance. Then he was laid upon a hurdle as though he had been a most heinous traitor to the crown, and so drawn forth into St. Giles's field, where they had set up a new gallows. When he arrived at the place of execution, and taken from the hurdle, he fell down devoutly on his knees, and prayed God to forgive his enemies. Then he stood up and beheld the multitude, exhorting them, in the most godly manner, to follow the laws of God, written in the Scriptures, and to beware of such teachers as they see contrary to Christ, in their conversation and living, with many other special councils. Then was he hanged up there, by the middle, in chains of iron, and so consumed alive in the fire, praising the name of the Lord, so long as life lasted. In the end he commended his soul into the hands of God, and so, most Christianly, departed home, his body being resolved to ashes."



Thus was a nobleman, and a noble Christian, most barbarously put to death for believing that the Bible contained God's truth ; and therein differing from the Roman church, which teaches that the traditions of the fathers, and dreams of monks, are of equal authority.

Followers of Wickliffe, — and there are many of you in this country, who are an honor to his name, — have you ever reflected that there are nearly two millions of Papists in these United States, who entertain the same belief that the murderers of Cobham did ; who believe that you are all *excommunicated*, as he was, and who, if they had the power, would consign yourselves, your wives, and children, to the same fate ? and who are taught by their church, that, in so doing, they would be serving God ? Romish priests may deny this. They do well. Otherwise, an indignant populace would tear them to pieces, or at least banish them from this land of freedom.

But I tell the priest or bishop, who dares deny it, that they are liars, — wilful and deliberate liars. I too have been a priest, and I solemnly declare to the world, and to my fellow-citizens of the United States in particular, *that to keep no faith with heretics, but to destroy them, is one of the most solemn duties of a Catholic* ; and I go further, and state to you, that *if a bishop or priest denies this, upon oath, you are not to believe him* ; his church requires from him to keep no faith with heretics, but to destroy and extirpate them. It allows him also to deny, under oath, the existence of such an obligation.

Do you, followers of Wickliffe, require any proof of this ? It is a serious charge, and should not be lightly made. I therefore refer you to the letters of

Martin IV., who was Pope in the-year 1417, and considered one of the best Popes the Romish church ever had. This Pope, in one of his letters to the Duke of Lithuania, makes use of the following strong and emphatic language. "*Be assured, thou sinnest mortally, if thou keep thy faith with heretics.*" St. Thomas Aquinas teaches the same doctrine. Innocent VIII., who was Pope in 1484, declares "*that all persons who are bound by any contract whatever to heretics are at liberty to break it, even though they had sworn an oath to fulfil it.*" You here see, that I have done no injustice to Roman Catholics, in putting you on your guard against them, and charging them with a willingness to destroy yourselves, your wives and children, *as heretics*, had they power and opportunity of doing so. I am supported by the authority of Pope Martin V., and Pope Innocent VIII.; and though in your estimation, those blood-thirsty vagabonds may give no weight to my testimony, still it cannot fail to be highly satisfactory to Papists. Some of the Catholics may tell you, that the followers of Wickliffe were a seditious people; that they threatened to overthrow the civil institutions of the country; that all law and order were set at defiance by them; and that this was the cause of their persecution. This is false in fact—it is historically false.

If the followers of Wickliffe, or Lollards, as they were called, were disturbers of the peace; if their lives were seditious, disorderly, and rebellious, why were they not indicted, under some statute of the realm, made and provided to take cognizance of such crimes? Why were they not even accused of such crimes? Was the meek, mild, and learned John Wickliffe, accused or indicted for disturbing the peace? Was

it for disturbing the peace, that his venerable bones were disinterred thirty years after being deposited in the cold grave? Was it for disturbing the peace, and for riotous proceedings, his bones were subsequently burned, and their ashes thrown into the next river? Was it for disturbing the peace, the learned and brave Cobham was hung in iron chains, by the middle.

No such accusation has ever been brought against these great and good men, or against thousands who suffered with them. They were accused only of *heresy*. Papists were their accusers; Papists were their judges; and Papists were their executioners.

But the malice of those blood-thirsty Catholics was not even then satiated. It is as fresh *now*, as it was then. Papists are not content, that hundreds of years ago, Wickliffe and his followers should be persecuted, and the greater portion of them massacred and burned. Their memories, also, are objects of Popish hatred, even to this day on which I write. They represent them as enemies of the human race. As despisers of chastity and morality. You will probably see these charges advanced against them in the Popish presses throughout the United States. But recollect, Americans, that age does not improve the piety of Papists. The older *holy mother* gets, the harder becomes her heart, and the more bitter her virulence. I might satisfy you, if necessary, on the testimony of the most respectable Protestant writers, that there lived not in the world, a people more simple, more pious, or virtuous than the Waldenses, or Wickliffites. It may be said of them, with truth, "*qualis pater tales filii*." But I will not refer to Protestant authority; knavish, lying, Popish priests may question it! I refer you, for the character of this persecuted

people, to an early Popish historian, Florimond — History of Heresy, book vii. ch. 7.

“They” — the Waldenses — says this writer, “have nothing in their mouths but Christ the Saviour — they know nothing else than Jesus Christ. These people read the Bible continually, in such a manner that they know all the books of it by heart.” Horrid people these Wickliffites must be, to read the Bible until they know it by heart! And as these Bible-reading and Bible-loving people now constitute a vast majority of our citizens, I call upon them to rise in the full force of their moral power, and ward off from themselves and their children, the curse of Popery, or the fate of Wickliffe and his followers will assuredly be theirs. Many of you, Americans, are followers of Wickliffe. You believe as he believed! You live as he lived! You love peace as he loved it. Do you wish to continue as you are now? Or will you permit a flood of vile priests, monks, and nuns, to overrun your country, and seduce your children from the paths of virtue, in which your own example and the perusal of their Bibles have taught them to walk?

I now call your attention to the belief and practice of the Romish church in the fifteenth century, and you will find that heresy and heretics were still persecuted by her. Witness the conduct of Pope Innocent VIII. toward the Vaudois. He sent one of his Jesuit legates amongst them, with instructions to prevail on Louis XII. to extirpate them from his dominions, without even hearing any deputies which they might send him. The answer of Louis did him much credit — “Though I were at war with a Turk or the devil, I would hear what he had to say for himself.” They accordingly

made their defence ; and, upon this, the good King Louis sent commissioners to examine the state of things among them. The following was their report, as history informs us : “ Having made a strict inquiry into their mode of living, we cannot discover the least shadow of the crimes imputed to them. On the contrary, it appears that they piously observe the Sabbath, baptize their children after the manner of the primitive church, and are thoroughly instructed in the doctrine of the apostles’ creed, and in the law of God.” On hearing this report, the king exclaimed, in a passion, addressing himself to the Pope’s legate — “ By the holy mother of God, these heretics, whom you and the Pope urge me to destroy, are better men than you or myself.” He, however, soon departed this life, and every man acquainted with history knows what their sufferings were from the time of his death down to the days of Cromwell, who, whatever his faults may have been, fired with indignation at the barbarities committed by the Romish church, interposed in behalf of those persecuted people, and called upon Protestant princes and sovereigns to aid him in protecting them.

I will not burden the reader with a history of the sufferings of these people. It is familiar even to our schoolboys. I must, however, repeat the fact, that they were persecuted for no other reason than because they believed the Bible contained all the truths necessary to salvation, and because they did not believe in all the mummeries of Popery. Will Catholic bishops and priests still continue to assert that their church does not teach them to persecute heretics, and to hold no faith with them? Will they continue to assert, that the Pope of Rome does not claim temporal as well as spiritual jurisdiction over

the kingdoms of the earth? or if they do, are we compelled to listen to them?

There is scarcely any one who does not recollect the conduct of the holy see, as it is nicknamed, towards Queen Elizabeth, on her ascension to the throne of England. The queen sent a messenger to the court of Rome, to inform the Pope of the event. This was an act of state courtesy; but his holiness had the insolence to reply to the messenger who represented his sovereign: "Tell your mistress that England was held in fief of the apostolic see; that she could not succeed, being illegitimate; nor could she contradict the declarations made in that matter by his predecessors, Clement VII. and Paul III. Tell your mistress," said this insolent ecclesiastic, "that it was great boldness in her to assume the crown without my consent, for which, in reason, she deserves no favor at my hands; yet if she will *renounce* her pretensions and refer herself wholly to me, I would show a fatherly affection to her, and do every thing for her that could consist with the dignity of the *Roman see*."

Fellow-citizens, do you want any other proof to satisfy you that the Pope of Rome claims universal jurisdiction over kings, queens, nations, kingdoms, and all mankind? It is only about three hundred years since this occurred; and is there evidence on record that the Pope has resigned the prerogative of universal dominion which he then claimed? You may laugh at the idea of his claiming it over this country; but, mark what I tell you, some successor of the present Pope will not only claim, but exercise it in less than half the time that has elapsed since the days of Elizabeth. Other objects may divert your attention from this subject; you

may sleep on in fancied security, but your sleep may be fatal.

"America," as a talented writer (Giustiniani) expresses it, "is the promised land, the land of the Jesuits' operations. To obtain the ascendancy, they have no need of a *mercenary Swiss guard*, or the assistance of the *holy alliance*, but a majority of votes, which can easily be obtained by an importation of Roman Catholics from Ireland, Bavaria, and Austria. Rome, viewed at a distance, is a colossus; near at hand, its grandeur diminishes, its charm is lost. But the Jesuits are every where the same—cunning, immoral, and sneaking intriguers, until they have obtained the ascendancy. Rome feels her weakness at home; she knows herself to be a mere *political* institution, dressed in the garment of Christianity. She takes good care to uphold that holy *militia*, the Jesuits, in order to appear what she is not. It is a strife for existence. I am not a politician," says this writer, "but knowing the active spirit of Jesuitism, and the indifference of the generality of Protestants, I have no doubt whatever, that in *ten* years the Jesuits will have a mighty influence over the ballot-box, and in *twenty* they will direct it according to their own pleasure. Now they fawn, in ten years they will menace, and in twenty command."

In this city they not only "fawn," but they have proceeded to "menace." Some of the knowing ones among the Catholics now boast that they have the power to govern this city, and they intend to exercise it. This is no idle threat. Even now, though they are actually less in numerical strength in the aggregate, than the Protestants, and pay far less for the support of our free schools, they, nevertheless, have succeeded in depriving Protestant

hydra-headed monster, Popery. There is no abuse which I have not received; no calumny which has not been heaped upon me; no crime which they have not accused me of; no scurrilous epithet which they have not applied to me. All this I have met single-handed; but I would bear it again, rather than submit to the iniquitous doctrines of Popery. I would bear it again, rather than submit, as *native Americans* have done, and are doing, to be publicly denounced, as *cowards and sons of cowards and pirates*.

But, fellow-citizens, they do not consider you cowards and pirates alone; they will, by-and-by, apply to you a term, which you will better deserve. It is sweet, it is a euphonious name, and I trust you will bear it with as much Christian philanthropy, as you have that of cowards, and pirates — *Fools*. It is the only ignominious term, in the English language, which they have not applied to myself, and I assure my fellow-citizens, natives of this country, that if you are willing to be governed by the Pope of Rome, and his priests, and bishops, I shall never question your paramount claim to this preëminent distinction. Can you bear the following opprobrious language applied to you by the Jesuit, now the Boston Pilot, the organ of the bishop of that city. "How in the name of conscience," says this Popish organ, "can a man have the impudence to find fault with honest emigrants, whose own fathers were *emigrant pirates*?" You are also complimented by the Literary and Catholic Sentinel, another Popish press, in Philadelphia. That blessed organ of Popery, the Sentinel, in its comments upon a sermon delivered by that eloquent Presbyterian divine, McCalla, thus eulogizes New England. He, Mr. McCalla, knew the char-



happy republic, which they have bequeathed to us as their trustees, to be handed down to posterity; and hence arose their warnings to be on our guard against all foreign interference with our institutions or our country.

Ponder upon those warnings, and let each and every Protestant in the Union pledge himself to guard our liberties, as the apple of his eye. I speak from experience. I am myself a foreigner by birth, though a resident of this country for thirty years. My life has been a checkered one. Born a Roman Catholic in the south of Ireland, educated a Roman Catholic priest, officiating in that capacity for some years, here, as well as in my native country, and for many years a member of the bar in South Carolina and Georgia, I could not fail to acquire a correct knowledge of the doctrines and practices of the Romish church. The result of my experience is, that the doctrines of the Roman Catholic church are fatal to the morals of any people; at variance with sound national policy and pure religion. It is a rank and poisonous weed, which will flourish even in the soil of liberty. Would that I could eradicate it! Would that you would enable me to tear up this Upas, which is spreading its poison, from one end of our land to the other! Would that you could aid me in muzzling those Popish bloodhounds, who are freely coursing over our eastern mountains and western valleys! Already have they scented blood, and I warn you to be on your guard or they will scent more.

I am no sectarian; I am not the tool of any party, either in church or state. I have never asked the countenance or support of any religious denomination, nor has any ever been tendered to me. I have stood alone in my opposition to that

hydra-headed monster, Popery. There is no abuse which I have not received; no calumny which has not been heaped upon me; no crime which they have not accused me of; no scurrilous epithet which they have not applied to me. All this I have met single-handed; but I would bear it again, rather than submit to the iniquitous doctrines of Popery. I would bear it again, rather than submit, as *native Americans* have done, and are doing, to be publicly denounced, as *cowards and sons of cowards and pirates*.

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acter of his New England audience, that their minds were warped by fanaticism, darkened by bigotry, and vitiated by the abhorred, and atrocious principles inculcated by the *vile and sanguinary wretches, called the Pilgrim Fathers*. He well knew that the mental capacity of the generality of his hearers were chained down by ignorance."

Very flattering this, especially to Bostonians, and their puritan fathers. Their fathers were sanguinary wretches, if we believe Papists, and the people of Boston are an ignorant set of boobies. You, Americans, may bear all this; you know not the designs of Popery, but I do; and while I have liberty to write, I will write for liberty, and in opposition to Popery. Truth may be unpalatable to Papists, but it is my duty to record it.

Among the instructions which I received from my bishop in Ireland, when he sent me out to this country as a Catholic priest, was one to which I beg to call your attention. The same is given to every priest in the United States. "Let it be your first duty to extirpate heretics, but be cautious as to the manner of doing it. Do nothing without consulting the bishop of the diocese, in which you may be located; and if there be no bishop there, advise with the metropolitan bishop. He has his instructions from Rome, and he understands the character of the people. Be sure not to permit the members of our holy church, who may be under your charge, to read the Bible. It is the source of all heresies. Whenever you see an opportunity of building a church, make it known to your bishop. Let the land be purchased for the Pope, and his successors in office. Never yield or give up the *divine right*, which the head of the church has, by virtue of the *Keys*, to the government of North

America, as well as every other country. The confessional will enable you to know the people by degrees; with the aid of that *holy tribunal*, and our bishops, who are guided by the spirit of God, we may expect, at no distant day, to bring over North America to the bosom of our holy church."

This needs some explanation. By extirpating heresy, he meant the conversion of heretics to the Romish church, without violence, if possible, if not, by such means as the Romish church has adopted in all ages. You have already seen what these means were—I need not now repeat them; but you shall see them more plainly, when I lay before you, as I intend to do hereafter; the ways and means which the church has adopted, to bring over the Huguenots from the darkness of Protestant error, to the glorious light of Popish truth.

The Bible, as you are aware, is a forbidden book in the Romish church. I remember when acting as Popish priest, in Philadelphia, having ventured to suggest to the very Rev. Mr. De Barth, then acting as vicar-general of that diocese, the advantages of educating the poor, and circulating the Bible among them. He scouted at the idea, as heretical, and lodged a written complaint against me, before the archbishop of Baltimore, then Romish metropolitan. I was reprimanded verbally, through the aforesaid De Barth. He was too crafty to send it in writing; the Papists were not then strong enough to forbid, openly, the reading of the Bible. It was then too soon to seal up the fountain of eternal life in this free country. The most sympathizing Protestants could scarcely believe then, that in less than thirty years, Papists would not only dare forbid it to be read, by their

own people, and in their own schools, but cast it out of Protestant schools, as they did the other day in New York. What are we coming to, Americans? Your ancestors have come to this country, with no recommendations but holy lives; with no fortune but their pious hearts and strong arms; with no treasure but the word of God.

Will you now permit Papists to cast those Bibles out of your schools, to burn them on the public streets, as they have done in the state of New York, under the inspection of Popish priests, as proved on the oath of several respectable witnesses? That priest, however, did no more than every priest and bishop would do, did he deem it *expedient*; and here, fellow-citizens, let me assure you, that same power which authorizes that priest, or any other priest, to burn your Bibles, also authorizes him to burn every heretic or Protestant in this country.

The same power which authorizes them to officiate as priests, empowers them to *destroy heretics*, whenever it is *expedient*; and is ready to absolve them from the commission of this foul deed. *Saint Thomas Aquinas*, in his second book, chapter the 3d, page 58, says: "Heretics, may justly be killed." But you will answer, there is no danger of this. They can never acquire the power to enact any laws in this country which would sanction such a doctrine. How sadly mistaken you are! How lamentably unacquainted with the secret springs or machinery of Popery! I regret that circumstances oblige me so often to introduce my own name, but it cannot be well avoided, for the purpose of explaining certain Popish transactions in the United States. While I was a *Romish* priest in Philadelphia, and soon after my difference



and leading Catholics in the diocese. Every lay member was ordered to bring with him a hickory stick. The meeting was held in the church of St. Joseph ; and at the hour of twelve at night, the *Romish bishop of the diocese of Pennsylvania*, an Irishman, not more than a few months in the country, attended in his pontificals, told the multitude who were there assembled to lay down their sticks in one pile, in order that he might *bless* them for their use. This was done as a matter of course. The bishop said mass, sprinkled holy water upon the sticks, blessed them, and this done, the whole party bound themselves by a solemn vow never to cease until they elected a legislature in Pennsylvania that would annul the charter of St. Mary's church ; and, as an American citizen, I blush to state the fact, they succeeded. The charter was annulled by an act of the legislature, and property, worth over a million of dollars, would have passed into the hands of the Pope and his agents, were there not a provision in the constitution of that state empowering the supreme court to decide upon the constitutionality of the acts of the legislature.

We brought the question of the constitutionality of the act, which annulled the charter, before the court, Justice Tighlman still presiding. The court decided in the negative, otherwise the trustees and myself would have been defeated ; I should have been fined and imprisoned, and they ousted out of their trust.

This, I believe, was the first attempt the Pope has made to establish his *temporal power* in this country ; and it is a source of consolation to me, dearer almost than existence itself, to be the first to meet this holy BULL. If I have not strangled him, and trampled him to death, I have, at least, the comfort of seeing his horns so blunted, that his

THE BATTLE OF SHENANDOAH. ILLUSTRATION FROM THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, Vol. 1, p. 114.





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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

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The first of these was the discovery of gold in California in 1848. This discovery led to a great influx of people to California, and the state became one of the most populous in the Union. The second was the discovery of gold in Nevada in 1859. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Nevada, and the state became one of the most populous in the Union. The third was the discovery of gold in Colorado in 1858. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Colorado, and the state became one of the most populous in the Union. The fourth was the discovery of gold in Idaho in 1860. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Idaho, and the state became one of the most populous in the Union. The fifth was the discovery of gold in Montana in 1862. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Montana, and the state became one of the most populous in the Union. The sixth was the discovery of gold in Wyoming in 1869. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Wyoming, and the state became one of the most populous in the Union. The seventh was the discovery of gold in Utah in 1871. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Utah, and the state became one of the most populous in the Union. The eighth was the discovery of gold in Arizona in 1876. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Arizona, and the state became one of the most populous in the Union. The ninth was the discovery of gold in New Mexico in 1878. This discovery led to a great influx of people to New Mexico, and the state became one of the most populous in the Union. The tenth was the discovery of gold in Texas in 1880. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Texas, and the state became one of the most populous in the Union.

The discovery of gold in California in 1848 was the first of a series of discoveries that led to the great influx of people to the western states. The discovery of gold in Nevada in 1859 was the second of a series of discoveries that led to the great influx of people to the western states. The discovery of gold in Colorado in 1858 was the third of a series of discoveries that led to the great influx of people to the western states. The discovery of gold in Idaho in 1860 was the fourth of a series of discoveries that led to the great influx of people to the western states. The discovery of gold in Montana in 1862 was the fifth of a series of discoveries that led to the great influx of people to the western states. The discovery of gold in Wyoming in 1869 was the sixth of a series of discoveries that led to the great influx of people to the western states. The discovery of gold in Utah in 1871 was the seventh of a series of discoveries that led to the great influx of people to the western states. The discovery of gold in Arizona in 1876 was the eighth of a series of discoveries that led to the great influx of people to the western states. The discovery of gold in New Mexico in 1878 was the ninth of a series of discoveries that led to the great influx of people to the western states. The discovery of gold in Texas in 1880 was the tenth of a series of discoveries that led to the great influx of people to the western states.

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Will they select such a man as the virtuous and pious Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey? Will they choose such a man as the upright and honorable Archer, of Virginia? Will they cast their votes for such a man as the honest John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina; than whom, whatever may be his politics, there is not a greater or a better man of the age.

I might name hundreds, equally good and great men, who are disqualified, by their virtues, from receiving the votes of Popish vassals. None but mercenary demagogues, such as the Pope's tool, Daniel O'Connell, who *generously* sacrifices five thousand pounds a year to obtain fifty-six thousand, the sum which he received last year in order to *ameliorate the condition of the poor Irish*. Give the power, and they will elect such a political desperado as this restless O'Connell, a Jesuit by education, an intriguer by nature, and as great a coward as ever drew breath. This is the champion, and his followers—the Irish—are the people, who call Americans *cowards*, and their “pilgrim fathers,” *pirates* and *sanguinary wretches*. These are the men, with Daniel O'Connell at their head, numbering nine millions of the “*bravest men in the world*,” who have been for centuries, and are now, on their knees, begging favors from the British government. Americans, too, once asked for favors, or rather their just rights, from that government, but not having obtained them, they drew their swords, threw away their scabbards, and, though the whole population of the United States did not, at that time, amount to two and a half millions, they fought for their rights, and they won them. Yet these Popish braggarts, but wretched slaves, call you *cowards*,

and your fathers pirates. How long will you suffer this?

We know, from history, that Popery and liberty cannot coëxist in the same country. A Popish government has never advanced human happiness. It never promotes any object truly great or philanthropic. How deplorable would it be, did this country fall a prey to those who are trying to establish it amongst us. The truth is, Popish glory, the trappings of its court, have been always the silly objects of the Roman church, while the mass of her people has ever been left in the recesses of want, obscurity, and ignorance.

Americans, at present, seem sunk in a sort of political lethargy; and this is taken advantage of, by foreign priests and Jesuits; but I would tell those disturbers of our peace, not to trust too much to this apparent sluggishness; a calm often precedes a storm: the continued insolence, abuses, and threats of Papists, may arouse our young lion, and, if I mistake not — although, appearances are at present against it — his HOLINESS and his minions, who are trying to set up a power in this country unknown to our constitution, and not enumerated in our bill of rights, may have occasion to tremble.

To effect this, however, without the shedding of blood, it is necessary — indispensably necessary — that no Papist should hold office, or even vote, until he ceases to have any connection, or hold any alliance with the Pope, who is a *foreign potentate*, as well as head of the church. Let them come amongst us, if they will, but let it be with healing on their wings, and not to disturb our peace and tranquillity. Let them prove themselves the friends of liberty, religion, and mankind, and Americans will receive them with open arms, admit them to a

full participation in all their own privileges, and extend to them the hand of friendship; but never let this be done, until they forswear *expressly* and *without mental reservation*, all allegiance, of whatever kind, and under whatever name, to the Pope of Rome, who is a *foreign potentate*, and acknowledged as such by the powers of Europe. When a Papist refuses to do this, trust him not. I repeat it, trust him not, Americans. He is a spy amongst you, a traitor to your country, and the sworn enemy of your religion and your liberties.

This, however, they do not. They come amongst you with different motives and far different characters. Though I know them well, it would be impossible for me to express to you the designs which mark their entrance into this country. They cross the Atlantic, under instructions from their priests, and bring nothing with them but their bigotry, intolerance, and ignorance. Their tastes, their passions, and their native hatred of Protestants are wafted over to us, and are already corrupting the morals of our people. In their native country they feel, or pretend to feel, oppressed by British laws and British government. They are taught by their priests to despise their government, at home; that its laws are all penal, and that there is no crime in evading them.

There is not an Irish Catholic, who leaves that country, but feels it his duty to resist the laws of Protestant England, and evade, by perjury or otherwise, their execution. "In no country in the world," says a modern writer, "are the rights of property so recklessly violated: amongst no people on the face of the earth are the obligations of an oath, or the discharge of the moral duties, so utterly disregarded. Any man, the greatest cul-

prit, can find persons to prove an *alibi*; the most atrocious assassin has but to seek protection, to obtain it. And why is this so? Because the religious instruction of the people has been totally neglected; because their priests have become politicians; because their bishops, pitchforked from the potatoe-basket to the palace, have become drunk with the incense offered to their vanity; and the patronage granted in return for their unprincipled support, instead of checking the misconduct of the subordinates, stimulate them to still further violence, and stop at nothing which can forward their objects. Because the opinions of the people are formed on the statements and advice of mendicant agitators, who have but one object in view — their own aggrandizement. Because a rabid and revolutionary press, concealing its ultimate designs under the motive of affording protection to the weak, seeks to overthrow all law and order, pandering to the worst passions of an ignorant and ferocious populace.”

Irish priests and Irish bishops complain of poverty and grievances at home. They complain that men of property leave their homes and spend their incomes abroad; but as this writer, to whom I have alluded expresses it, “What encouragement do they give to such as return from their residences abroad?” Allow me, fellow-citizens, to give you an instance of the treatment which Protestants of fortune receive from Irish Roman priests, when they do return to reside upon their estates in Ireland. I quote from the same author: —

“The Marquis of Waterford, a sportsman boundless in his charities, frank and cordial in his manners, not obnoxious on account of his politics, and admitted on all hands to be one of the best

landlords in Ireland, comes to reside, and spend his eighty thousand sterling per annum, in the country. He gets up a splendid establishment in the county of Tipperary; and how is he treated? His hounds and horses were twice poisoned. There are scarcely any Protestants in the county of Tipperary. His offices were fired, and his servants, with difficulty, saved their lives. Compelled to abandon Tipperary — that sink of Popish iniquity, every nook and corner of which I am acquainted with — this generous and fine-hearted young nobleman retires to his family mansion, in Waterford; and how is he received there? I will not tell you; let his parish priest tell the story. "Men of Portlan," says this *holy Romish priest*, addressing the tenants and neighbors of the Marquis of Waterford, "you were the leading men who put down Beresford, in '26 (the marquis's father); I call on you now, having put down one set of tyrants, to put down another set of tyrants, the marquis himself."

Many of the Romish priests, which we have in this country, are from that very county of Tipperary, and thousands of the poor Irish amongst us have had their education, such as it is, from such worthy *apostolic successors* as the parish priest of the Marquis of Waterford.

Such are the people to whom you are yielding the destinies of this happy republic, by allowing them to vote at your elections, or to hold any office of honor or trust, while they have any connection with the head of their church, the Pope of Rome. Let the reader pass on from Popish Tipperary to Protestant Ulster, and he will see that the crimes of the Irish, and the miseries which many of them suffer, are to be attributed almost solely to their religion and their priests.

Mr. Kohl, a fair and very impartial writer, at 'east, upon Ireland, and who is often quoted by the great agitator, O'Connell, says,—in passing from that part of the country, where the majority of the inhabitants profess the Roman Catholic religion to that in which the great bulk of the population are Protestants or Presbyterians,—“On the other side of these miserable hills, whose inhabitants are years before they can afford to get the holes mended in their potatoe kettles, (the most important article of furniture in an Irish cabin,) the territory of Leinster and that of Munster begins. The coach rattled over the boundary line, and all at once we seemed to have entered a new world. I am not in the slightest degree exaggerating when I say, that everything was as suddenly changed as if by an enchanter's wand. The dirty cabins by the road side were succeeded by neat, pretty cottages; well cultivated fields and shady trees met the eye on every side. At first I could scarcely believe my own eyes, and thought the change must be merely local, caused by particular management of that particular state, but the improvement lasted, and continued to show me that I was among a totally different people, the Scottish settlers, and the industrious Presbyterians.”

We see, in this country, the same difference of character and habits, between the Irish Protestants and the Irish Catholics. The Irish Protestant, wherever you find him, laboring on his loom in the north of Ireland, working in a factory in New England, keeping a shop in New York, or cultivating a plantation in Carolina, values his home and integrity, as pearls of great price. He is generally temperate, frugal, and industrious. We seldom, or never, hear him accused of disturbing the peace, or fraudulently voting at elections; on the



whole, he arrives amongst us a worthy man, and, in time, becomes a useful citizen; and to what is this owing? It is owing to his education. He has been taught the Bible in his youth; from this he learned to love his God, above all things, and his neighbor as himself.

But how is it with the Roman Catholic, who comes amongst you? Scarce does he land on your shores, when he becomes more turbulent, more noisy, and more presumptuous, than when he left his native bogs. As soon as he confesses to his priest, he *hurrahs* for democracy, by which he means anarchy, confusion, and the downfall of *heretics*. He must vote; if he cannot do so fairly, his priest tells him how to evade the obligations of an oath. He will swear to support a constitution, which he never read, and never was read to him; he goes again to the confessional, and leaves that *sacred tribunal* with an oath upon his lips, that "Americans shall not rule him." He soon hears the words, "Pilgrim Fathers;" he goes to his priest, and asks what these words mean; he is told that they were *vile wretches, pirates*, who came to this country many years ago, and whose sons were *all cowards*, and thus we see that, as far as it is in their power, they are trying to reduce this country, and its native inhabitants, to a level with that in which their vile religion — Popery — has placed themselves. If we could cast our eyes over the history of the world, we should be struck with horror at the fatal consequences of Popery.

Wherever its followers have had an ascendancy, or wherever they have it now, they appear to be conspirators against the happiness of the human race. What were the means by which Popish kings, emperors, and princes, conducted their governments — *with the advice and consent of the*

*Pope of Rome, the vicerent of heaven?* Craft, extortion, fire, and sword. What are the means by which those governments, which at this day are under the Pope and his priests, are conducted?

The Pope apes the very thunders of heaven, and such are the "imitative powers" of his priests and bishops, that they are equally as destructive as the original. I have alluded to the contrast between the Catholic and Protestant people of Ireland. The one prosperous and happy; the other poor, miserable, and degraded. Heaven's vicerent, as the bishops call the Pope, and the Papists call the bishops, seldom bestow a thought upon their subjects, except to gull and inveigle them for the aggrandizement of their church; and we now see Ireland, one of the fairest countries upon earth, a country over which God has scattered plenty, and to which nature is peculiarly bountiful, reduced to want by insolent, haughty bishops, and vile, profligate priests.

That beautiful land which nature taught to smile with abundance, they have watered with tears, and with blood, all the result of Popery; and this has been its effect every where. It operates like the east wind, causing blasting, barrenness, and desolation, wherever it goes, and nothing but the herculean arm of this young and vigorous republic can check its progress among ourselves.

But I may be told that nothing is to be dreaded in this country from Papists; that they have neither numbers, nor means, to accomplish their designs upon our institutions. Let us see whether this is so. I have stated, in a former page, the number of bishops, priests, seminaries, and Papists, in this country. I have also shown you, to a demonstration, that if the number of emigrant Papists should continue to increase for the next thirty years, as

they have for the last eight, they will be a majority of the population of the United States, and the Pope our supreme temporal ruler.

Permit me, now, to give you some idea of what their means are, at least such portion of them as they derive from Europe, and you can judge for yourselves what they are in the United States. I will give you the amount sent from Europe, during the years 1841, 1842, and 1843. I quote from their own books and receipts.

	1841.	1842.	1843.
To Mr. Lefevre, coadjutor and administrator, at Detroit, . . .	\$1,971 60	\$1,010 95	\$7,447 64
Mr. Purcell, Bishop of Cincinnati, . . . . .	7,778 52	5,554 20	9,448 80
Mr. Fenwick, Bishop of Boston, . . . . .	3,700 28	3,063 32	2,866 40
Mr. Kenrick, coadjutor and administrator, Philadelphia, . . . . .	3,660 48	2,968 56	1,145 76
Mr. Hughes, coadjutor and administrator, of New York, . . . . .	8,236 08	10,885 72	9,020 22
Mr. Miles, Bishop of Nashville, . . . . .	4,575 60	4,452 84	4,006 16
Mr. Flaget, Bishop of Bardstown, . . . . .	8,676 06		
Mr. Hailandière, Bishop of Vincennes, . . . . .	8,291 88	12,245 87	10,603 36
For the Congregation of the Eudists, in the Diocese of Vincennes, . . . . .	3,720 00	3,463 32	1,860 00
Mr. Rosati, Bishop of St. Louis, . . . . .	10,519 88	10,211 40	10,884 72
Mr. Chaneles, Bishop of Natchez, . . . . .	4,775 40	3,958 08	2,291 72
Mr. Blanc, Bishop of New Orleans, . . . . .	2,745 35	1,979 04	4,583 04
Mr. Portier, Bishop of Mobile, . . . . .	1,835 82	3,958 08	6,259 60
Mr. England, Bishop of Charleston, . . . . .	7,440 00	4,452 84	2,864 40
Mr. Whelan, Bishop of Richmond, . . . . .	4,575 60	4,947 60	6,235 68
The Missions of the Priests of Mercy in the United States, . . . . .	4,575 60	2,720 00	8,556 00
The Missions of the Lazarists in the United States, . . . . .	6,510 00	•	
The Missions of the Jesuits in the state of Missouri, . . . . .	7,513 60	5,580 00	5,962 00
The Missions of the Jesuits in the state of Kentucky, . . . . .	2,790 00	3,348 00	3,720 00
	103,891 75	85,799 82	97,745 50

With such an amount of funds annually, from abroad, in the hands of a body of men, who understand how to manage and appropriate them, perhaps better than any other association in the world, with the majority of the population of these United States, and having but one single object in view, namely, the supremacy of their Pope and their church; what have Americans not to fear? They will avail themselves of a corrupt state of representation; they will procure a majority in your national legislature, and then, I say, woe be to your liberties.

Your school-houses, which now ring, at stated hours, with the praises and glories of God on high, wherein children are given to drink of the waters of life, will be converted into monk-houses, and lying-in-hospitals; prayers to God will no longer be heard in them; vagabond saints and wooden images will be the only objects of adoration; ignorance and vice will take the place of intelligence and virtue; idleness will take the place of industry; and the free American who, heretofore, was taught to walk erect before God and man, will shrivel and dwindle into a thing fit only to crouch before a tyrant Pope, and become a hewer of wood and drawer of water, for lazy and gluttonous priests, who, for centuries, have been trying to extinguish the light of reason and science, and who, even at the present moment, aye, at our very doors, are trying to abolish some of the finest productions of genius.

Witness the prohibition, recently, in France, of the publication of the Wandering Jew. Witness the prohibition of its circulation in Cuba; and why is it prohibited? Because it exposes some of the trickery of Jesuitism — because it lays bare some

of the intrigues of that hellish association — and because holy mother church knows full well, that no honest or honorable man could see her in her native deformity, without a shudder of disgust — because she knows that herself and her priests are but whited sepulchres, filled not with dead men's bones, but with the living fires of despotism, avarice, lust, and treachery — because she knows that Eugene Sue, who has written the *Wandering Jew*, is a Roman Catholic, well acquainted with the practices of Jesuits, sanctioned by the church. A continuation of the *Wandering Jew*, and its circulation, might show the world, even if there were no better authority, that monasteries and nunneries, under the control of Jesuits, were but vast Sodoms and prisons, full of crime and pollution.

Eugene Sue could, and I believe would, show the world, if his health had not failed him, that Roman Catholic priests and bishops, though forbidden, under pain of *excommunication*, to marry, were allowed to keep concubines. I refer the reader to the memoirs of the Romish bishop, Scipio de Ricci, for the truth of this assertion. I also refer you to another valuable work, *Binnii Concillia*, first volume, page 737. You will find the same in a work called *Corpus Juris Canonici*, page 47, to be had in the Philadelphia Library. You will find the same permission sanctioned by the council of Toledo, at which Pope Leo presided. The only restriction put upon the licentiousness of priests, by the council of Toledo, was to forbid them from “keeping more than one concubine at a time, *at least in public.*”

Cardinal Campeggio expressly says, “that a priest who marries commits a more grievous sin than if he kept many concubines.” St. Bernard, who

died about the beginning of the twelfth century, and who must have been a very charitable man, as all Catholics now pray to him, tells the world that "bishops and priests commit acts in secret, which it would be scandalous to express."

Pope John XII., was convicted by a general council, of *fornication, murder, adultery, and incest*, but these were not sufficient to depose him. He still believed in holy mother, the church, and his own infallibility. There is not an individual who reads these statements, and is at all acquainted with history, who does not know that Pope Paul III., who convened the council of Trent, had made large sums of money from licenses given to houses of ill fame in that city.

The holy church to this day, in the city of Mexico, to my own knowledge, receives large sums from the same sources, and these are supported principally by monks, friars and priests. No wonder, then, that the publication of the *Wandering Jew* should be prevented in Catholic countries. The writer, Mr. Sue, is a man of the world, he has read the book of nature with as much attention as he has those in his library. He is a well-read historian, and possesses an admirable faculty of communicating his ideas. He clothes them with a simplicity and beauty, almost peculiar to himself. The man that could depict *Rodin*, the sanctimonious Jesuit, in his true character, as Mr. Sue has done, must necessarily be silenced in a Catholic country. It must not be known that Jesuits may come among us in the garb of merchants, or in any other disguise which they may please to assume; no intimation must be given, that the poisoned cup, the assassin's dagger, the desperate sea-captain, or the valiant soldier, could be concealed under a Jesuit's

cowl, or that he may throw off that cowl, at his pleasure, and exchange it for a pea-jacket, a dancing pump, the violin, the fencing foil, or even the costume of a barber, or tamer of wild beasts.

It will not answer the purposes of the HOLY CHURCH, that a man should live and write, who is capable of raising the curtain which hides its designs, and conceals the instruments, which she has ever used, and is now using, for the destruction of liberty. Such a man is the author of the Wandering Jew.

No man can look at the picture which he has drawn of Ignatius Morok, without recognizing, in its every feature, those of a Jesuit and a villain. He travelled about, in the assumed character of a "tamer of wild beasts," but in reality, he was a Jesuit missionary, and sent by that order, with full power to accomplish, by *any* means within his power, one of the most infamous acts of fraud that ever was committed by man.

He was accompanied, (as the reader of Eugene Sue will find,) by a *lay* Jesuit, named Karl, and I cannot give my readers a better idea of Jesuitism, as it ever has been, and is now, than by requesting of them to observe the course adopted by those two villains in accomplishing the object of their errand. Look at their treatment of the honest and faithful Dagobert. Look at the cruelties which they inflicted on the two innocent orphans, committed to his charge. See the schemes, by which they have made even the wife of Dagobert subservient to their designs. See the arts by which Jesuit priests crept into families, under various disguises, sowing amongst them discord, hatred, and domestic strife. They have put the father against the son, and the son against the father; husband against wife, and

wife against husband ; brother against sister, and sister against brother. See how they have contrived to filch from the poor and almost starving, the last sou they possessed, to have masses said for the repose of the souls of those who were actually living, to the knowledge of the priest, though represented by him at the confessional, to have been long since dead !

See how one of those vagabond Jesuits, in the assumed character of a physician, aided by one of the sisters of that order, Madam de St. Dizier, imposed upon the heiress, Mademoiselle de Cardoville. He offered his services to accompany her to visit a friend of hers, but had a private understanding with a *lay Jesuit*, in the disguise of a hack-driver, to take them to a lunatic asylum, where he deposited the heiress. I will not quote from the "Wandering Jew," it would be depriving my readers of much pleasure ; but I would recommend the perusal of it, in order to become acquainted with some of the prominent features of Jesuitism. The work appears as a romance, but it contains many sad and serious facts. It is a compendium of Jesuitism, and should be looked upon as a warning to the citizens of this new world. Americans will scarcely believe that we have any such Jesuits in this country, as are described in the Wandering Jew. I tell them they are mistaken ; we have them in every state in the Union, but especially in New York, Maryland, District of Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts. I speak from my own knowledge.

" Bred in the harem, all its ways I know."

A word to those who have daughters, and fortunes to give them ; and also to those young ladies, who have fortunes in their own right.



Jesuits will leave nothing undone, to form acquaintance with the children of such as are supposed to be wealthy. The Catholic bishops of the United States, in their annual and semiannual *despatches* to Rome, boast that they are peculiarly *fortunate* in gaining *converts* from such families, and I trust a word of caution from me will not prove useless.

The mode which Jesuits have adopted, in approaching such families, are various: but the most general, and hitherto the most successful is, to induce their children to go to their colleges and schools. In these, every male and female teacher is to bend the minds of their scholars towards Popery, and to report progress twice a week to their *superiors*. But when parents do not send their children to Jesuit schools, the next expedient is to get Roman Catholic servants into the family, who are instructed in the *confessional* by the priests how to proceed, especially with their young daughters, in prepossessing their minds in favor of the Romish church, and the great beatitudes of a single life.

I have known cases myself, where it was not deemed prudent to go so far as to say one word in favor of the Catholic church, or of a single life. The young ladies may be *engaged*, and their young hearts *pledged*. A different course must now be pursued, and the Popish domestic has her instructions accordingly. She must find out to whom the lady is, or is likely to be, engaged; and it must be broken off, not abruptly — that is not the way Jesuits do things — it is to be done gradually. Their young minds must be poisoned, but the poison must be given in small quantities, until finally it produces the desired effect; and then the happiness and the glories of a *nun's* life are to be the

theme of conversation, more or less, according to the instructions received in the confessional.

It is not long since I met with a Protestant friend of mine, and in the course of conversation, some allusion was made to the subject of nunneries. He observed that their schools were excellent; that his daughter had just finished her education there, and had returned home in perfect ecstasy with her school, with the lady abbess who presided over it, and with all the nuns by whom she had been educated. "It is said," observed this gentleman to me, "that nuns try to tamper with the religious opinions of their pupils, and endeavor to make 'nuns of them,' but there is no truth in this; they never interfered with my daughter's religious opinions, nor did they insinuate to her the most remote idea of *taking the veil*, or *becoming a nun*."

I made no reply — courtesy forbade it. I might easily have answered my friend, but I feared the answer, which truth compelled me to give, would hurt his feelings. I might have said to him, Sir, your daughter had not a dollar in her own right, neither had you one to give her, and you must know that Jesuits seldom covet penniless applicants for the *black* or *white veil*. You should have also known that, although your daughter may have seemed very beautiful in your eyes, she was probably devoid of those external charms which would attract the libidinous eye of a Jesuit. When ladies are taken into a convent by Jesuits, they must be possessed of something more than ordinary attractions. These reverend Jesuits, having the liberty of choosing, are rather fastidious. *Verbum sat*.

Truly, and from my heart, I pity the female, who risks herself in the school of Jesuit nuns. She hazards all that is dear to her. Though she may

leave it, single-minded and innocent as she entered, — as I believe they all do who do not become nuns, — still the peril of going there at all is eminently hazardous and dangerous. But woe be to those who become *nuns*. I have been chaplain to one of those nunneries; and I assure my readers, on the honor of a man, who is entirely disinterested, and whose circumstances place him in an independent position, who wants neither favors nor patronage from any individual, that the very air we breathe, or the very ground upon which we walk, is not made more obedient or more subservient to our use, than a nun, who takes the *black veil*, is to the use of Popish priests and Jesuits.

The internal economy and abominations of a convent are horrible in the extreme. I dare not mention them, otherwise my book would, and ought to be, thrown out of every respectable house in the city. I will only call my reader's attention to the fact, that, in all Catholic countries, nunneries have *foundling hospitals* attached to them. This any man can see who goes to France, Spain, Portugal, or Mexico.

It will be seen, even in this country, that they have their private burying places and *secret vaults*. It is not more than five or six years, since a number of Jesuits, in Baltimore, petitioned the legislature of Maryland for leave to run a *subterraneous passage* from one of their chapels to a nunnery, distant only about five hundred yards. The object of the petitioners was too plain. It was the most daring outrage ever offered any deliberative body of men; but, much to the credit of the legislature of Maryland, they rejected the petition with undisguised marks of indignant scorn.

These statements will be rather unpalatable to

Jesuits, but my only regret is, that decency forbids a full development of the crimes committed, with perfect impunity, in Popish convents. In New York, every effort seems to be making, by the present legislature of that state, to suppress immorality. A bill is now before that body, making adultery a penitentiary offence; yet Popish priests are building *nunneries* there, and if Roman Catholic ladies think it proper to hold a fair to collect money for the building of those nunneries, these very New Yorkers will contribute their money freely; and thus, this ill-placed liberality, which Americans bestow, not only there but elsewhere, becomes the cause of evils which they seem desirous to crush.

How is it with us in Massachusetts? Look at our statute book, and if we are to judge from that, of the utter detestation with which our people look upon immorality of every kind, we deserve to be considered paragons of propriety. Should there be amongst us a house, even of *equivocal fame*, our guardians of the night and civil officers are allowed to demand entrance into it at any hour, and if refused, they may use force. Yet we have *convents* amongst us, *nunneries* and *nuns* too. Poor helpless females are confined in them, but not an officer in the state will presume to enter. If admission is asked, it may or may not be given by the mother abbess or one of the reverend bullies of the institution; but no force must be used. The poor imprisoned victims, whether content or not with her station, must bear it without a groan or a murmur.

This should not be in any civilized country; and I will venture the assertion, that it could not continue one hour, at least among the moral and charitable people of Boston, were they not utterly un-

acquainted with the iniquities of the **Roman** church.

This fully explains the opposition to the circulation of the **WANDERING JEW** by the *infallible church*.

I have given the reader but a faint view of the persecutions of Popery, down to the close of the fifteenth century, and revolting as they are, there is no record to be found from which we can even infer, that the church has ever altered her doctrine or practice, on the subject of exterminating heretics, namely, all who are not Roman Catholics. If there were any such record, it could not have escaped my notice. Some Pope or some council would, long since, have given it to the world.

I was, as has been stated, born a Roman Catholic, and educated a priest in that church. I solemnly declare to you, fellow-citizens of my adopted country, that nothing has been more forcibly impressed upon my mind, by my teachers, when a boy — by the priest to whom I confessed when young — by the professors under whom I read Popish theology — or by the bishop who ordained me, and with whom I lived subsequently as chaplain — than the obligation I was under of extirpating heresy, by argument, if possible; and, if not, by any other means, even to the shedding of blood. And there is not now, in this country, an Irish priest nor an Irish Roman Catholic, and *true* son of the church, who does not believe that, if he could collect all the heretics in the United States, and form them into one pile, he would be serving God in applying a torch to it. And, incredible as it may appear to you, their church teaches them that, in doing so, they would be serving you.

The doctrine is taught now, as it was in past

ages, by their priests, that *the body must be destroyed, for the good of the soul*. "It is a benefit," say the pious Popish priests, "to heretics *to be killed; the fewer will be his sins, and the shorter will be his hell!*" You naturally shudder at this doctrine, but it is not many years since Leo XII. in one of his *bulls of jubilee*, or indulgence to the faithful, announces publicly, and without shame, or sorrow, proclaims to Catholics, his *beloved subjects*, that in order to obtain the indulgence granted by that bull of jubilee, there are two conditions, without which, they can derive no benefit from it, namely, *the exaltation of the holy mother church*, and the *extirpation of heresy*. This "*blessed bull*" was published in 1825, and directed to the archbishop of Baltimore, and all other Popish bishops in the United States, to be made such use of as their *lordships* may think proper!

Will you believe it, Americans, that this doctrine is taught, this very day, in the college of Maynooth, Ireland. You will find it in De La Hogue's Tract. Theolog. ch. viii. p. 404, of the Dublin edition. No priest or bishop will question the authority of Dr. De La Hogue. He has been professor in that college for nearly half a century. I must, however, add here, for the information of all who are unacquainted with the doctrine of the pious frauds practised by Romish priests, that their respective bishops, or in his absence, the vicar-general, can give any of them a dispensation to deny any truth or to tell any falsehood for the "exaltation of holy mother church." I have received such dispensations myself, but, not having the fear of the Pope before my eyes, I took the liberty of disregarding them.

Many will ask me, Why have you not made these things known before now? There were many reasons why I suppressed them.

I knew my motives, however disinterested, might then be questioned ; secondly, the public mind was not prepared for the developments which I have made. Thirdly, my love of peace and quietness induced me to withdraw to a part of the country, distant from the scene of my controversy, hoping that the miscreant priests and bishops of the Romish church would permit me to pursue my new profession of the law, without interruption. But in this, as I ought to have known, I was disappointed. Although I have not, since I left Philadelphia, until very recently, even replied to the calumnies which vagabond Irish priests who infest this country, and the still greater vagabond bishops who govern them, together with the tools which they keep in their employment, have heaped upon me ; still they have, in the true spirit of their *vocation*, never ceased to pursue me with their vengeance.

No sooner had I abjured the Pope, disregarded his *bulls*, and thereby become a heretic, than they had me burnt in effigy ! But much more gratified would they be, had they my person in the place of the effigy. I still remained unmoved. Soon after this, Bishop England, of Charleston, South Carolina, established a press, called the " Catholic Miscellany," whose columns teemed, for months, — almost for years, — with the grossest and vilest abuse against me ; yet while this restless demagogue, who is now in his grave, was spewing forth his filthy abuse, I was prospering in my profession, and partially recovering my health, which I thought was radically destroyed by the persecutions I suffered in Philadelphia ; and thus, while the Pope in Rome, and the Romish bishops and priests of this country, were cursing me, Heaven was blessing my efforts and

gaining me the confidence of the virtuous and good, whom I had the pleasure of meeting in my intercourse with the world.

Strange indeed are the practices of Papists! Previous to my *heresy* in Philadelphia, there was not in that city a more popular man — not another more respected; I may almost say, that there was no man, of any pursuit or calling, whose friendship was more courted. Yet the moment I committed the *unpardonable sin* of differing with the Pope of Rome, every one of his faithful children, not only there but throughout the world, was bound by his oath of allegiance to persecute me in every possible way.

Never forget, Americans, that the same oath of allegiance, which binds them to persecute me, is also binding on them to persecute and destroy you. Some of you will say, this cannot be. A church, numbering among her priests such men as Massillon, Fenelon, Chevereux, and Taylor of Boston, cannot entertain, much less command, a spirit of persecution. True, as far as we can judge, these were godly men. They would be an honor to any religion. But in the Popish church, they were like stars that strayed from their homes, and losing their way, fell, by accident, upon the dark firmament of sin and Popery; but even there, their native light could not be obscured; on the contrary, the darker the clouds around them, the more beautiful and brilliant did their light appear. Poor Taylor, — “Peace be to thy memory, — we have been friends together.” Methinks I can, even now, feel the warm pressure of thy hand, see the charities of thy soul beaming in thy speaking eye and gentle countenance, yet thou too had been considered almost a heretic in the city of New York, and



would have been denounced as such by the rude and vulgar bishop of that diocese, had not the amiable Chevereux interfered.

Often have I regretted that this Mr. Taylor, who was my classmate, and companion of my youth, had not, in addition to his private virtues, more fortitude and decision of character. He was the Erasmus of his day, in the United States. He was born and educated a gentleman; so was the amiable but timid Erasmus. He was educated a Roman Catholic; so was Erasmus. He was a chaste and elegant classical scholar; so was Erasmus. Taylor, knowing full well the corruptions of the Romish church, went from New York to Rome, about the year 1822, in order to induce the Pope to modify such of its doctrines as were objectionable in this country. But he wanted courage, and hastily retreated back, lest he should be consigned to the inquisition. Erasmus, too, wanted courage, a quality as necessary for a reformer as it is to a general in storming a city and hence it is; that those two amiable men, similar in character and disposition, though living in ages widely apart, have lived ostensibly members of a church, whose doctrines they loathed from the very bottom of their souls.

This might have been the temper, the character, and the cause, why such men as Massillon and Fenelon have lived and died Roman Catholics. They felt, probably, as Erasmus did, when he said, "It is dangerous to speak, and dangerous to be silent." "I fear," said he, in another place, "that if a tumult arose, I should be like Peter in his fall." It is not at all strange, that such men as we have spoken of, should have contented themselves with having inculcated virtue, and de-



that they intend to eradicate heresy, and to use every means which their church considers *legitimate* to effect that purpose. This the priests preach from their pulpits; this they tell you to your beards. They admit their determination to bring these United States, if possible, under the *spiritual* control of the court of Rome. They use the word *spiritual*, in utter contempt of your understanding, to deceive you, and while using it, they laugh at your credulity. Popish spiritual control, spiritual allegiance! It is almost incredible that any body of men should have the impudence to come forward, in the nineteenth century, and talk of *spiritual allegiance* to his royal holiness the King of Rome.

They admit their determination to possess this country, and have the modesty to ask you to give them lands and churches, and means to accomplish their object, and effectuate your destruction. Their next step will be to quarter upon you an army of friars, Jesuits, or monks, who will carry at the point of the bayonet what is left undone by duplicity, treachery, and intrigue. This has been the fate of every country where Popery has found a resting place, and America is the only nation which, for the last three centuries, has given them such a footing. They tried what they could do in China. They succeeded in establishing several bishoprics, Jesuit convents, nunneries, monk-houses and churches, among the peaceable and quiet Chinese; but happening to differ among themselves on the subject of their respective temporal rights, they, as in duty bound, referred their differences to the Pope. This movement came to the ears of the emperor of China, whom they had so long and so successfully deceived by the cant words, *spirit-*

*ual allegiance to the Pope.* The parties were summoned before his commissioner to ascertain what was meant by *spiritual allegiance*. They tried to explain it, but all their ingenuity, all their subtity, could not satisfy the commissioner that spiritual allegiance meant any thing else than, what it fairly expressed, and as soon as he found that it meant, in the eyes of the Pope and the Romish church, things real and tangible, such as real estate, the conveying it from the rightful owner under the laws of the land, to another under the laws of the Pope, who lived in Rome, he satisfied himself, that the *spiritual supremacy* of the Pope meant, among other things, the power to govern the kingdoms of the earth; to give away, and take them away, to whom and from whom, his royal holiness pleased. The emperor instantly issued an order, directing that every Roman Catholic bishop, priest, friar, Jesuit, monk, and nun, within his empire, should quit, within a given time, on pain of losing their heads. Many of them disobeyed the order and were executed, and their churches levelled to the ground.

The Chinese had no objection to Papists worshipping God, according to the dictates of their own conscience; but as soon as it was discovered that they owed *spiritual allegiance* to a foreign power, they deemed it *prudent* to remove them from the country. But the Chinese are *barbarians*, and it seems reserved for this new world of ours, to interpret properly the meaning of spiritual allegiance, and in all differences, between our citizens and the agents of the Pope, as to the temporalities of the Romish church, to lay the subject before his *royal holiness*, and be governed by his decision.

Witness the difference between Bishop Hughes

of New York, and the trustees of a Roman Catholic church in Buffalo, only a few weeks ago. Witness that in New Orleans, between the bishop and the trustees of the Roman Catholic church. All these were referred to the Pope, who decided the matter, without any respect or regard to the laws of this government. Call you this *spiritual allegiance*? Call you this an exercise of spiritual power, on the part of his royal holiness the Pope? Yes, you do; and it would not much surprise me, if the Papists of this very city of Boston should recommend to its legislature, to lay the difficulties between themselves and the state of South Carolina, before the Pope of Rome for adjudication.

Should the day ever arrive, when the Papists have a majority in your legislature, and a difference should occur between these states, the Pope will be called in to decide it. I am at a loss to know how, even in these days of transcendentalism, *any other meaning* can be given to *spiritual allegiance*, than that which the Roman Catholic gives it in practice. They consider the Pope, as the *spiritual* head of the church, has, *a fortiori*, a *divine right* to be the head and sovereign of the world. This is the sense in which Catholics understand and act upon it, and swear to support the Pope, as the supreme arbiter of the destinies of the world. The Chinese understood this. The emperor of Russia understands it at the present day; and though a Catholic himself, no priest or bishop, within his vast dominions, dare avow any allegiance, *spiritual* or temporal, to the king or Pope of Rome. The holy synod of St. Petersburg, Russia, have notified the Catholic missionaries, who have incited rebellion, and interfered with the civil authorities in Georgia, to renounce their intercourse with

the see of Rome, or quit the country. But Americans, in the alembic of their fertile brains, have manufactured a definition for *spiritual allegiance*, peculiarly their own, for which the Papists are so much obliged to them, that whenever an opportunity of knocking out the aforesaid brains occurs, they will do so. Witness in the Philadelphia riots, &c., &c., strong proofs of the *spirituality* of that allegiance which Catholics owe to the Pope.

Permit me to give you another evidence of the nature of that allegiance to the Pope of Rome, to which I have heretofore alluded. It is to be found in the massacre of the Huguenots, by Roman Catholics. There is no event in the history of France, with which the world is more familiar, than this. Several historians have related it with great minuteness and much elegance. To these I can add nothing of my own, and the reader is more indebted to them, for the following statement, than to myself.

#### MASSACRE OF THE HUGUENOTS.

This bloody massacre took place immediately after the conclusion of the treaty of St. Germain, at which the hostilities which had so long existed between the Catholics and Protestants in France, were suspended, or, as the Protestants believed, were entirely terminated. The sufferings of the Protestants, up to the conclusion of that treaty, were truly great. Their property was wasted; their beautiful chateaus were burned and levelled to the ground; their flourishing vineyards were destroyed, and they themselves were left, reduced in property and numbers; but great as were their calamities, the spirit which lived within them was not quenched. Their hearts, though oppressed,

were not broken. The love of God bore them up against all their trials and privations. Among those who suffered most in the Protestant cause, was the brave and pious Admiral Coligny, who, after the treaty of St. Germain, and the destruction of his beautiful estates by order of the Popish and bloody Catharine, retired to Rochelle. Even here there was no safety for him. The licentious queen, and her paramours, consisting of priests, determined on his destruction. It is said of this woman, that she occupied twelve years of her life in instructing her son Charles to swear, to blaspheme, to break his word, and to disguise his thoughts as well as face. We are told by contemporary historians, that this *blessed daughter* of the holy church supplied him with small animals, when a child, and a sharp sword to cut off their heads, and shed their blood by stabbing them ; all this to familiarize him with the shedding of blood, and that at some future day he might indulge in the same amusement upon a larger scale, in cutting off the heads and stabbing heretics and Protestants. The persecutions of the Huguenots are known almost to all readers ; few there are, who are not familiar with them. The illustrious characters, who headed the Protestant cause in those days, are known to all Protestant Americans, but none of them, perhaps, more intimately than the great Coligny, who was one of the first martyrs to that wretched Popish thing, in the shape of a woman, Catharine de Medicis, regent of France. I trust, therefore, the reader will pardon me for giving a few incidents in the life of this nobleman and martyr, during one of the regencies of this Popish queen Catharine. After the marriage of Henry of Navarre, Coligny, as we are told, suddenly retired from the banquet given

upon the occasion at the Louvre. It was remarked that he seemed sad and dejected. He retired to his hotel, which he would have gladly left and returned home, but dreading that he might alarm his wife, he preferred writing to her, explaining matters as far as he could, under existing circumstances. The letter is so interesting, so affectionate, and altogether so worthy of the good man, that I cannot refrain from laying it before my readers. It was as follows : —

“ My very dear and much beloved wife :

“ This day, was performed the ceremony of marriage between the king's sister and the king of Navarre. The ensuing three or four days will be spent in amusements, banquets, masks, and sham-fights. The king has assured me that, immediately afterwards, he will give me some days to hear the complaints, made in divers parts of the kingdom, touching the edict of pacification, which is violated there. It is with good reason that I attend to this matter as much as possible ; for, though I have a strong wish to see you, still you would be angry with me (as I think) if I were remiss in such an affair, and harm came of it from my neglect to do my duty. At any rate, this delay will not retard my departure from this place so long but that I shall have leave to quit it next week. If I had regard to myself alone, I had much rather be with you than stay longer here, for reasons which I will tell you. But we ought to consider the public welfare as far more important than our private benefit. I have some other things to tell you, as soon as I shall have the means to see you — which I desire, day and night. As for the news that I have to tell you,



they are these: This day, at four in the afternoon, the bells were rung, when the mass of the bride was chanted. The king of Navarre walked about the while in an open place near the church, with some gentlemen of our religion who had accompanied him. There are other little particulars which I omit, intending to tell you them when I see you. Whereupon I pray God, my most dear and beloved wife, to have you in his holy keeping. From Paris, this 18th of August, 1572.

“Three days back I was tormented with colic and pain in the loins. But this complaint lasted only eight or ten hours, thanks be to God, through whose goodness I am now delivered from those pains. Be assured on my part, that amidst these festivities and pastimes, I will not give offence to any one. Adieu, once more,

“Your loving husband,

“CHASTILLON.”

After having despatched the above letter, Coligny deemed it his duty to see the king before he left Paris. His sole object in so doing was to obtain, if possible, some concessions, or at least some guarantee for the future protection of the persecuted Protestants, of whom he was a member.

The king received him well, promised him all he asked; but the king consulted the Pope's nuncio, who was then in the city, and that *holy* man advised him to keep no faith with that Protestant Coligny, but on the contrary, to make all the use he could of him, in order the more effectually to accomplish the destruction of the heretical band to which he belonged. After receiving this Christian advice, the king became apparently more friendly to Coligny, and went so far as to promise him a

safe escort on his way home. "If you approve of it," said the king to Coligny, "I will send for the guard of my Arquebusiers for the greater safety of all, for fear they might unawares do you a mischief; and they shall come under officers who are known to you." The generous and unsuspecting Christian, Coligny, accepted the offer of the guards, and twelve hundred of them were ordered into the city. There were many of the Protestants in the city, who on seeing this array of troops, felt alarmed for the safety of their friend Coligny; they whispered their fears to the brave warrior, who until then did not even dream of treachery. But now, fearing that something might be wrong, he resolved to see the queen mother. She expected this, and granted him an interview with great apparent pleasure. As soon as he commenced to suggest any fears or apprehensions of treachery, this *holy daughter* of the church, suddenly interrupting him, exclaiming, "Good God, sir admiral," said she, "let us enjoy ourselves while these festivities continue. I promise you on the faith of a queen, that in four days I will make you contented, and those of your religion." Coligny had now the word of a king, and the honor of a queen, as a guarantee for his own safety, and that of the Protestants in France. Who could any longer doubt that they were safe? Who could believe that a king would violate a solemn promise freely given? Who could question the honor of a lady and the promise of a queen? Who would venture to assert that a mother would not use her best effort to redeem the honor and plighted faith of a son, and that son a king? No one but a Roman Catholic could doubt it. Charles was a Roman Catholic king. His church taught him, that no faith was to be kept with heretics. Coligny

was a heretic. Catharine, the queen mother, was a Roman Catholic; her church taught her to keep no faith with heretics, but to "destroy them, root and branch, under pain of eternal damnation." *Heritici destruendi* is the doctrine of the Roman Catholic church; and accordingly, on the evening of that very day on which Coligny had an audience with the queen, these distinguished and pious children of the holy Roman Catholic church appointed an interview with the Pope's nuncio, and after that *holy man* sung the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, (a hymn which they invariably sing, when laying any plan for the destruction of heretics,) these three worthy children of the infallible church resolved to send for the "king's assassin," a man named Mau-reval, and ordered him to assassinate Coligny. It must be observed here, that the Pope's legate allowed Charles and his mother to keep an assassin, to cut down *such thistles or tares as the devil may plant in the vineyard of the holy see*. Soon after this, Coligny had occasion to go out on some business. The Popish assassin pursued him at a distance, secreted himself in a house where he knew he could deliberately shoot at him; he did so, but the wound, though severe in the extreme, did not prove mortal. Among the first who visited him were the king and his mother; and such was the apparent grief of Catharine, that she shed tears for the sufferings of the warrior. The good son of this good mother mingled his tears with hers, promising that the assassin, whoever he was, should be brought to condign punishment; but need I now tell you, Americans, that the tears of this Popish queen, for the sufferings of this Protestant, were like those of the hyena, that moans in the most piteous strains, while sucking the life-blood of its

victim? Need I tell you they were like those of the crocodile, which sheds them in abundance while devouring its prey? Need I inform you that by her promises of future protection, she resembled the filthy buzzard, which spreads its wings over the body or carcass of its prey, while plunging its beak into its very entrails? And such I tell you now, as I have told you before, Americans, and shall tell you while I live, is the sympathy, and such the protection which every good mother and son of the holy Roman Catholic church would extend to you, your Protestant religion and its followers, in these United States.

We will now pass over the various meetings held by the king, his mother, queen Catharine, and the Pope's nuncio, for the purpose of devising ways and means, not for the death of Coligny, but for the destruction of all the Protestants in France. To detail these would be a tedious undertaking; and not more tedious than revolting to the best feelings of humanity. Depravity was reduced to a science in the court of Catharine, and her son Charles. She employed even her *ladies* of honor for the seduction of her young nobility. They were ladies — I should say human things — selected for their beauty, and trained up by this royal mother in the Romish church, in habits of utter abandonment to seduction and lasciviousness. Young men of honor, virtue, and patriotism, were introduced to them, by Catharine, especially those who were at all suspected of being favorable to Protestantism. These *maids* were required to ascertain from these young noblemen who, and how many of their young friends were friendly to the cause of Protestantism, with a view of marking them for extermination, as soon as herself and the

Pope's legate should deem it expedient to do so. The hour at last arrived, when the holy trio deemed it expedient to order a general massacre of the Protestants. The order was issued. The bells of the Roman Catholic churches were rung, and the royal order "Kill! kill! kill!" all, was issued by the king, and repeated by his Roman Catholic mother. I could not if I would, nor would I if I could, describe the scene that followed. Suffice it to say, that particular orders were given not to spare Admiral Coligny. Blameless as was his life, and devoted as he was to his king and government, yet he was a Protestant, and must die, and that by the hand of a Popish assassin. The holy church reserved to herself the glory of murdering this heretic. As soon as the order to murder was given, a rush was made towards the residence of Coligny. They entered his chamber, and to use the language of another, "they found him sitting in an arm-chair, his arms folded, his eyes half upturned with angelic serenity towards heaven, looking the image of a righteous man falling asleep in the Lord. One of the murderers, a pious Catholic, called Besma, fixing his fiendish eye upon the admiral, asked him, 'Art thou the admiral?' pointing his sword at him at the same time. 'I am the admiral,' replied Coligny. 'Young man, thou shouldst have regard for my age and infirmities;'" but the murderer plunged his sword into the Christian hero's breast, pulled it out, and thrust it in again. Thus died this noble Protestant! Thus died the veteran Coligny, by the hands of a Popish boy! And for what? He believed in the Bible — he was a Protestant. And thus, fellow Protestants of the United States, will your posterity be sacrificed, for similar crimes, unless God in his mercy drive from

your land, and mine by adoption, every vestige of the Popish religion. No sooner was Coligny put to death, than his head was cut off and presented to Queen Catharine, who sent for her perfumer, and ordered it to be embalmed and forwarded to the Pope, as a mark of her devotion to the holy see. But even this did not satisfy the queen. Her Popish bloodhounds, on hearing of Coligny's murder, rushed through the streets to his apartments, searching every where for his mangled body, and having found it, a general cry was raised, "The admiral! the admiral!" They tied his legs and his arms together, and dragged them through the streets shouting, "Here he comes, the admiral!" One cut off his ears, another his legs, another his nose, hands, &c. They abandoned the body, to let the boys amuse themselves by inspecting it, and then tumbled it into the river. But the zealous Catharine was not satisfied yet. This good daughter of the Pope ordered the river to be dragged, until what remained of Coligny was found, and then ordered it to be hung in chains on a gibbet at a place called Mountfaçon. A contemporary writer, a Roman Catholic, speaking of this, says: "the road to Mountfaçon was a scene of incessant bustle, created by the gentlemen of Catharine's court, who, in splendid dresses and perfumed with essences, went to insult the relics of Coligny. Catharine also went with her numerous retinue. Charles accompanied his mother. On arriving before the gallows, the courtiers turned away their heads, and held their noses on account of the stench arising from the half putrefied remains. 'Poh!' said Charles and his mother, to their courtiers, '*the dead body of a heretic* always smells well.'" On returning home she consulted with

her confessor, who advised her, now that the devil had the heretic's body, it would be well to have a solemn high mass for the occasion, to be said at the church of St. Germain, at which Charles and his mother attended, and a Te Deum was sung in honor of the glorious victory gained by the church, by the destruction of so many heretics.

As soon as the Pope heard this news, his holiness despatched a special messenger to France, to congratulate the king on having "caught so many heretics in one net." So joyous and elated did his royal holiness appear, that he offered a high reward for the best engraving of the massacre; having, on one side, as a motto, "THE TRIUMPH OF THE CHURCH;" and on the other, "THE PONTIFF APPROVES OF THE MURDER OF COLIGNY." This engraving is now to be seen in the vatican of Rome.

The number of those who were massacred on St. Bartholomew's day is variously stated. Mazary makes it thirty thousand; others over sixty: but the Pope's nuncio, who was on the spot during the massacre, in a letter to the Pope, tells him, "*the number was so great it was impossible to estimate it.*"

Recollect, American Protestants, that this massacre, and others to which I have alluded, was not the work of a few fanatics. It was the work of a nation, by their representative, the king, empowered to do so by the head of the Roman Catholic church. In vain is it for Papists to tell us that all this bloodshedding and destruction of human life was the work of a few, with which the church was neither chargeable nor accountable. Americans may believe them if they will. Let them believe. "There are none so blind as those who will not see." If neither the testimony of history, nor a statement

of facts, bearing all the necessary evidence of truth, will convince them, vain indeed are my efforts to do so. But there is no impropriety in my earnestly and solemnly appealing to Americans, and suggesting one or two questions, which they should put to any Roman Catholic who may deny that the church ever sanctioned those evil deeds of which I have spoken. Have you any record of the fact, that the church ever discountenanced the destruction of heretics? Did the Popish authorities ever deliver up those whom they knew to have murdered heretics to the civil tribunals? Were there ever any heretics murdered, as such, except by the advice, counsel, and connivance of the Popish church and her priests? If there were, in what country, in what age, and in what reign? Until these questions can be truly answered, you are not to be satisfied. But why will Americans, for a moment, entertain a doubt upon the subject? Popish historians never deny it. The actions of Papists all over the world proclaim it. The church of Rome has ever thirsted for the blood of heretics. She now yearns for an opportunity of shedding it again; all for the purpose of "purifying the earth of heresy."

Do you not see that her conduct, in all ages and all places where she had opportunities, confirms this? Do you not even see, that in this country, the members of that church can scarcely keep their hands off you; and so bloody are the sentiments which they inherit, that, for want of other subjects, they will sometimes shed that of each other? What would they not have done, a few weeks ago, in Philadelphia, had they the power? What in New York? What in Boston, or any where else in the United States? Do you not see, in all your intercourse with them, the ill-concealed hatred which



they beat you? If you have any charitable institutions for the support of Protestants, will they aid you? If you hold a fair for the purpose of building a church, or for any other Protestant purpose, will they attend it and purchase from you? They will not. If they do, they commit a sin against the church, and the power of absolving from that sin is *reserved* for the bishop of the diocese. It is a *reserved case*, as the church terms it. It is only by virtue of a *dispensation*, granted by the Pope to this country, that a Roman Catholic is even allowed to attend the funeral of a Protestant; and should he go into one of your churches, even though there was no service at the time, if he is a true son of the church, he will hasten to his priest and obtain absolution for that special crime. Yet, if they want churches built, you will furnish them with money. If they want land to build them upon, you will give it to them. Is this wise in you? You are denounced in those churches as heretics; your religion ridiculed, and yourselves laughed at. Your motives are undoubtedly good. You believe, because you do not know to the contrary, that, by your contributions, you are advancing the cause of morality. You do not reflect—and perhaps the idea never occurred to you—that there is a wide difference between the religion of a Protestant and that of a Papist. That of the Protestant teaches him to be a moral and virtuous man; whereas, that of the Papist has not the remotest connection with virtue. A Catholic need not dream of virtue, and yet be a member of that church.

The most atrocious villain, as an eminent writer expresses it, may be rigidly devout, and without any shock to public sentiment in Catholic countries, or even among Roman Catholics in the United States

Religion, as the same writer says, and as we all know, at least as many of us as have been in those countries, and who are acquainted with Catholics in this, is a *passion*, an *excuse*, a *refuge*, but never a *check*. It is called by Papists themselves *refugium peccatorum*. Hence it is, that priests may be drunkards, and their flocks never think the worse of them. I have known some of them, whose private rooms where they heard confessions, were sinks of debaucheries, which a regard for public decency prevents me from mentioning. I have known females, who have been seduced by them, and who afterwards regularly went to confession, under the impression which every Catholic is taught to feel, that no matter what a priest does, provided he speaks the language of the church. *Don't mind what he does, but mind what he speaks*, is a proverb among the poor Irish Papists. None of them dare look me in the face and deny this, and yet these wretches talk of morals. But what think you, Protestants, of this kind of morality or of the church which does not even forbid it, and only requires to have it "concealed from *heretics*?" Do you desire it propagated amongst you? Do you wish your children to learn it? No virtuous daughter or decent woman should ever venture under the same roof with those men.

Paganism, in its worst stages, was a stronger check to the passions than Popery. I will give you one instance of the abominations of Popery. Papists believe in the doctrine of the *real presence* of Christ, in the sacrament of the Eucharist. It is the duty of every priest in that church to administer this *sacrament* to the dying, and for this purpose, they consecrate a number of small wafers, made of flour and water, each of which, they pre-

tend to believe, contains *the body and blood, soul and divinity* of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, or in other words, **THE LORD GOD** himself. The priests carry with them, in a small box called *pyxis*, a number of them to be given to the sick and dying. There are but few of them in the United States, in whose breeches' pockets may not be found, at any hour of the day, at least a dozen of *those gods*. Can there be religion here? Can there be morality among those men or their followers? I would go further, and ask, Is there any thing in Paganism equally impious or more revolting to God or man? They know full well that such a creed cannot be sustained either by reason or Scripture, and hence it is, they want all power concentrated in the Pope of Rome, in order to extirpate their opponents, Protestant heretics. Papists understand the character of Americans, and are well aware, that if sufficiently satisfied of the existence among them, of a sect who believed in a doctrine so absurd, and so impiously profane, as that of the real *bodily presence of Christ in the Eucharist*, they could not countenance them. My own impression is, that if the people of Boston, where I write, knew that Catholic priests taught their followers to believe, that they (the priests) could make gods by the dozen, carry them in their pockets, take them out when and where they pleased, and there kneel to them, in *adoration*, they would have them indicted under the statute against blasphemy. The Rev. Abner Kneeland was indicted because he denied the procession of the Holy Ghost, and found guilty of blasphemy. But what was his crime, when compared with that of Romish bishops and priests! It was bad enough, to be sure, in the eyes of all Christian men, and few questioned the righteous-

ness of the verdict of his guilt. If a Pagan priest should arrive amongst us, bringing with him his gods, and worshipping them in our midst, should we *sanction* him? I know not that our constitution forbids such a thing, but the reverence which we have for the *one true God*, our love of morality and good order, would forbid it. We would accuse and indict them for blasphemy. But is their blasphemy more horrid than that of the Romish church?

The Pagan priest hews his god out of wood; the Popish priest makes his out of flour and water. The Pagan priests convey their gods in some vehicle, from place to place, and stop to worship them, wherever their inclination or devotion prompts them. The Romish priests carry theirs in their pockets, or otherwise, as occasion or love of pomp may suggest.

Where, Americans, is the difference? Which is the greater blasphemer? Which is the bolder and more reckless violator of that great commandment, "*I am the Lord thy God.*" "*Thou shalt have none other gods before me*"? You will not hesitate to decide. The Pagan may be honest in his belief; he may worship according to the light that is in him, or the knowledge that has reached him. He may never have seen the Gospel. *The Day Star from on high* may never have arisen over him, or illumined his path! "The morning upon the mountains" may perhaps never have gladdened his vision; he may, to us at least, be excusable, and as far as we can see, without offence before God. But is the Romish priest, who makes his god out of flour and water, and worships it, sinless? Is he not an idolater? What can be more blasphemous than to believe that a wafer, made of flour and water, can be changed, by the incanta-

tions of a Romish priest, into the God of heaven and earth !

The Popish church teaches that the flour, of which the wafer is made, loses its substance, and all its natural properties, and is changed by the words of consecration into the Almighty God ; that is, it is no longer flour and water ; it is changed, — not *spiritually*, as Protestants believe, — but actually and really becomes the *body and blood, soul and divinity* of Jesus Christ, such as it was when nailed to the cross, and as such they worship the wafer. If this is not idolatry, I cannot understand what idolatry is. If this is not blasphemy, I wish some New England gentleman of the ministry, or the bar, would explain it, and tell me what they mean by their statute against blasphemy.

Does blasphemy, in their estimation, mean nothing ? or is it something introduced into our laws, only for the purpose of exercising the ingenuity of legal and ecclesiastical casuists ? Surely, if the word has any meaning whatever, in law or morals, in church or state ; if it can be enforced at all, and there is such a crime as blasphemy, it should be enforced against the Romish priest or bishop, who bows and teaches his followers to bow, in adoration, to a piece of bread and water, and thus blasphemously insult, as far as poor mortals can, the great and living God. Surely, the state authority, which would institute a criminal prosecution for blasphemy against Kneeland, because he did not believe the Holy Ghost to proceed “from the Father and the Son,” and does not prosecute for blasphemy Popish priests, who believe, and teach their followers to believe, that they can create, or rather manufacture as *many gods* as they please, out of flour

and water, either neglects his duty, or his knowledge of it is very equivocal.

Either this is the case, or the treatment of Kneeland originated in some cruel persecution. The latter I am far from believing.

As a citizen of this state, I would ask respectfully, why proceedings, under the statute against blasphemy, are not immediately commenced against Popish priests? Is it because Kneeland was friendless and alone, that he was selected as a proper victim? and is it because Popish priests are supported by a large party, equally criminal with themselves, that they are spared? Not at all, say the *sympathizers* with Popery. Kneeland made a noise in his meetings; they were troublesome in the neighborhood where they were held. Be it so. I will not deny this, nor do I wish to be considered as the apologist of Kneeland, his blasphemies, or his meetings; but I would ask the prosecuting officer of the state, whether Kneeland's meetings were more noisy than *Popish repealers*? Were they even half so turbulent or uproarious? Let those whose duty it is answer the question, and tell us why priests are not prosecuted for blasphemy. I contend that if there is one blasphemy under the sun more revolting than another, it is that of believing and teaching that a wafer can be changed from what God made it, into that same Almighty God, by mumbling over it a few Latin words. It makes me shudder at the weakness of man, and the unaccountable influence of early education, to think that I myself once believed in this horribly blasphemous doctrine.

The doctrine of Popish priests in adoring a wafer made of bread and water, and their mode of manufacturing the wafer into God, is not only blasphemous, but extremely ludicrous.

Has the reader ever seen a Popish priest in the act of making, or metamorphosing bread and water into *flesh* and *blood*? If he has not, it would be well, if not profane, to witness it; for never before has he seen such mountebank tricks. The priest, this great *creator* of flesh and blood out of flour and water, appears decked out in as many gew-gaws as would adorn a Pagan priestess, and about twice as many as would be necessary for a Jewish rabbi. Amid the ringing of small bells, dazzling lights, genuflections, crossings, incense, and a variety of other such "tricks before high Heaven," this clerical mountebank metamorphoses this wafer into *God*, and exhibits it to his followers, whom he calls upon to go on their knees and adore it. This horrible practice should induce our philanthropists, who are sending vast sums abroad for the conversion of the Pagan, to pause and ask themselves, whether there is, in the whole moral wilderness of Paganism, any thing worse, or half so bad, as that idolatry which we have at our own doors!

If a being from some unknown world, and to whom this world of ours was as little known as the one from which he came was to us, should, by accident or otherwise, arrive among us, and we were to take him into a Roman Catholic church during the celebration of mass, and there tell him, that the *great actor* in the service was making flesh and blood out of bread and water, and could actually accomplish that feat, he would unhesitatingly award to these United States the credit of having among them some of the most accomplished jugglers in the world.

What are your Eastern fire-eaters, sword-swallowers, and dervises, to a Popish priest? Why, it would be easier to swallow a rapier, ten feet long,

or a ball of fire as large as the mountain Orizaba, than to metamorphose flour and water into the "*great and holy God*, who created the heavens and the earth, and all that is therein."

Let me not be accused of levity, or want of reverence to that Almighty Being, to whom I am indebted for my creation and preservation, and on whom alone, through the merits of the Saviour, my hopes of salvation are placed. My only object is, to call the attention of my fellow-citizens to the absurd and profane doctrines of Popery ; and that having seen them, in their true colors, it is to be hoped they will find little favor from a thinking and reflecting people.

It is extremely unpleasant to my feelings, thus to expose the profanity of a religion which I once professed, and inculcated upon the minds of others ; but the best atonement I can make for my unconscious offence to my God and my fellow-beings is, to acknowledge my error, and caution others against falling into the snares which an early education, received from priests and Jesuits, had precipitated me. The reader will therefore pardon me if I lay before him a few more Popish extravagances.

It is generally known, that Papists believe in the doctrines of miracles. So do I, and so do all Christians. But it is not so well known that the miracles, in which Protestants believe, differ widely from those which the Romish church teaches her followers. We believe the miracles recorded in the Holy Scriptures ; to these, however, the *infallible church* pays little or no attention, but hands us down a catalogue of miracles, for the truth of which she herself vouches, and calls upon all to receive them as the "genuine article." It may be edifying, and if not, it cannot fail to be amusing to American



Protestants, to see a specimen or two of Popish miracles. I assure the reader, they are very fair ones, to my own personal knowledge, and considered as such by every true Roman Catholic in this city of Boston as well as elsewhere.

St. Hieronymus, better known by the name Jerome, who died early in the fifth century, relates the following miracle : — “After St. Hilary was banished from France to Phrygia, he met in the wilderness a huge Bactrian camel, and having seen, in a vision, that his camelship was possessed of the devil, he exorcised him, and the devil sprang out from him, running wild through the wilderness, leaving behind him a strong smell of brimstone.” He tells us another miracle, with much gravity. “Paul the Hermit,” says this saint, “happening to die in the wilderness, his body remained unburied, until discovered by St. Anthony. The saint being alone, and not having the means of digging a grave, nor strength enough to place in it the body of the hermit, prayed to the Virgin Mary to aid him in his difficulties. The result was, two lions, of the largest species, walked up to him, licked his hands, and told him that they would dig the grave themselves with their feet, and place the body of Paul in it. They did so ; and having finished their business, went on their knees, asked the saint’s blessing, and vanished in the woods.”

Palladus, who lived in the fifth century, and was greatly distinguished in the Romish church, tells us of a hyena, which, in a certain wood in Greece, killed a sheep. The next day, a pious hermit, who happened to live in the neighborhood, was surprised at seeing this hyena at the door of his cave ; and on asking it what was the matter, the hyena addressed him in the following

language: "Holy father, the odor of thy sanctity reached me; I killed a sheep last night, and I came to ask your absolution." The saint granted it, and the hyena departed in peace. We find in Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, which is for sale in almost all Roman Catholic bookstores, an account of some most extraordinary miracles, for the truth of which, the *infallible church* pledges her veracity. For instance; when heretics cut off the head of St. Dennis, the saint took it up, put it under his arm, and marched off some miles with it. Butler relates another extraordinary miracle, and if American Protestants presume to doubt it, they may expect a bull from the Pope of Rome.

A certain lady in Wales, named Winnefride, was addressed by a young prince, named Caradoc. But she, being a *nun*, could not listen to his addresses. The young prince got impatient, and finally, in a fit of rage and disappointment, he pursued her in one of her walks, and cut off her head. A saint, by the name of Beuno, hearing of this outrage, went in pursuit of Caradoc, and having come up with him, he caused the earth to open and swallow him. Upon his returning where the *nun's* head fell, he found that a well had opened, emitting a stream of the purest water, the drinking of which, to this day, is believed to cast out devils. When the holy St. Beuno looked at the head of the *nun*, he took it up and kissed it, placed it on a stump, and said mass. No sooner was the mass finished, than the beheaded nun jumped up, with her head on, as if nothing had happened.

Come forward, Americans, if you dare, and deny this miracle. The *holy church* vouches for its truth. St. Patrick, the great patron of Daniel O'Connell, whom his holiness the Pope calls the *greatest layman living*, performed some very ex-

traordinary miracles, as we are told; among them was the following: A poor boy strayed from home, and died of starvation, or something else, and the body was nearly devoured by hogs, when St. Patrick, chancing to pass that way, discovered it in this mutilated condition. The holy saint touched it, and it instantly sprang into life, resuming its former shape and proportions. On another occasion, as we read in the *Lives of the Saints*, St. Patrick fed fourteen hundred people with the flesh of one cow, two wild boars, and two stags; and what is more strange than all, the same old cow was seen, on the following morning, brisk and merrily grazing on the very same field where she was killed, cooked, and eaten by the multitude.

We read of another very great miracle, which no Roman Catholic can doubt, without running the risk of being considered a *heretic*. St. Xavier, who is considered one of the most distinguished saints in the Romish church, had a valuable crucifix. On one of his journeys at sea, it fell overboard, much to his regret. When he arrived at his place of destination, he took a walk along shore, meditating on the power, grandeur, and infallibility of the *mother of saints*, and what was the first object that caught his eye? Lo, and behold, he saw a crab moving towards him, bearing in its mouth the saint's crucifix, and continued to advance until he reverently laid it at his feet. No Roman Catholic writer, since the days of St. Xavier, questions the truth of this miracle.

The Popish biographers of St. Xavier tell us of another great miracle performed by him, the truth of which is attested by the *infallible church*. The devil tempted Xavier, and the "*old boy*" assumed the shape of a lovely female; the saint ordered her off, but she refused, and attacked him

again on the same day ; but the saint, unwilling to be annoyed any longer, spit in the devil's face, and he instantly fled.

I cannot dismiss this subject without relating a few more of those miracles which Roman Catholics believe. They may be seen in Belarmine's Treatise on the *Holy Eucharist*, book iii. ch. 8. St. Anthony, of Padua, got into an argument with a heretic, concerning the doctrine of *transubstantiation*, or the changing of bread and water, by Romish priests, into the flesh and blood of JESUS CHRIST. After arguing the question for a long time, the heretic proposed to St. Anthony to settle their controversy in the following manner : " I have a horse," said the *heretic*, " which I will keep fasting for three days ; at the expiration of that time, come with your *host* (an image) and I will meet you with my horse. I will pour out some grain to my horse, and you will hold the *host* before him ; if he leave the grain, and adores the host, I shall believe." They met, and St. Anthony addressed the horse in the following words. I translate, literally, from that illustrious writer in the Roman church, Belarmine.

*" In virtue, and in the name of thy CREATOR, whom I truly hold in my hand, I command and enjoin thee, O horse, to come, and with humility, adore him." The horse, instantler, left his corn, advanced towards the host in the priest's hand, and, devoutly kneeling, adored it as his God.*

St. Andrew, as we read in Romish history, was a man of great eminence and *sanctity*. Papists pray for his intercession daily. The *infallible church* informs us, that he performed some very great miracles. I beg to give my readers one, as a sample of the many which he performed.

The devil, armed with an axe, and accompanied by several minor devils, with clubs in their hands, made an attack upon the saint, whereupon he called upon St. John, the apostle, to rescue him. St. John lost no time in making his appearance, and summoning some holy angels to aid him, with chains in their hands, he rescued St. Andrew from these devils, and chained every one of them to the spot; whereupon, as we are informed in the *Acts of the Saints*, St. Andrew burst into laughter, and the devils fell to screaming and crying mercy.

In the year 1796, a work, entitled *Official Memoirs*, was published in Ireland, under the authority of Dr. Bray, archbishop of Cushel, and Dr. Troy, archbishop of Dublin. In this work it is stated—and to doubt the fact in Ireland, would be *heresy*—that in the month of May, 1796, at Toricedi, tears were seen to flow from the eyes of a *wooden image* of the Virgin Mary. Impious as such doctrines are, they are now believed by Roman Catholics.

I was myself personally acquainted with archbishop Troy, and I remember, when young, that he and the priests by whom I was instructed, took much more pains in impressing upon my mind the truth of such miracles, as that of the wooden Virgin Mary, than they did the truths of the Gospel; and, in fact, every Catholic is taught to rest his *salvation*, almost entirely, upon the intercession of the *virgin*. Ninety-nine in a hundred of Irish Catholics rest all their hopes of salvation on the Virgin Mary. They adore her, they worship her, and what is worse, Popish bishops and priests teach them to do so. They even compel them to adore the virgin, though the miserable beings have the hardihood to deny it before Americans. But will *they dare do it before me?* When a poor, ignorant

Catholic goes to confession, the usual penance imposed by the priest, for minor offences, is the repetition of the following address to the Virgin Mary, two or three times a day, for a week or more, according to the heinousness of the sin committed: —

<p>“ Holy Mary,          Holy mother of God,          Holy virgin of virgins,          Mother of Christ,          Mother of divine grace,          Mother most pure,          Mother most chaste,          Mother undefiled,          Mother untouched,          Mother most amiable,          Mother most admirable,          Mother of our Creator,          Mother of our Redeemer,          Virgin most prudent,          Virgin most venerable,          Virgin most renowned,          Virgin most powerful,          Virgin most merciful,          Virgin most faithful,          Mirror of justice,          Seat of wisdom,          Cause of our joy,</p>	<p>Spiritual vessel,          Vessel of honor, [tion,          Vessel of singular devo-          Mystical rose,          Tower of David,          Tower of ivory,          House of gold,          Ark of the covenant,          Gate of heaven,          Morning star,          Health of the weak,          Refuge of sinners,          Comfort of the afflicted,          Help of Christians,          Queen of angels,          Queen of patriarchs,          Queen of prophets,          Queen of apostles,          Queen of martyrs,          Queen of confessors,          Queen of virgins,          Queen of all saints.”</p>
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The above tissue of blasphemy is daily, nay, several times in a day, repeated by Catholic priests and their *penitents*; and I am much mistaken, if there is upon the face of the globe, whether in Pagan, Mahometan, or Heathen countries or creeds, to be found any thing equally blasphemous, or more disgusting to the mind of any individual who believes in the *pardon of sin through the*

*atonement of Christ*; and I hesitate not to say, that the Christian, who countenances such a doctrine, or contributes, in any way, to its propagation, denies his Saviour, and shows himself unworthy of the name he bears.

To the professed infidel I have nothing to say. To him, who mocks and scoffs at the Triune God, I will attach no blame; with him I have nothing in common, further than brotherhood of the same species; but I must appeal to the Christian, and seriously ask him, Why do you encourage such blasphemy as this address to the Virgin Mary? Why do you encourage its propagation amongst your brethren? Why do you hold communion with those who utter it? Would the primitive Christians, if they now lived, hold any communion with idolaters? Would they contribute their money to build temples for *Isis* and *Dagon*? Would they basely bend the knee to the golden calf of old? No. Sooner — much sooner — would they lay their heads upon the block. They would look upon it as a denial of their God, and a recantation of their faith in him. Would your Puritan forefathers give the right hand of fellowship to the worshippers of a wooden image? Would they give their money to a priest, to build churches, and teach his followers that they could hew out for them images of wood, possessing power to work miracles, or in other words, to change the laws of nature, which the *Eternal Law-Maker* alone can change or suspend?

Custom, the point of the bayonet, or even that cruel tyrant, early education, may enforce such idolatry on the Old World; but the free-born American, unbiassed by education — unawed by tyrants — has no apology. His submission to such doc-

arines is an unqualified surrender of his reason, his religion, and the liberties of his country.

When the star of our independence first arose, it was hailed by the Christian philosophers of the old world, as a foreshadowing of the downfall of tyranny, superstition, and idolatry. They looked upon it as fatal to the bastard Paganism, taught in the Popish church; but what must be their astonishment, if permitted at the present day to look down upon our country, and see our people practising that same Paganism, nicknamed Christianity, and asking from our government protection — a privilege which the framers of our constitution never intended should be extended to tyrants or idolaters!

Here I would stop, and never more put pen to paper, for or against Popery, did I not see many of my fellow-citizens, possessing the finest minds and precious souls, falling victims to the sophistry, ingenuity, and quibbling casuistry of Popish priests and bishops.

It is not long since I saw a letter from the Roman Catholic bishop Fenwick, of the diocese of Massachusetts, in which he informs the *authorities* of Rome that he is making converts from some of the *first families* in his diocese. This, I presume, is correct, and these are the very individuals most easily imposed upon. They know nothing of Popery. They are not aware that Papists have two sides to the picture, which they exhibit of their church. One is fair, brilliant, dazzling, and seductive. Nothing is seen in their external forms of worship but showy vestments, dazzling lights, and the appearance of great devotion. Nothing is heard but the softest and most melting strains of music. No wonder these should captivate minds which are strangers to guilt; nor is it



strange that they should bring into their church those who are most guilty, in the full assurance that their guilt shall be forgiven, and their crimes effaced from the records of heaven, by only confessing them to one of their priests.

Will the heads of those respectable families, to whom Bishop Fenwick alludes, and from whom he is making so many converts, permit me to ask them, whether they have ever reflected upon what they were doing, in permitting Romish priests to come among them? I have myself been a Catholic priest, as I have more than once stated; I am without any prejudice whatever. If I know myself, I would do an injustice to no man; but I hesitate not to tell those heads of families, whether they are the parents or guardians of those *converts* to the Romish church, of whom mention is made, that if they have not used all their authority with which the laws of nature and of the land invests them, to prevent these *conversions*, they are highly culpable. If they are parents, they have become the moral assassins of their own children, and perhaps their own wives. Do any of those fathers know the *questions* which a Romish priest puts to those children, at confession? Do husbands know the *questions* which priests put to their wives, at confession? Though a married man, I would blush to mention the least of them.

Though not so fastidious as others, I cannot even think of them, much less name them, without a downcast eye and crimsoned cheek, and particularly those which are put to young and unmarried ladies.

Fathers, mothers, guardians, and husbands of these *converts*, fancy to yourselves the most indelicate, immodest, and libidinous questions which the *most immoral* and profligate mind can conceive —

fancy those ideas put into plain English, and that by way of question and answer—and you will then have a faint conception of the conversation which takes place between a pampered Romish priest and your hitherto pure-minded daughters. If, after two or three of these *examinations*, in that *sacred tribunal*, they still continue virtuous, they are rare exceptions. After an experience of some years in that church, sooner — far sooner — would I see my daughters consigned to the grave, than see them go to confession to a Romish priest or bishop. One is not a whit better than the other. They mutually confess to each other.

It was not my intention, when I commenced this work, to enter into any thing like a discussion of the doctrines maintained by the Romish church. My sole object was to call the attention of *American Republicans* to the dangers which were to be apprehended, and would inevitably follow, from the encouragement which they are giving to Popery amongst them. I have, however, deviated a little from my first intention, in more than one instance; but I trust, not without some advantage to many of my readers. I am aware that I have exposed myself to the charge of carelessness and indifference to public opinion, in not paying more attention to the construction and order of my sentences. Did I write for fame, or the applause of this world, I would have been more careful; but, as my object is only to state facts, in language so plain that none can misunderstand it, I have no doubt the reader will pardon any defects which he may find in the language, or want of consecutiveness in the statements, which these pages contain.

I will now ask the attention of the reader, for a

few moments, to the Popish doctrine of *Indulgences*; and I do so because priests and bishops deny that such things as *indulgences* are now either taught or granted to Catholics. They say from their pulpits and altars that indulgences are neither bought nor sold by Catholics, and never were.

It is an axiom in our courts of law — and should be one in every well-regulated court of conscience — that *falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus*. The meaning of this axiom is, that he who tells a falsehood in one case will do so in every other. If this be true — and it is as true as that two and two make four — I pronounce all Roman Catholic priests, bishops, Popes, monks, friars, and nuns, to be the most deliberate and wilful set of liars that ever infested this or any other country, or disgraced the name of religion. I assert, and defy contradiction, that there is not a Roman Catholic church, chapel, or house of worship in any Catholic country, where *indulgences* are not sold. I will even go further, and say, that there is not a Roman Catholic priest in the United States, who has denied the fact, that does not sell indulgences himself; and yet these priests, and these bishops — these men of sin, falsehood, impiety, impurity, and immorality — talk of *morals*, and preach *morals*, while in their sleeves, and in their practices, they laugh at such ideas as moral obligations. Here I would appeal even to Irish Catholics who are in this country. I would ask all, or any of them, if ever they have heard MASS in any Catholic chapel in Dublin, or any other city in Ireland, without hearing published from the altar, a notice in the following words, or words of similar import.

“Take notice, that there will be an indulgence on — day, in — church. Confessions will

*be heard on — day, to prepare those who wish to partake of the indulgence."* I have published hundreds of such notices myself; and any American, who may visit Ireland, or any Catholic country, and has the curiosity to enter any of the Romish chapels, can hear these notices read; but when he returns to the United States, he will hear the Roman priests say that "there are no indulgences sold by the Romish Church." Beware, Americans! How long will you be the dupes of Popish priests?

Will the reader permit me to take him back a few years, and show him in what light *indulgences* were viewed in the 16th century, under the immediate eye of the Pope and full sanction of the *infallible church*!

The name Tetzels, is familiar to every reader. He was an authorized agent for the sale of indulgences. I will give you one of his speeches, as recorded on the authority of Roman Catholic writers, and recently published in this country in D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation.

*Indulgences* — says this reverend delegate of the Pope — *are the most precious and sublime of God's gifts.*

*Draw near, and I will give you letters duly sealed, by which even the sins you shall hereafter desire to commit shall be all forgiven you.*

*I would not exchange my privileges for those of St. Peter in heaven; for I have saved more souls by my indulgences, than he by his sermons.*

*There is no sin so great, that the indulgence cannot remit it, and even if any one should — which is impossible — ravish the holy Mother of God, let him pay, let him only pay largely, and it shall be forgiven him. The very moment the money*

*goes into the Pope's box, that moment even the condemned soul of the sinner flies to heaven.*

Examine the history of Paganism, and you will not find in its darkest pages any thing more infamously blasphemous than the above extract, taken from a speech delivered by one of the Pope's auctioneers for the sale of indulgences. But even this would be almost pardonable, if priests did not try to persuade **Americans** that those sales have long since ceased.

It is not more than twelve months since I was in the city of Principe, Cuba; and I beg permission to relate to my readers what I have there personally witnessed; or, as we would express it in our most homely language, seen with my own eyes.

At an early hour in the morning, I was aroused from my slumbers by a simultaneous ringing of all the bells in the city. On looking out, I witnessed the marching of troops, firing of cannons, field-officers in their full uniforms, all the city authorities wearing their official robes, with innumerable priests and friars bustling about from one end of the city to the other. My first impression was, that a destructive fire must have broken out somewhere, or that some frightful insurrection had taken place; but, on inquiry, what think you, reader, caused this simultaneous movement of the whole population of Principe, amounting in all to about sixty thousand? "Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askelon." A huge bull of indulgences had arrived from the Pope of Rome, and they turned out—troops and all—to pay it *due homage*, and hear it read in the cathedral of Principe.

A day was appointed for the sale of the indulgences contained in the aforesaid bull! Accompanied by a Scotch gentleman, with whom I had the pleasure of forming an acquaintance, we went, with

others, to the house of the *spiritual auctioneer*, and I there purchased of the priest, for two dollars and fifty cents, an *indulgence* for any sin I might commit, except four, which I will not mention. These, I was told, could only be forgiven by the Pope, and would cost me a considerable sum of money.

Many of our citizens are in the habit of visiting Havana, and can purchase those indulgences at any sum from twelve and a half cents to five hundred dollars. Will you still listen to Popish priests, who tell you that indulgences are neither sold nor bought now in the Romish church?

From Cuba I immediately proceeded in the United States' ship *Vandalia*, to Vera Cruz, and from thence to the city of Mexico. I felt desirous of ascertaining the state of Popery in that exclusively Popish country, and availed myself of every opportunity to do so. Accordingly, soon after my arrival in Mexico, I strolled into the *cathedral*, and saw in the centre aisle a large table, about forty feet long and four wide, covered with papers, resembling, at a distance, some of our bank checks. Curiosity induced me to examine them, and, instead of bank checks, I found checks on Heaven; or, in other words, *indulgences* for sins of all descriptions.

I resolved upon purchasing; but, knowing full well that Americans, though *the most intelligent people in the world*, but long the dupes of Roman Catholics, would scarcely believe me if I told them that I bought an indulgence in Mexico. I went back and requested of our consul there, Mr. Black, to come with me to the cathedral and witness the purchase of, and payment by me for an *indulgence*. Will Catholic priests tell you there is no truth in this? If they do, be not hasty in making up your minds on the question. There are two or

three lines of packets running from New York to Vera Cruz, and you can easily ascertain, from Mr. Black, whether I am telling truth, or whether *Papists* are humbugging you, as they have been for the last half century.

But why go abroad for evidence to fix upon Romish priests the indellible stigma of falsehood on the subject of indulgences? I have sold them myself, in Philadelphia and in Europe! The first year I officiated in Philadelphia as a Roman Catholic priest, I sold nearly three thousand of these indulgences, as the agent of *holy* mother, *the infallible church*; and though several years have elapsed since, many of those who bought them are still living in that city.

Some explanation is necessary here, as I cannot presume that Americans are yet acquainted with a doctrine called PIOUS FRAUDS, held and acted upon by the *infallible church*.

The Pope of Rome and the Propaganda, taking into consideration the *savage ignorance* of Americans, deemed it *prudent* to substitute some other name for the usual name *indulgences*, and something else for the usual document specifying the nature of the indulgence which was given to *pious sinners* in "the New World:" they thought it *possible* that Yankees might have the curiosity to read the *written* indulgences. This, said they in their wisdom, must be prevented; and here is a case where our doctrine of *pious frauds* comes beautifully into play. After singing the "*Veni Creator spiritus*" — as usual in such cases — they resolved that indulgences should be in future called SCAPULAS, and thus *piously* enable all Roman Catholic priests and bishops to *swear on the Holy Evangelists* that no *indulgences* were ever sold in the

*United States.* This is what *holy mother* calls *pious fraud*.

All the indulgences which I sold in Philadelphia were called *scapulas*. They are made of small pieces of cloth, with the letters L. H. S. written on the outside, and are worn on the breast. I will give you an idea of the revenue arising from the sale of those *scapulas* in the United States, by stating to you the price at which I sold them.

The *scapula* costs the purchaser one dollar. The priest who sells it tells him that to make it thoroughly efficacious, it is necessary that he should cause some *masses* to be said, and the poor quack gives one, five, ten, or twenty dollars, according to his or her means, for those *masses*. I need not say, that, on an average, every *scapula* or indulgence sold in the United States costs at least five dollars. What think you now of the word, the honor, or the oath of a Popish priest? Are you not ashamed to be so long their dupe? Do you not blush at the reflection, that you have given so much of your money, your sympathy, and hospitality, to such arrant knaves? Sad is the reflection to me, and dark are the thoughts, that I should have ever belonged to a church, which embodies in its doctrines all that is degrading to humanity, and reduces man, from being "little lower than the angels," to a thing, such as a Papist priest, in full communion with the Pope, having nothing in common with his fellow-beings but the form of humanity.

You, Americans, who have thoughtlessly united yourselves with these priests in their church, come out, I beseech you, from among them. Entail not upon your children the curse of Popery. Flee from them as Lot did from Sodom. To err is the lot of man. To fall and to trip in his passage



through life, is the lot of even the best of men. You have erred in joining the Romish church, but you will doubly err by continuing in membership with her. The country which gave you birth is a glorious one ; it has all the advantages of nature ; it is fertilized by salubrious seas, and its own beautiful lakes. There is nothing you want which the God of nature has not given, and blessed for your use. There is but one dark speck upon the horizon of your national prosperity and greatness, but that is a deep one. It is a sad one, and may be a bloody one. Popery hovers over it, like some ill-omened bird, waiting only a favorable opportunity to pounce upon its prey ; or some foul exhalation, which, being checked in its soaring, turns to a fog, causing darkness and scattering disease, wherever it falls. Alas, fellow-citizens, it has already fallen amongst us, and is growing with fearful rapidity ; like the more noxious weed, it loves a rich soil ; it cannot fail to flourish in ours.

Take heed, Americans, lest you allow this weed to come to maturity. Eradicate it in time ; let it not ripen amongst you ; allow not its capsule to fill, blossom, and ripen ; if you do, mark what I tell you : it will burst, scattering its noxious, sickening, and poisonous odors amid the pure breezes of that religious and political freedom, which have so long, so gracefully and sweetly played over this beloved "land of the free and home of the brave."

If you will look around you, and visit our courts of law ; if you extend your visits to your prisons, your houses of industry and reformation ; if you go farther, and examine your penitentiaries, what will you find ? Permit me to show you what you will behold in one single city, the city of New York. This, of itself, were there no other cause

of alarm, should be sufficient to arouse your patriotism, for you must not forget that nearly all the foreigners, enumerated in the document which I here subjoin, are Roman Catholics, or reduced to their present condition while living in Catholic countries. But let the document speak for itself. It is official, and may be relied on. It came from a committee of the Board of Aldermen of the city of New York upon the subject of alien passengers. Taking this as your data, you may be able to form some idea of what you suffer in money, in virtue, and in your morals, from the introduction of foreign Papists among you.

**"THE FOREIGN POOR IN OUR ALMS-HOUSES, AND THE FOREIGN CRIMINALS IN OUR PENITENTIARIES.**—We hasten to lay before our readers a highly interesting document, from a committee in the Board of Aldermen, upon the subject of bonding alien passengers in New York. From the document, it appears that the bonds of nine firms in this city exhibit the enormous liabilities of \$16,000,000; that of the 602 children supported by the city, at the Farm Schools, 457 are the children (many, if not the most of them, illegitimate) of foreign parents; that of the latest-born infants at nurse, at the city's expense, 32 are foreign, and only two American, and 'that of the whole number of children, 626 have foreign parentage, and 195 American; exhibiting the average of more than three foreigners to one native, and an alarming increase of the ratio of foreigners in the more recent births.'

"The whole number of inmates in our penitentiary is 1419, showing an increase of 400 since July last; of these 333 are Americans, and 1198 foreigners. The number of prisoners and paupers, to support whom we all pay taxes, is 4344, showing an increase, since July last, of nearly 1000.

"In view of these alarming facts, and remembering that over 60,000 immigrants were commuted and bonded here the last year, the committee make some forcible appeals to the country, which cannot be without their effect. The enormous taxation to which we are subject, in order to support foreign paupers and criminals, is a great and growing evil, which presses heavily upon industry, as well as upon the character, morals, and politics of the country."

This is a frightful picture of things, especially in a country abounding and almost overflowing with the means of sustaining and abundantly supplying fifty times the population it contains.

Examine well the results of Popery, in a religious, moral, and political point of view, especially during the last thirty years, and you will find that there is no vice, no crime, no folly or absurdity, which time has brought into the old world, as Milton expresses it, "in its huge drag-net," that Papists are not introducing among you; and there is no consequence which followed it there which we shall not see here, unless you are to a man "up and doing," until this noxious weed is rooted from amongst you. I wish these unfortunate Papists no evil; far be such a sentiment from my mind. I would be their best friend; but who can befriend them, while they permit themselves to be controlled and deluded by their priests.

A Roman Catholic priest is, *pro tanto*, the worst enemy of man. He degrades his mind by rendering him the slave of his church. He debauches his morals, and those of his wife and children, by withholding from them the word of God. He weakens his understanding, by filling his mind with absurd traditions. He evokes, and indirectly

invites, the indulgence of his worst passions, by promising him the pardon of his sins. He checks the noblest aspirations and finest charities of his soul, by instilling into it the rankest hatred and animosity towards his fellow-being, whom God has commanded him to love as he loves himself, but whom the priest tells him to curse, hate, and exterminate. In a word, he almost degrades him to a level with the beast, by teaching him to lower that holy flag, on which should be written, *Glory be to God on high*,—and raising above it the blood-stained flag of Popery.

This American Protestants know full well. They feel it. It is known and felt in every Protestant land ; but it seems as “if some strange spirit was passing over people’s dreams.” Though found to be unsound, and even bad policy ; though destructive to agricultural, commercial, and every other interest, yet we see no efforts made to arrest its advance amongst us. Neither are there any means taken, as far as the writer knows, in other Protestant countries, to suppress this religious, political, and commercial nuisance ; on the contrary, we find that even in Great Britain further stimulants are being applied to Popish insolence.

Sir Robert Peel, the premier of England, has, or is about introducing a bill into parliament, with a view of making further appropriations for the Romish college of Maynooth, in Ireland ; and, much to my surprise, as well I believe as to that of every man who correctly understands the spirit of Popery, he has some supporters. Even some of the British reviewers give him high praise.

“The credit to which Sir Robert Peel is entitled,” says one of the British Quarterlies, “is greatly increased by reason of the prejudices of some of his supporters ; but (continues the same Quarterly) his

resolution is taken and his declaration made. This should read, in my humble apprehension his resolution is taken, and his infatuation complete

I have been a student in that college ; I know what is taught and done in that institution. I am well acquainted with all the minutiae of its business and theological transactions ; and I could tell Sir Robert Peel that he either knows not what he is doing, or is a traitor to his government ! Does Sir Robert know that in that college are concocted all the plans and all the measures which O'Connell is proposing, and has been pursuing during the last thirty years, for emancipation, and now for the repeal of the Union ? Does he know that Maynooth is the focus from which radiate all the treasons, assassinations, and murders of Protestants, in Ireland ? Is he aware that this very Maynooth is the great Popish eccaleobion, in which most of those priests who infest Ireland, and are now infesting the United States, are hatched ? Does he know that Daniel O'Connell and that college are the mutual tools of each other ? O'Connell, riding on the backs of the priests into power and into wealth, and they alternately mounted upon Dan, advancing the *glory* of the *infallible church* !

It is not probably known to Mr. Peel that thirty years or more have elapsed since it was *secretly* resolved in Maynooth that *none but a Catholic should wear the British crown, and that he should receive it as a fief from the Pope* of Rome. Every move and advance which O'Connell makes in repeal is a step gained towards this object, and upon this his ambitious eye rests with intense avarice. For this, Maynooth and its priests thirst with insatiable desire. It is not many years since O'Connell and Maynooth asked for *emancipation*, and they obtained it. Protestants of England were duped

into the belief that Papists would now be satisfied, and unite in supporting the government; but, scarcely was this granted, when the great agitator, *with the advice and consent of Maynooth*, asked for — what, think you, reader? Nothing less than a dismemberment of the British government — nothing less than a repeal of the Union; or, in other words, to permit one of the most turbulent demagogues that ever lived, Daniel O'Connell, to become king of Ireland; and to receive his crown from the Pope of Rome.

This is now the *avowed object of repeal*; but there is another object, not yet seen nor dreamed of by those who are not Roman Catholics; and I beg the reader to keep it in his recollection. It is this. O'Connell, by agitating Ireland, and scattering firebrands throughout England, believes that he and the Catholics will ultimately succeed in dethroning the sovereign of England, and placing the crown on some Popish head. Were the college of Maynooth further endowed through the efforts or folly of Sir Robert Peel, does he believe, or can any man, acquainted with the genius of Popery believe, that this would satisfy O'Connell or the Pope's agents in Ireland? The very reverse would be the case. It would only imbolden them still further. It would only increase their insolence; it would only add a new impetus to their treasonable demands, and give an increased momentum to their disorganizing meetings.

Should the British Government grant all O'Connell asks, or should parliament pass a bill for the repeal of the Union, is it to be supposed that O'Connell and the Irish bishops — the sworn allies of the king of Rome — would be satisfied? Not they. The truth is — and I wish I could impress it upon the minds of every Protestant in Eng-

land as well as in this country — nothing short of the *total overthrow of the government of Great Britain and the Protestant religion* will content the Popish church, whose cats-paw Daniel O'Connell is. Should Providence, in his inscrutable designs, grant them this, our experiment in the science of self-government is at an end. We shall become an easy prey to any *alliance* which should be formed against our republican institutions. The jackals of Popery are amongst us: they have discovered us; and Popish priests, the natural enemies of free institutions and of the Protestant religion, will soon destroy our republic and our religion.

It is useless to deny the fact. It cannot be denied. It were folly to conceal it. The *extirpation of heresy*, or, in other words, of the Protestant religion, is the grand object which O'Connell and the Pope have now in view; and, to effect this, they have judiciously divided and advantageously posted all their forces. These forces are well officered by Jesuits and priests, men without honor, principle, or religion; whose time is spent in advancing Popery and the grossest indulgence of their own passions. The Pope and O'Connell have, in this country, an army of nearly two millions of reckless desperadoes, who have given already strong evidences of their thirst for American Protestant blood. It is necessary to watch them well. Americans must recollect that these men receive their orders from Rome, through O'Connell, who, I sincerely believe, is this moment the worst man living, though the Pope calls him *the greatest layman living*. He is upon earth what the pirate is upon the seas, *inimicus humani generis* — the enemy of mankind. During the last thirty years he has kept the poor of Ireland in a state of poverty and excitement bor-

dering upon madness. He has filched from them the last farthing they possessed. He has withdrawn them by thousands from their ordinary pursuits of industry : he has sown amongst them mutual hatred and a general discontent with their situations in life. But that is not all. He has pursued the poor people even to this country. He robs them here of their little earnings. They make remittances to him of hundreds and thousands of dollars ; and this, while many of them, to my own knowledge, and not a hundred yards from where I write, are shivering in the cold blasts of winter, — all *for their good*, while O'Connell himself is feasting in Ireland, and enjoying the sports of the chase, on about three hundred thousand dollars a year.

This is not all. The great agitator, this national beggar, Daniel O'Connell, has recently discovered that there were some little glimmerings of Protestantism in France ; that Louis Phillippe was neither a Don Miguel, a Ferdinand, nor a very strong advocate of Popery, opens upon him a battery of abuse. This foul-mouthed brawler was not content with sowing discord among the poor Irish, and scattering treason among the people of Great Britain, he tries what he can do with the inflammable people of France, who are now in the enjoyment of more domestic happiness and national glory than they have had for the last century. But even this is not enough ; the genius of the great national beggar, fertile in schemes, treasons, rebellions, scurrillity, and Popery, must cross the Atlantic and denounce Americans, who, since the declaration of their independence, have been the best and warmest friends of his poor countrymen ; they have received them, employed them, giving them bread and clothing in abundance. They



permitted them to bring with them their priests and their religion; they shielded and protected them in their lives and liberties. This country was to the Irish, a land flowing with milk and honey, and they might have enjoyed it, and been happy, had it not been for their accursed religion and its priests.

The great Dan saw and felt this. A stop must be put to it. The *holy church* saw that this state of things, would not answer her purposes. The harmony, which existed for so long a time between the hospitable and generous Americans and the forlorn Irish, must be broken, lest Papists should become Protestants and forget their allegiance to the Pope; and accordingly, the great agitator, this enemy to order, to God, and to peace, commenced denouncing Americans, as *usurers* and *infidels*, who had not even a national law of their own. He calls upon the Irish to come out from among them, and have nothing to do with them.

Soon after this, the Pope sends over some bulls, making similar demands upon the Irish and all other Catholics, under pain of excommunication; and what is the result? The name of an Irishman is now a by-word, in the United States, especially if he is a Roman Catholic. It is associated with every thing that is low, vulgar, and bigoted. No longer do the Americans receive the Irish with open arms: no longer do they welcome them to their shores; nor in fact is it safe for them longer to do so. And what occasioned this? That demagogue, O'Connell, and the Pope of Rome.

Does Mr. Peel reflect, when he is moving in parliament for an additional appropriation for the college of Maynooth, in Ireland, that he is only adding fuel to the political fire, which these men are trying to enkindle, and have actually enkindled

in a great part of Europe, and in the United States? Has the fact escaped his notice, that the Pope and the GREATEST LAYMAN living, as his *royal holiness* calls O'Connell, have no misunderstanding with Spain, Portugal, or any other government, *except* Popish?

They have no feeling of compassion for the degraded Italian, the ignorant and half-starved Spaniard or Portuguese, or the wretched *Mexican* wretch. O, no! It is only for a Papist under a *Protestant* government, that their compassion is moved. *Their* condition must be *ameliorated*, or in plain English, these governments must be overthrown and Popery must reign supreme. Let Mr. Peel reflect upon this single fact, and he and his supporters cannot fail to see, that, in giving further aid to the Popish college of Maynooth, he is but sowing dragons' teeth, from which armed men will spring up. He is only throwing an additional force into that Trojan horse, which his predecessors had introduced into unfortunate Ireland, and which Popes and priests have secretly stolen into these United States.

I know O'Connell well. I have had, in my younger days, some personal acquaintance with him: and I can tell Mr. Peel, that with the college of Maynooth to back him, he, — Mr. Peel and his party — are no match for him in craft and intrigue. All O'Connell's plans for the extirpation of Protestantism are devised in Rome. They are submitted to the *Propaganda*, and from thence sent to Maynooth to be there revised and corrected. As soon as this is done, a copy is forwarded to each of the metropolitan bishops of Ireland, who return it with such observations as they deem necessary, and all things being prepared, *secundum ordinem*, the usual *Veni, Creator*, is sung; the project, what-

ever it may be, is sanctioned ; every priest in Ireland is prepared to carry it into effect ; and all that now remains to be done is, to give the *great beggar* his secret orders. What can Peel, or his few supporters, do against such a party as this ? Nothing, unless the government changes its mode of proceeding against O'Connell, Maynooth, and the Irish bishops. But it is to be feared, that this will not be done while Peel is at the head of affairs.

England, once indomitable, and always brave ; England, proud of her religion and of her laws, seems recently to forget her ancient glories. She is showing the white feather ; she is dallying with Popery, and singing lullabies to quiet and put asleep Daniel O'Connell and his Irish bishops, whose treason and political treachery can only be stopped, and should have been stopped long since, by consigning the *greatest layman that ever lived*, and a few of his right reverend advisers, to transportation for life.

Americans may think this wrong, but though I have not the least pretension to the faculty of prophesying, I think I can safely tell them, that, in less than twenty years, they will have to enact much severer laws against Roman Catholics than any which are now recorded against them on the statute book of Great Britain. It must be borne in mind, that Popery never bends, and therefore it should and must be broken. It was in this college of Maynooth, and from those bishops and priests, with whom Sir Robert Peel is dallying, I first learned that the king of England was an *usurper*. It was they, who first taught me that the Pope of Rome — *virtute clavorum, by virtue of the keys* — was the rightful sovereign of England, as well as of all the kingdoms of the earth. It was in the

college of Maynooth, I was taught to keep no faith *with heretics*, and that it was my solemn duty to exterminate them; it was there I first learned, that any oath of allegiance, which I may take to a *Protestant* government, was null and void, and need not be kept.

It was at this same college of Maynooth, that nine tenths of the priests in this country received their education; and is it not deplorable to reflect, that such men as Sir Robert Peel, in England, and several equally distinguished in this country, should be so entirely blindfolded and unmindful of the interest of their respective countries, as to give any countenance, aid, or support to Popery, or Popish institutions among them? I trust, however, and fondly hope, that this imprudent, impolitic, and ill-advised scheme of Sir Robert Peel's, will be resisted and thrown out of parliament, with such marks of disapprobation as becomes every honest Protestant and true Briton. Will those who sympathize with Popery in the United States, look back to the page of history? and if they will not take instruction from me, let them take it from the past. Let them listen to the voice of the dead, and learn a lesson from them. Let them read the history of France. Who urged on all the oppositions that have been made, from time to time, to the government and constituted authorities of that country? What were the causes, remote or immediate, of all the blood that has been shed in France for centuries back? The Pope of Rome and his agents.

It is truly to be lamented, that Napoleon had not lived longer; he might, it is true, have caused some disturbance, and hastened the fall of some of the tottering thrones of Europe. Spain, Italy, Portugal,

and even Austria and Prussia, might have ceased to have kings, by *divine right*; but a far better order of things could not fail soon to have arisen. The Pope would have been hurled from his throne; Napoleon would have stripped from him the trappings of royalty; he would have taught him to feel, and reduce to practice the heavenly declaration of his Divine Master, which his holiness now repeats in solemn mockery, *regnum meum non est de hoc mundo*. He would have confined him to his legitimate duty, in place of spending his time in dictating political *despatches* to foreign powers, and sending bulls of excommunication which are now become laughing-stocks to all intelligent men; he might be devoted to the advancement of true Christianity, and the world saved from those contentions and disturbances, occasioned by this MAN OF SIN and his agents.

Why will not our statesmen reflect upon these things, lest in some future contest with the powers of Europe the scales of victory may be turned against them by this *man of sin*, whose agents in this country, as I have heretofore remarked, amount to nearly two millions. The defeat or subversion of the government of Great Britain, by Popish power, is equivalent to a victory gained by it over the United States. I tell the Protestants of England and of the United States, that their respective governments are doomed to fall, if Popery gains the ascendancy over either; and all those who try to foment or urge any difficulties between them, are not the friends of either, but the enemies of both. It is only by the combined efforts of Protestants, all over the world, that Popery can be crushed, and peace, and religion, and fraternal love, restored to mankind.

I have produced some facts that admit of no *denial*, and I put the question, confidently, to every honest and sensible Protestant in England or America, who is unwarpd by prejudice or interest, whether the cause of liberty is not in danger, and likely to decline, if we any longer submit to or acquiesce in the doctrines of Popery! And I ask every reflecting American in particular, whether the influence which Popery has now in this country, is not likely to create anarchy, or even despotism amongst us, though we may preserve the forms of a free constitution!

I have alluded to the struggles in England with Popery; I have mentioned the name of that demagogue, O'Connell, because he is the agent of the Pope for both countries, and because I believe it is the mutual interest of the two to unite, and stand shoulder to shoulder in opposition to Popish intrigues, evolved in the proceedings of this selfish and dangerous man, O'Connell. The designs of O'Connell and the Irish bishops, and those of the Pope and his Jesuit agents in the United States, are proved upon testimony which admits of no denial, viz: their own admissions. O'Connell, the mouthpiece of Popery in Ireland, avows publicly that Protestant England shall not govern Irish Papists, and the Pope's agents in the United States declare and swear, that *Americans shall not rule them*. How are the English and Americans to treat this common enemy? Let them go into the enemy's armory, divest themselves of their mawkish sympathy, buckle on the very armor which their enemy wears, and adopt the mode of warfare used by them. Give the common enemy no quarters, assail them from every point, and the *subjects* of his holiness the Pope, either in Great Britain or the

United States, will not long remain insensible to the miseries, into which the great *national rent beggar* has plunged them. This, however, I find cannot be easily done in the United States. The difficulty with our people is this, they would find it much easier to assume the armor used by the common enemy, than to lay down that of sympathy and hospitality, which they have heretofore worn, and thus, although a moral and religious people, their zeal is but dim and sluggish, while that of their adversaries, the Pope and his agents, burns higher and clearer every day. This must not be. God and freedom forbid it.

The political contest, which has just ended, has tended greatly, at least for the moment, to imbolden and encourage Popery. Each party courted the Papists, and they supported him from whom they expected most favors. They laid their meshes, nets, and traps for President Polk; but I believe they have been "*caught in their own traps.*" That gentleman is said to be a moral and religious man, and one of the last in the world to countenance idolatry, blasphemy, or treason amongst us. But now that the contest is over, and no further avowal of distinct party principles is necessary or profitable, it is to be hoped that the good and virtuous of both parties will unite in passing such laws, as will shield our country and our people from any further Popish interference with our government or our institutions. He, who shall bring about this desirable result, and those who aid him, will merit the gratitude of their country.

In the present position of parties, much is expected from the great "*American Republican*" association, which has recently been formed throughout the United States. Every eye is fixed upon its

movements, and the hopes of all Protestants hang upon its success. Do not disappoint us, American Republicans. You alone can save the Protestant foreigner from the persecutions of Popery, and we call upon you, by the memory of your sires, to shield us from it.

You have a great part to act; you are young; but the purity of your principles, and the justice of your cause, abundantly supply what is wanting in age. You are the mediators between two great political parties, whose extremes cannot meet, or if they did, would only tend to render their respective centres still more corrupt, by their internal powers of contamination. Neither of those parties will ever consent to be governed by the other; nor has either of them the moral courage to come forth boldly and say to *Popery*, Stand off, thou unclean thing. Thou hast polluted all Europe for ages past; stand aloof from us; wash thy polluted hands and blood-stained garments; until then, thou art unfit to enter the temple of our liberties. Thou art, in thy very nature, impure, and hast already diffused amongst us too much of thy deadly poison before we took the alarm. Like an infected atmosphere, thou hast silently entered the abodes of moral health; thou hast penetrated the strong holds of our freedom, without giving us any warning! Avaunt, thou SCARLET LADY OF BABYLON! recede to the Pontine marshes, whence thou camest, and no longer infect the pure air of freedom! The foul stains of thy corruption shall no longer be permitted to spot the pure and unsullied insignia of *independence*!

I am aware that the *sympathizers* with Popery will say that such language as the above is rather harsh. They will tell us it is cruel. They will assert, in their usual mawkish style, that it was



never the intention of the framers of our constitution to treat those who come amongst us with unkindness. They themselves invited the oppressed of every land, creed, and people, to our shores. They extended the hand of friendship to all, without distinction of party, sect, or religion. So they did, and so do their descendants. Any and every man is welcome to this country. Whether he comes from the banks of the Euphrates, shores of the Ganges, or bogs of Ireland, he is sure to receive from Americans a warm and hospitable reception. His person, his liberty, and his property, are protected; but there is a condition under which this reception is given, and without which it never should be granted. The recipient of all these favors is required to yield obedience to the mild and equitable laws of the United States; forswearing at the same time, *all* allegiance to *any other* king, potentate, or power whatever. This condition, so just, so reasonable, and so politic, is generally complied with by all foreigners, who land in these United States, with the exception of Roman Catholics. All others come amongst us, and either refuse at once to become citizens, or honestly incorporate themselves with us. The Papist alone refuses incorporation with Americans. He alone comes amongst us the avowed enemy of our institutions, and the sworn subject of a foreign king, the Pope of Rome. Among all the foreigners who land upon the shores of this country, none but Papists avow any hostility to its institutions. They alone would dare say, "*Americans sha'n't rule us.*" On them alone have Americans just cause to look as traitors to their government, and foes to their religion; and they alone should be singled out as just objects of fear and jealousy.

I have, in the preceding pages, traced the origin of the Papal temporal power to its proper source ; and endeavored to follow the course of its turbid and muddy stream, through many of its sinuosities and canonical — if I may use such a term — gyrations, down to the middle of the 16th century. I freely admit that I have made many "*short cuts*," and have been obliged to pass unnoticed several of its acute angles. Were I to proceed "*pari passu*" with its course, taking all its bearings and accompanying them with the necessary observations, it would require a volume at least ten times as large as that which I now respectfully present to the public. I shall, however, if Providence leaves me health, continue the subject of **POPERY AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS**. I will dissect the Body Papal, so that every American, who honors me with the perusal of my observations, will see its inmost structure. I have studied its anatomy ; I understand all its minutiae ; and if any can view the skeleton without horror and shame for having so long contributed to feast and fatten the monster, it shall not be my fault. The performance of this *operation* will be, in every point of view, extremely unpleasant. Whichever way I look, the prospect must be disagreeable. Behind, I can only see an object in which I once felt an interest, and with which I was unfortunately connected : and before, nothing is to be seen but further persecutions and calumnies. But, cost what it may, it shall not be said of me by friend or foe, that I have shrunk from the performance of a duty which I owe to the cause of morality, and to my adopted country.

I have merely touched upon the persecuting and treacherous spirit of the Popish church. The profligacy of its priests are scarcely noticed by me as yet. Its idolatries and blasphemies are barely allu-

ded to. Indulgences, miracles, and the iniquities committed in nunneries, are scarcely glanced at. The twilight view, which I have given of these subjects, is only intended for a better observation of them, under the full light of some mid-day sun.

Before I conclude this volume, permit me to give you a brief view of Popery as it is at this very day on which I write. I have a double object in doing this. First, what I am about stating has perhaps escaped the notice of many of my fellow-citizens; and secondly, it will confirm one of the most serious charges which I have made against Papists; and thirdly it will prove to a demonstration, that Roman Catholic priests and bishops, who surround us and live amongst us, are a set of barefaced liars, whose entire disregard for truth fits them for no other society than that of brigands and felons.

The reader will bear in mind that Roman Catholics are the loudest advocates of *religious freedom*. He will also not forget that I have charged them with being its most inveterate enemies. The Papists and myself are now fairly at issue.

Either they are right and I am wrong, or *vice versa*. I have sustained my accusation against them by proofs derived from their own general councils, and from their uniform practice for centuries back. Still, these Catholics will say and assert publicly, in their pulpits, and at their meetings, religious and political, that they were always and are now the advocates of religious toleration. Let the past for a moment be forgotten. I presume no one will question what the practices of the Romish church have been in relation to religious toleration in former times. Let us rather see what it is now among our neighbors in Madeira; and as all Roman Catholics are a *unit* in faith and

practice, we may judge from what we see in Madeira, of what may be seen, and if not seen, is felt, in the United States. I submit the following letter to my readers. It is from one of the most respectable men in Madeira.

**"RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN MADEIRA.** We have just had a sort of miniature civil war. Dr. Rally, who has been converting the natives, is the original cause of it. He converted the woman they sentenced to death here not long since. Having been imprisoned for some time, the doctor was at last liberated, and resumed his habit of preaching to the people in his house; and it was not generally known, until within a short time, that he had made several hundred converts. On ascertaining this fact, the Governor, Don Oliva de Correa, at the request of the priests of the established church, who feared that the people might throw off their allegiance to the Roman Catholic church, appointed a country police to prevent the Protestants from assembling together. On Sunday week, the converts of St. Antonia de Sierra, while engaged in prayer, were assailed by the police, who broke in the door, knocked down the person who was officiating in the service, broke the benches, and dispersed the people, except four or five whom they took prisoners, and then proceeded to town. After going two miles, the police were overtaken by the populace, armed with pitchforks, rusty muskets, hoes, &c.

"The police were overpowered, and after being ducked in the river by the mob, they were tied together by the hands and feet and left on the road; the Protestants returning to the mountains with their rescued comrades. One of the police officers, who escaped from the mob, made his way

to town and armed the government. Three hundred and fifty soldiers were immediately ordered out; the police were released from their confinement on the road-side, and the army marched to the villages of the "Rallyites." The dwellings were fired indiscriminately; several aged women, who could not fly to the mountains, were put to the torture, to make them reveal the places of concealment of the 'heretics.' The Catholic army then proceeded up the mountain to massacre the Protestants; but in passing the foot of the hill they were assailed by the Protestants above, who threw down stones and rocks upon them, killing eight soldiers and wounded forty others severely. As soon as the troops could be gathered after their fright and alarm, they opened a deadly fire upon the Protestants, chasing them five miles over the country, taking eighty or ninety prisoners, and killing and wounding several of the unfortunate wretches.

"The army marched their prisoners down to the sea-coast, to Machico, where they were put on board the Diana fifty gun frigate, and taken thence to Funchal. The vessel of war, Don Pedro, was left at anchor on Machico to awe the country, but another, the Vouga, which had been despatched to Lisbon with official accounts of the battle, ran aground and had to return for repairs. The Don Pedro will therefore go to Lisbon. The captives will be sent to Lisbon, I suppose for trial, some time next week. Dr. Rally, the cause of the disturbance, remains at his house unmolested, which is singular. I don't think they will let him be quiet long. The Yorktown, American sloop-of-war, was here the other day. We have had a beautiful winter so far. About four hundred people have come here this year for the benefit of their health."

The above letter was received in New York a few weeks ago, and needs no comment. If any Papist doubts it, he can easily write to Madeira and ascertain its truth or falsehood. Until then he has no reason to be surprised if American Protestants shall refuse to hold any connection or communion with them.

There is one feature in the letter to which I would call the attention of the reader. It shows not only the persecuting spirit of Popery, but the uniformity and consistency of their mode of operation. Go back to the former persecutions of the Popish church against the followers of Wickliffe and the Huguenots. The Wickliffites had to fly to the mountains for shelter ; but they were hotly pursued and cut down by the swords of their fiendish persecutors. They were massacred and butchered, even in the fissures and caves of their native rocks and mountains. The Protestants in Madeira, only a few weeks ago, had to fly to the mountains from a bloodthirsty, Popish soldiery, headed by their priests and monks. There, at our very doors, and in a country with which we have *treaties of friendship and alliance*, American Protestants are butchered and slaughtered by Popish savages, under the mask of religion ; and when the news of this transaction reached our own shores, what action has been taken upon the subject ? Was there any *indignation* meeting called ? Were there any resolutions passed ? Were there any *ambassadors* appointed in New England or elsewhere to ascertain the cause of this bloody tragedy ? Did our government demand any explanation from the authorities at Madeira ? The writer is not aware of any. Our government is too much occupied with affairs of more importance, viz., *Who shall be Secretary of*

*State, who shall be Secretary of War, &c.* The interest of morality seems a matter of minor importance with the "powers that be." The blood of our Protestant fellow-citizens, the cries of their widows and orphans cannot reach the eye or ear of our grave law-makers. The question with them seems, not what our country may become, by the treachery and persecutions of Popery, which are witnessed along the whole line and circumference of our own coast—a question of far more importance to them seems to be, Who shall hold the fattest office, or whether Massachusetts or South Carolina is in the right on the subject of the imprisonment of a few citizens, belonging to the former, by the latter; while they witness all around, and in the very midst of them, Popish priests and bishops persecuting their fellow-citizens abroad, and gnawing at their very vitals at home. Fatal delusion this on the part of our government and people!

I have accused the Romish church and her priests of treachery, prevarication, and fraud, in all their dealings with Protestants. Their guilt has been established by proofs and evidences such as they cannot deny, viz., the canons of their church and their own admission. There is not a people in the world more anxious for correct information on all subjects than Americans; and it is, therefore, the more singular that they should be so indifferent to the all-important subject of Popery.

This, however, may be accounted for, in some measure. The moral monstrosities—if I may use such language—of Popery, are such, that it requires something more than ordinary faith to believe them, and a greater power of vision than generally falls to the lot of man, even to look at them. There are objects on which the human eye cannot rest with-

out thinking, and upon which nothing but force or fear can induce it to fix its gaze for any length of time. It will always gladly turn from them, and rest upon something else. This may account for the fact that my adopted countrymen and fellow Protestants pay so little attention to the subject of Popery, or the hideous crimes and revolting deeds which it has ever taught, and its priests have ever practised.

I cannot otherwise account for the apparent indifference and unconcern of our government and people on the subject of our relations with Catholic countries, and the encouragement given to Popish emissaries in the United States. I have myself seen so much of Popery, that my mind shrinks from the further contemplation of its iniquities. I can assure my Protestant friends, that nothing but an inherent love of liberty, and a desire, as far as in my power, to ward off that blow which I see Popery treacherously aiming at Protestants and the Protestant religion in the United States, could ever have induced me to publish these pages; and, although I feel that I have already drawn too heavily on the indulgence of my readers, I cannot dismiss the subject without laying before them another evidence of Popish treachery, which occurred only a few weeks ago, on the island of Tahiti.

It seems that in 1822, or thereabouts, an individual, named M. Moerenhout, representing himself a native of Belgium, arrived in Valparaiso, and obtained a situation as clerk from Mr. Duester, the Dutch consul in that city. After some time, he gains the confidence of his employer, on whom, together with two more merchants, he prevailed to charter a vessel, and send a cargo by her to the Society Islands, with himself as supercargo. They



did so accordingly in 1829, and the worthy supercargo appropriated to his own use the whole profits of the voyage, and continued for some time longer upon the island, selling whisky, brandy, and other liquors. In 1834, (says the *Quarterly Review*, from which, together with other sources, I derived my information,) this gentleman departed for Europe, with a view of communicating with the French government; or rather, as I am informed upon good authority, to confer with the order of Jesuits in that country. On his way to Europe, this Moerenhout came to the United States, obtained some letters of introduction in New York and Boston, with which he proceeded to Washington; and on the strength of them, was appointed United States' consul for Tahiti. With the title of consul-general of the United States, this diplomatist proceeds to France, and immediately — no doubt according to previous arrangement — entered into all the plans of the Jesuits for the extirpation of Protestantism in the Society Islands. He became the agent of the *Propaganda* in France, an institution placed under the patronage of St. Xavier. The duty of converting all the islands of the Pacific, from the South to the North Pole, is committed to this Propaganda, and a decretal to that effect was confirmed by the Pope on the 22d June, 1823. A bishop was appointed for Eastern Oceania, and several priests preceded him to the islands. Among these priests was an *Irish catechist*, by the name of Murphy. The bishop, it seems, established himself at Valparaiso, while the priests proceeded to Tahiti.

I here give an instance of the manner in which those Popish missionaries discharge their duties. You will find it the October number of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*. You may rely upon the statement

The Popish missionaries have acted in the case just as I should have done myself when a Romish priest, in obedience to the instructions given by the *infallible church*.

"I always bear about me," says the *reverend* Jesuit, Pataillon, "a flask of holy water and another of perfume. I pour a little of the latter upon the child, and then, *whilst its mother* holds it out *without suspicion*, I change the flasks and sprinkle the water that *regenerates*, *unknown* to any one but myself." This is what the holy church calls a *pious fraud*; and this is what the priests of Boston are doing, in a little different manner, to the children of Protestant mothers. In Tahiti, Popish priests make Christians by jugglery, under the very eye of the mother. In the United States they make Christians of Protestant children by ordering their Catholic nurses to bring them *secretly* to the priest's house to be baptized.

But let us resume the subject of the Jesuit missionaries from the Propaganda in France to Tahiti. The Jesuits, always wary and cautious, deemed it necessary, before they landed upon the island in a body, to send one of their number in advance, in order to ascertain "how the land lay," and what their prospects of success were; and accordingly, in 1836, the *Irish Jesuit, Murphy*, proceeded alone, disguised as a carpenter, and landed safely at a place called Papeete. The unsuspecting inhabitants received the scoundrel among them just as Americans receive Jesuits in this country; and while he was acting the traitor, and clandestinely writing to Jesuits, they shared with him the hospitality of their tables — precisely as Americans have done, for the last fifty years, to other *Murphies*, in this country.

During this whole time that Murphy was on the island, working as a carpenter, he had secret interviews with the American consul, Moerenhout, until he succeeded in bringing into the island his brother missionaries. They could not, however, remain on the island without permission from the queen, and the payment of a certain sum of money. The queen refused them permission to remain, under any circumstances, fearing, as she well might, that some treason was contemplated against her government. The Jesuits called a meeting, and, under the patronage of the American consul, they urged their demand to remain, comparing themselves to St. Peter, and the Protestants to St. Simon, the magician. I use the language of the Quarterly.

I must here observe, in justice to our government, that the conduct of Moerenhout, United States' consul at Tahiti, was promptly disavowed, and he was immediately removed from office. But, notwithstanding the improper interference of the American consul, they were ordered to leave the island. It is due to the Protestant missionaries to state, that they took no part whatever in the expulsion of these Jesuits; nor could they, in justice to themselves or to the cause of morality, interfere in preventing it. A French writer, speaking of the occupation of Tahiti, says: "The Catholic priests, instead of going to civilize barbarous nations and checking debauchery, seem, on the contrary, only desirous of becoming rivals to the Protestant ministers, and decoying away their proselytes." As soon as the expelled Jesuits arrived in France, one of them proceeded to Rome, to consult with his holiness the Pope; the result of which was, an immediate order to a French

captain, named Dupetit Thouars, who was then stationed at Valparaiso, to proceed to Tahiti, and demand reparation for a supposed indignity to France.

Here we see the influence of the Pope, and an evidence of Jesuit intrigue. In what consisted the alleged indignity to France? Had not the queen of Tahiti the right to receive or refuse those Jesuit missionaries, if she had evidence that they were spies among her people? If it appeared clear to her that the object of those reverend intriguers' visit was only to overthrow her government, and to decoy away from the path of virtue and religion both herself and her subjects, what right had Louis Phillippe or the French government to look upon this as an indignity to the French nation? The fact is, if the whole truth were known, Louis Phillippe knew but little of this affair, and his minister for foreign affairs, or some other member of his cabinet, was either imposed upon or bribed by Jesuits.

A statement of the difficulties, into which the hitherto peaceful island of Tahiti has been thrown by Jesuits, could not fail to be interesting to my readers; but, as the whole affair is to be found in the Foreign Quarterly, I refer the public to that work. I cannot, however, dismiss the subject, without asking the reader's particular attention to the *Irish Jesuit, Murphy*, who figures so conspicuously in the transaction. A brief view of the conduct of this reverend spy cannot fail to have a good effect, and must tend greatly to remove that delusion under which the Protestants of the United States have so long labored.

I have been recently conversing with a very intelligent member of the Massachusetts legislature, on the subject of Jesuitical intrigue. I stated to him

that it was a common practice among them, ever since the formation of that society, to keep spies in all Protestant countries, under various disguises and in different occupations. But though I had given him such proofs as could scarcely fail to satisfy any man, yet he replied, as American Protestants generally do, on all such occasions, "*Those times are gone by. The Romish church is not at all now, what it was in the days you speak of.*" But, when the fact was made plain to him — when he learned from authority, admitting of no doubt, that only a few weeks ago, a Jesuit, and *an Irishman* too, crept into Tahiti in the disguise of a carpenter, and continued to work there, in that character, until he laid a proper foundation for the overthrow of the Protestant religion on that island, his incredulity seemed to vanish; the cloud, which so long darkened his vision, evaporated into thin air; and my impression is, that he no longer thinks our country safe, unless something is done to exclude forever all Papists, without distinction, from any participation in the making and administration of our laws.

This *Murphy*, to whom allusion is made, appeared in great distress when he arrived among the *natives* of Tahiti. He seemed entirely indifferent upon the subject of religion; all he wanted, apparently, was employment. This was procured for him among the simple *natives* by the *American consul*, both of whom soon united themselves together, according to some previous arrangement; and, while they were "breaking bread" with the *natives*, they were laying plans for their destruction. A blow was aimed at their national and moral existence, and the death of both has nearly been the result. Thus we see a harmless and inoffensive people, only just rescued from a savage state by the laudable efforts of

Protestant missionaries, partly thrown back again into their original condition by infidel Popish priests, whose "god is their belly," whose religion is *allegiance* to their king, the Pope, and whose sports and pastimes consist in debauching the good and virtuous of every country.

The flourishing condition of Tahiti, before the Jesuits found access to it, is well known in this country. Peace, plenty, and religion flourished among its people — all produced by the efforts of our Protestant missionaries. But what sad changes have Jesuits effected among them! By their intrigues they have caused a difficulty between Tahiti and France. The French government fancied itself insulted; false representations were made by the Jesuits; and, with the aid of their *brethren* in France, the government was deceived and the island blockaded, until reparation was made by the inoffensive queen, Pomare. I will quote an instance of the conduct of the French — all *Roman Catholics*, and under the advice of Jesuits — after they entered Tahiti. It is taken from the *Foreign Quarterly Review* of October, and not denied by the French themselves.

"After persuading four chiefs, who were authorized to act in the absence of the queen, to affix their names to a document, asking 'French protection,' a boat was sent by the French captain, Dupetit Thouars, to a place called Eimeo, with a *peremptory* order for queen Pomare to sign it within twenty-four hours.

"It was evening before the boat reached the place whither Pomare had retired with her family. Her situation was one in which it is the custom for women to receive the most anxious and respectful attention from all of the opposite sex, especially if

they call themselves gentlemen. She was every moment expected to give birth to a child ; and, according to custom, had come to lie-in at Eimeo, leaving Paraita, who basely betrayed his trust, regent in her absence. On learning the demand made by Thouars, the queen, surprised and alarmed, sent for Mr. Simpson, the missionary of the island, and a long and painful consultation ensued. Armed resistance was obviously impossible. The only alternative was between dethronement and protection. Pomare at first determined to choose the former, but her friends pressing round her, represented that Great Britain, the court of appeal whither all the grievances of the world are carried for redress, would certainly interfere ; that subjection would be but temporary, and that she would ultimately triumph. Stretched on her couch, in the first pangs of labor, the unfortunate queen withstood all supplications until near morning. Mr. Simpson observes, that this was indeed 'a night of tears.' Many hours were passed in silence, interrupted only by the sobs of the suffering Pomare.

"Let us leave her for a while, and turn to consider in what manner the French buccaneer and his crew passed the same night. We refer to no inimical statement. Our authority is a letter which went the round of all the Paris papers, written by an officer on board the *Reine Blanche*, who did not seem to perceive any thing at all immoral in what he related. His intention was merely to excite the envy of his fellow-countrymen by detailing the delights that were to be found in the new *Cythera* of *Bougainville*. We dare not follow him into his details. It will be enough to state that more than a hundred women were enticed on board the ship, and there compelled to remain all night, under pretence that

it would be dangerous to row them back in the dark. Some were taken to the officers' cabin, others were sent to the youthful midshipmen, the rest to the crew. When this account made its appearance, the government, alarmed at the effect it might produce, published an official declaration in the 'Moniteur,' (30 Mars,) addressed to 'French mothers,' denying the truth of the statement. But M. Guizot, or whoever directed this disavowal, merely argued from the silence of his own despatches — if they were silent — and not long before, in the voyage of Dumont d'Urville, published by royal 'ordonnance,' a description of conduct, still more atrocious, had been given to the world.

"Towards morning, the sufferings of Pomare increasing, her resolution began to fail her, and at length she signed the fatal document. Then bursting into a flood of tears, she took her eldest son, aged six years, in her arms, and exclaimed, 'My child, my child, I have signed away your birth-right!' In another hour, with almost indescribable pangs, she was delivered of her fourth child. Meanwhile the boat which carried the news of her yielding, sped for the port of Papeete. The sea was rough, and the wind threatened every moment to shift. The white sail was beheld afar off by the look-out on the mast of the *Reine Blanche*, and it was thought impossible she could reach by the appointed time. Thouars, however, troubled himself but little about all these things. He was fixed in his resolve, that if the answer did not arrive before twelve he would bombard Papeete. The guns were loaded, gun-boats stationed along the shore; and whilst the frightened inhabitants crowded down to the beach, beseeching, with uplifted hands, that their dwellings might be spared, the ruthless pirate,



bearing the commission of the king of France, was giving his orders, and burning to emulate the exploits of Stopford and Napier at St. Jean d'Acre, by destroying a few white-washed cottages on the shore of a little island in the Pacific. Hero! worthy the grand cross of the legion of honor which was bestowed on him for this achievement! Worthy the sword raised by farthing subscriptions among 'haters of the English,' which was presented to him for so distinguished an exploit! What exultation must have filled his breast as he beheld the white sail of the boat scud for a moment past the entrance of the port; and what sorrow, when, by a skilful tack, it bore manfully along the very skirts of the breakers, and rushed through the hissing and boiling waters into the placid bay of Papeete, exactly one half hour before mid-day!

"We must pass rapidly over the arrangements which followed. The treaty of protection professed to secure the external sovereignty to the French, but to leave the internal to the queen. The former, however, were empowered 'to take whatever measures they might judge necessary for the preservation of harmony and peace.' When we learn that the ever recurring M. Moerenhout was appointed royal commissioner to carry out this treaty, we at once perceive that Pomare had in reality ceased to reign. How this base person employed his power may be discovered from the fact, that it became his constant habit, when he desired to obtain the signature of the queen to any distasteful document, to vituperate her in the lowest language, and shake his fist in her face.

"It has been asserted, in this country and elsewhere, that the passive resistance of the queen and people to the proper establishment of the protecto-

rate, did not begin until the arrival of Mr. Pritchard on the 25th of February, 1843. The object of this has been to attribute all the subsequent difficulties experienced by the French to him. But the fact is well known, that before he made his appearance the queen had written to the principal European powers, stating that she had been compelled against her will to accept the protectorate of France. On the 9th of February also, a great public meeting, presided at by the queen, was held, in which speeches of the most violent description were made. It was resolved, however, that by no overt act the French should be furnished with an excuse for further arbitrary proceedings. The determination come to, was to write for the opinion of Great Britain.

“ The morning after this meeting Moerenhout went to the queen and acted in a manner so gross and insulting, that she determined to complain to Sir Thomas Thompson, of the Talbot frigate, who promised her protection. All this happened, as we have seen, before the arrival of Mr. Pritchard, who, in truth, instead of proving a firebrand, introduced moderation and caution into the councils of Pomare. Sir Toup Nicolas, it is true, commanding the Vindictive, which brought our consul to Tahiti, did go so far, despising some of the forms which were perhaps necessary, as threaten that unless the French ceased to molest British subjects, he would use force to compel them. He is said even to have cleared for action. When we consider what was daily passing under his eyes, there was some excuse for this gallant captain's warmth. Setting aside the insults offered to our own countrymen, he was the spectator of constant tyrannical conduct towards the queen. Messrs. Reine and Vrignaud,

under whose name all this was done, were but instruments in the hands of the sagacious Moerenhout. The following letter of queen Pomare, hitherto, we believe, unpublished, will throw some light on his conduct. It is addressed to Toup Nicolas, who took measures to fulfil the wishes it contains.

‘PAOFAR, *March 5, 1844.*

‘O Commodore,

‘I make known unto you that I have oftentimes been troubled by the French consul, and on account of his threatening language I have left my house. His angry words to me have been very strong. I have hitherto only verbally told you of his ill-actions towards me; but now I clearly make these known to you, O Commodore, that the French consul may not trouble me again. I look to you to protect me now at the present time, and you will seek the way how to do it.

‘This is my wish, that if M. Moerenhout, and all other foreigners, want to come to me, they must first make known to me their desire, that they may be informed whether it is, or is not, agreeable to me to see them.

‘Health and peace to you,

‘O servant of the Queen of Britain,

(Signed)

‘POMARE,

‘Queen of Tahiti, Mourea, &c. &c.’

“During the time that elapsed between the establishment of the protectorate and the third visit of Dupetit Thouars to Tahiti, the only overt act which the French could complain of was the hoisting of a fancy flag by the queen over her house. Whatever difficulties existed at the outset, had been in reality overcome in spite of the ‘intriguing Mr.

Pritchard.' Even M. Guizot has declared in his place in the chamber of deputies: 'There existed on the admiral's arrival none of those difficulties which are not to be surmounted by good conduct, by prudence, by perseverance, by time, or which require the immediate application of force.' Nevertheless, on the first of November, 1843, our buccaneering admiral entered the harbor of Papeete, and wrote immediately to inform the queen that unless she pulled down the flag she had hoisted, he would do so for her, and at the same time depose her. In spite of his threats, however, she refused compliance; and Lieutenant D'Aubigny landed at the head of five hundred men, to occupy the island. The speech in which this person inaugurated French dominion in Tahiti was one of the richest specimens of bombast and braggadocia ever uttered.

"Much merriment might be excited by its repetition, but it has already caused the sides of Europe to ache, more than once. Suffice it to say, that the deposed queen fled on board the British ship of war, the *Dublin*, commanded by Capt. Tucker, and Papeete was, for many days, like a town taken by storm. Drunkenness, debauchery, rioting, filled its streets, and every means were taken to undo what the missionaries had, by half a century's labor, accomplished."

The above is another melancholy evidence of the spirit of Popery; and if any thing can open the eyes of our people to a sense of danger from it, this evidence cannot fail to do so. I lay it down as a truth — though I may be censured for the boldness of such an assertion — that there is not a man of common sense, or ordinary penetration, who does not see, at a glance, that our danger as a nation, and our morals as a people, are eminently perilled

by the continuance of Popery amongst us. There are certain truths which need not be proved ; they prove themselves. Like the sun, which is seen by its own light, they carry with them their own evidence ; and, among those self-evident truths, I see none more clear or more lucid, than that Popery, which has taken root in this country, will — if not torn up and totally uprooted before long — dash to pieces the whole frame of our republic. *Sympathizers*, Puseyites, and all other such bastard Protestants, may think differently. Be it so. Valueless as my opinion may be, let it be herein recorded, that I entirely disagree with them.

It seems that another speck of Popery is just making its appearance on the north-west horizon of our national firmament. It appears, by accounts very recently received from Oregon, that the *Propaganda* in Rome has sent out a company of Jesuits and nuns to that territory. Popish priests and Jesuits seldom travel without being accompanied by nuns : they add greatly to their comforts while on their pilgrimage for the advancement of *morality* and *chastity*. Hitherto the occupants of Oregon have advanced quietly. They have adopted a temporary form of government, established courts of law, and such municipal regulations as they deemed best calculated to forward their common interest. But the modern *serpent*, Jesuitism, has already entered their garden : the tree of Popery has been planted : it is now in blossom, and will soon be seen in full bearing. It is truly a melancholy reflection to think that this pest, Popery, should find access to all places and to all people. One year will not pass over us, before the aspect of things in Oregon will be entirely changed. These Jesuits who arrived there have been pre-

ceded by some *Popish spy* — some *reverend Irish Murphy*, in the capacity of *carpenter*, or perhaps horse-jockey, has gone before them, and has been laying plans for their reception. I venture to say, it will be discovered, at no distant day, that all the good which our Protestant missionaries have done there will soon be undone by Popish agents. They will commence, as they have done in Tahiti, by causing some panic among the resident settlers. They will find in Oregon, as well as in our United States, some functionary who may want their aid; and he, like many of the unprincipled functionaries among ourselves, will give them his patronage in exchange.

Liberty has, in reality, but few votaries among officeholders, in comparison with Popery; and this is one of the chief causes of the great advances which the latter is making, and has been making, especially for the last six or eight years. Look around you, fellow-citizens, and you will scarcely find an individual in office, from the President to the lowest office-holder, possessed of sufficient moral courage to raise his voice against Popery. But justice to Americans requires me to say, that in this the great mass of the people are without blame — for I cannot call certain leading, unprincipled politicians, the people. The first steps which foreign priests and Jesuits have taken, in disturbing the harmony of our republican system of government, might have been easily checked; but those who have represented the people, and who held offices of honor and emolument, were not, and will not be, disturbed by a moment's reflection on a proper sense of their duty. The whole responsibility of the gross outrages offered to our Protestant country, by *Popish priests* and Papal allies, rests upon our representatives in Congress. They could, if they would, have

long since checked Popery ; and it is now high time that the people should take this matter into their own hands, and so alter the constitutions of their respective states, as to exclude Papists from any positive or negative participation in the creation or execution of their laws.

Jesuits calculate with great accuracy upon the selfishness of man : they know that, generally speaking, it is paramount to all other considerations. Artful, intriguing, avaricious, and more licentious themselves than any other body of men in the world, they soon discover all that is vulnerable in the American character, and take advantage of it. They discover that popular applause is greatly coveted by Americans ; and this is the reason why we see established among us so many *repeal associations*. The writer understands that several of those associations are now formed in Oregon ; and it was at their request that the Pope had sent out Jesuits and nuns amongst them. Repeal is looked upon as the great lever by which the whole political world can be turned upside down. Its members meet in large numbers, in order to show the gullible Americans the consequent extent of their power, and the great advantage which some officehunter may gain by bringing them over to his views. The bait has taken well hitherto ; but as we have — solemnly attested by the sign manual of the Pope himself — seen his object in causing to be established repeal societies, the American, who continues hereafter to encourage them, deserves the execration of every lover of freedom. The Pope tells Americans, through his agent, O'Connell, what the design and objects of all the movements of Papists in the United States are ; and I trust, when Americans see them in their true colors, they will sink deeply into their hearts.

Hear, then, I entreat you, Americans, the language of O'Connell, as the Pope's agent, as uttered by him in the *Loyal National Repeal Association* in Dublin, Ireland. It is addressed to Irish Catholics in the United States. *Where you have the electoral franchise, give your votes to none but those who will assist you in so holy a struggle. You should do all in your power to carry out the pious intentions of his holiness the Pope.* This is plain language; there is no misunderstanding it. It is addressed to Papists, whether in Oregon or the United States, and what are the pious intentions of the Pope? I will tell you. I understand those matters probably better than you do. The object is, in the first place, to *extirpate Protestantism*; and, secondly, to *overthrow this republican government, and place in our executive chair a Popish king.* This is the sole design of all the ramifications of the various repeal clubs throughout the length and breadth of the United States and its territories. O'Connell — the *greatest layman living* — is the *nuncio* of the Pope for carrying this vast and *holy* design into execution. Will Americans submit to this? Will they again attend repeal associations? Does not every meeting of the repeal party impliedly make an assault upon our constitution? Is not this foreign demagogue endeavoring to pollute our ballot-box? and will you any longer trust an Irish Papist, who is the fettered slave of the Pope? Aye! a greater slave than the African, the Mussulman, or the Chinese. Never before was there such a combination formed for the destruction of American liberty, as that of *Irish repealers*, and never before was such an insidious attempt made to pollute the morals of the wives and daughters of Americans, as that which Jesuits have for years made, and are



now making, by the introduction of priests and nunneries among them.

Repeal unchains the loud blasts of conspiracy, and opens the bloody gates of sedition ; yet this Repeal lives in the very midst of us. I can almost hear, while I am writing these lines, the wild shouts of its lawless members ; and to the shame and everlasting disgrace of Americans, the sons of free and noble sires, there are many of them, at the very repeal meetings to which I allude, aiding and abetting them in aiming their mad and wild blows at liberty, while she sleeps sweetly, perhaps dreaming that she was safe, with the spirits of Washington, Warren, and others, watching over her slumbers. Sleep on, fair goddess ! Popish traitors cannot, shall not disturb thee. American Republicans will not let them ; and to you, Protestant foreigners, I would most earnestly appeal. Let us stand by those noble patriots. We know what tyranny is ! We felt many of its pains and penalties. We know what Popery is ! It has desolated our native land ! It has made barren our fairest fields ! It has sealed up from our parents, our brothers, sisters, and relatives, the eternal fountain of life ! It is drunk with the blood of the saints ! It has closed against us the gates of liberty ! It has rendered us strangers to its blessings, and it was not until we landed upon these shores, that we were first permitted to inhale its fragrance or taste its fruits. But now that we enjoy all these blessings, let us thank God for them. Let us be grateful to Americans for receiving us among them, and prove by our deeds that we are not unworthy of the kind and hospitable reception which they gave us, by being foremost amongst them in resisting and warding off the blows which that enemy of mankind, the Pope,

and his foul-mouthed nuncio, Daniel O'Connell, with his Irish repealers, are striking at American freedom! They shall not succeed. The slaves of a Pope cannot succeed.

"The sensual and the dark rebel in vain,  
Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game  
They burst their manacles, and wear the name  
Of freedom, graven on a heavier chain  
O Liberty! with profitless endeavor  
Have I pursued thee many a weary hour;—  
But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor ever  
Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.  
Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee—  
Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays thee—  
Alike from priestcraft's harpy minions,  
And factious blasphemy's obscener slaves,  
Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,  
The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of the waves!  
And there I felt thee!—on that sea-cliff's verge,  
Whose pines, scarce travelled by the breeze above,  
Had made one murmur with the distant surge;—  
Yea, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,  
And shot my being through earth, sea, and air,  
Possessing all things with intensest love,  
O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there!"



**AURICULAR CONFESSION**

**AND**

**POPISH NUNNERIES.**

**BY**

**WILLIAM HOGAN,**

**FORMERLY ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST, AND AUTHOR OF 'POPEERY AS IT  
WAS AND AS IT IS.'**

**VOLUME I.**

**HARTFORD:**

**PUBLISHED BY SILAS ANDRUS AND SON.**

**1854.**

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1905,

BY WILLIAM HOGAN,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

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## TO THE PUBLIC.

THE readers of the following work, who have not any acquaintance with the author, may wish to know who he is, in order to enable them to ascertain what degree of credit is due to his statements. We are permitted to publish the following documents, which show that the author is a member of the Georgia bar, and that his standing among his brethren is that of a moral, upright, and honorable gentleman. This is a high character—as high as any man can produce, or any American citizen require—and entitles Mr. Hogan's statements to full credit, in the estimation of every honest man and impartial reader of this work.

[Certificate from Judge Wayne.]

STATE OF GEORGIA.

*At a Superior Court holden in and for the County of Effingham, at November Term, 1827.*

Know all men by these presents, that, at the present sitting of this Court. WILLIAM HOGAN made his application for leave to plead and practise in the several Courts of Law and Equity in this State: Whereupon, the said William Hogan having given satisfactory evidence of good moral character, and having been examined in open Court, and being found well acquainted and skilled in the laws, he was admitted by the court to all the privileges of an Attorney Solicitor and Counsellor, in the several Courts of law and Equity in this State.

In Testimony whereof the presiding Judge has hereunto set [L. S.] his hand, with his seal annexed, (there being no Seal of Court,) this first day of November, 1827.

JNO. CHAS. STON, *Clerk.*

JAMES M. WAYNE.

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[Certificate from Judge Law.]

I hereby certify that the within named William Hogan, has been at the bar of the Eastern Circuit of Georgia, since November Term, 1827, the date of his admission, and that he has conducted himself, during my acquaintance with him at this bar, as an Attorney and Counsellor at Law, with uprightness and integrity of character.

WILLIAM LAW,

*Judge Sup. Courts, East District, Georgia.*

*Savannah, 25th June, 1832.*

*Savannah, 25th June, 1832.*

DEAR SIR,—Understanding from you that it is your intention to leave the State, with a view to the practice of the law elsewhere; it will, I apprehend, be necessary that the certificate of admission to our bar, furnished you by the Clerk, should be accompanied by a certificate from myself as the presiding Judge of the Court in which you were admitted. This is necessary to give it authenticity in another State. It will afford me pleasure to append that verification to it, if you will be pleased to send me the certificate.

Permit me, as you are about to leave us, to offer you my humble testimony to your correct and upright deportment as an advocate at the bar of the Superior Courts of the Eastern District of Georgia, since your admission to the practice of the law in the same.

Wishing you success and prosperity wherever you may settle, I am, dear sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,  
WILLIAM LAW.

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[Recommendation from the Georgia Bar.]

*Savannah, June, 1832.*

WE, the undersigned members of the bar of Savannah, having been informed that Wm. Hogan, Esq., in consequence of ill health, is about removing to a northern climate, take leave to state that he has been admitted to practise as Attorney, Solicitor and Counsellor in all the Courts of Law and Equity in this State.

Mr. Hogan has been a resident of this city for some years, during which time, we further feel a pleasure in stating that his professional standing among us, has been that of a moral and honorable gentleman, and as such, recommend him to the professional attentions of the Honorable the Judges and members of the bar generally, wherever his health may induce him to locate himself.

THOS. U. P. CHARLTON,  
JNO. C. NICOLL,  
W. W. GORDON,  
RICH. W. HABERSHAM,  
R. R. CUYLER,  
LEVI S. D'LYON.

## INTRODUCTION.

"THREE score years and ten," and those often full of care and anxiety, seem to constitute the space of human life. So it is said in that venerable volume, which never has been, and never can be equalled, in beauty of truth, wisdom, and instruction. This, it would seem, ought to check all the vain and inordinate aspirations of poor, weak man; yet it has not, and probably never will do so. To a reflecting mind, nothing can appear stranger than this. Notwithstanding this solemn truth, such is the presumption of man, that he has often dared,—and does so at this moment,—to set himself up as the viceroyal or vicegerent of the King of Heaven; and fancies himself sent upon this earth for the purpose of rectifying or correcting any mistakes or defects which might have escaped the vigilance of the great I Am, in the organization and fitness of things. This is truly a serious and melancholy reflection.

The population of this world of ours is supposed to amount to 812,553,712. Of this vast number, 137,000,000 are Roman Catholics, who now, on the 19th of July, 1845, bend the knee and bow down in homage to a weak, helpless, and worthless being, the Pope of Rome; and thus, if history does not deceive us, proving themselves conspirators against the happiness of the human race.

To meliorate the condition of this almost countless multitude of our fellow-creatures, is among the first duties of every good man. No one is exempted from it; not the king nor the peasant; not the sage nor the philosopher; not the priest nor the layman; for there are as many modes of discharging this duty, as there are grades in the social system.



closely resembling these frogs in repulsiveness, as a Romish priest or bishop who hears confessions. I resolved to throw light upon them, and show them to each other and to the world, in their native deformity. I published my book on Popery; I threw the light of my experience as a Popish priest, upon the whole body. The result has been entirely satisfactory. Never, since then, has a Popish priest, Popish bishop, or Popish press, published a single sentence against me. How truly is it said in holy writ, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." I have resisted Popish priests; they have fled from me; and if the reader will do me the honor of perusing the following pages, he will see that I am still pursuing them in full chase; nor do I feel disposed to abandon my pursuit, until they renounce allegiance to the Pope of Rome, and become true, peaceable, moral, and well-behaved citizens of the United States.

WILLIAM HOGAN.

## AURICULAR CONFESSION AND POPISH NUNNERIES.

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WHEN a writer acknowledges, in advance, that he cannot relate the whole truth, his position is far from being enviable. It augurs badly for what he writes, and so far places him in a disadvantageous light before the public. This is, however, precisely the condition in which I now find myself. Such is the nature of the subject on which I feel it my duty to write, that I shrink with native abhorrence from relating, at least, the whole truth. It is repugnant to my feelings, to my taste, and at variance with the general tone of my conversation, ever since the God of purity enabled me to disentangle myself from the society of Romish priests and bishops,—men whose private lives and conversation with each other and with their *penitents* in the confessional, breathe nothing but the grossest licentiousness and fœtid impurities.

I do not wantonly and without provocation make any expose of the iniquities of Popery. My entire life, since I left them, is evidence of this; but they have pursued me with such persevering malignity and demoniac malice, that further silence would be criminal and disrespectful to my Protestant fellow-citizens, from whom, notwithstanding the malice of papists towards me, I have always experienced kind

attentions and hospitality. Nor should I, even now, allow the subject of Popery to occupy my mind, or taint the current of my thoughts, if I did not see it striding with fearful rapidity over the fair face of this my adopted country, infusing itself into every political nerve and artery of our government, while its members are asleep and dreaming of its future glories.

It is not pleasant to me to contend with papists, who look upon it as a matter of duty, and as a fundamental article of their faith, to persecute myself and all other heretics. That they should dislike me, is not a matter of surprise; that men whose confessions I have heard, and who have heard mine, should even dread me, is not to be wondered at. Many of these men deserve (I speak of bishops and priests exclusively) not only public censure, but the gibbet, the dungeon and the gallows. I cannot blame men, under these circumstances, for detesting my very name. They are in my power—they tremble in my presence—and were I to blame them for some degree of opposition and dislike to me, I should be quarrelling with that instinct which teaches the profligate and debauchee to shun the society of a virtuous and upright man. While I live among papists they are naturally afraid that I should lift the veil, which conceals from the eyes of Americans the deformities of Popery. They are in momentary fear that I shall show to their *American converts*, which Bishop Fenwick of Boston says he “is daily making from the first families,” the *Old Lady* of Rome in her *dishabille*. They have long hidden from them *her shrivelled, diseased, distorted, and disgusting*

proportions, and they are unwilling that this painted harlot should be now seen by Americans. This is good policy, and hence much of their opposition to me. A curse seems to have rested upon Rome since its very foundation. Pagan, as well as modern Rome, seemed always to delight in deeds of darkness.

We are told in history of a singular practice illustrative of this in ancient Rome. I mention it merely to show the apparent natural fondness of Romanists, ancient as well as modern, for deeds of darkness. It is trifling in itself, and may be deemed, perhaps, irrelevant; but it may be interesting to the historian, whose curiosity extends further than that of theologians or moralists.

The ancient Romans were epicures. Some say they were greater gluttons than those of the present day. Poultry, of all kinds, was a favorite dish with them, and how to fatten fowl most expeditiously, became a question of vital importance with the *philosophers* of the *Eternal City*. After several experiments, it was found that the best plan was to close up the eyes of geese, turkeys, ducks, and all other kinds of poultry, and, in that condition, *cram* and *stuff* them with food. This succeeded admirably. The fowls fattened in less than half the time.

It seems that man was always, as well as now, a progressive animal, and accordingly, as soon as Popery fixed its head-quarters at Rome or at Antioch, no matter which for the present, popish bishops commenced a similar experiment upon man. Anxious for his conversion to the *infallible* church, they determined to *close his eyes* and compel him to

leave it to be done by Protestant theologians. The notices which my book on Popery has received were flattering. They gave me credit for talents, candor and frankness. But I am in reality entitled to no credit for that book. The utterance of the truths contained in it, was a spontaneous emotion. It was (if I may use such language) but the breaking loose of some moral iceberg, which for years lay heavily on my soul. It was a sort of inspiration fanned into a blaze, by an irresistible consciousness that I had too long neglected a duty which I owed to my God and my adopted country. But I now feel relieved, and willing to enlist in the cause of morals and civil rights.

The following pages, I apprehend, will appear to some of rather a random and fugitive character. It will be said that much of the matter is irrelevant—that I fly too rapidly from one subject to another. To such men I will say, that they know very little of Romish intellectual tactics. A well trained reverend Romish soldier cares little about the polish of his armor, or whether he aims his blows according to the system of this or that commander. He steps into the battle arena in his lightest armor, and with his sharpest weapon. A Protestant theologian meets him, with a face as solemn as if he was accompanying to the grave all that was dear to him, wearing his heaviest coat of mail, and armed with claymores and battle-axes. While the latter is wasting his strength upon the desert air, and aiming his harmless blows at every spot but the right one, the papist goads him to death, and seldom fails to obtain the crown of victory from the spectators. Many Protestants

who are in the habit of contending with Papists in this manner, will disapprove of this book: but I trust that in differing from them in my mode of warfare with Papists, they will, on reflection, see that, although they may be right, I am not wrong. I shall therefore beg leave to pursue my own course. I will give my ideas to the public just as they strike me, fresh from my own mind, with no regard whatever to style, ornament or criticism; and I am vain enough to wish that all controversialists, and even all Protestant and Popish writers, should pursue a similar course. We should then have more truth in controversy, more soul and more sterling morality in religion. All that is artistical and pedantic would be exploded, and truth, fresh and warm from the heart, would be substituted in their place.

Every crime, as I have stated before, which the Romish church sanctions, and almost all the immoralities of its members, either originate in or have some connection with *Auricular Confession*; and in order to explain this to my readers, it will be necessary for me to go back and state the causes which first induced me to doubt the *infallibility* of the Romish church.

I have often been asked the following question: Why did you leave the Roman Catholic church? Before I answer this question, I may well exclaim, in the language of the ancient poet, omitting only one word, "Oh! nefandum, jubes, renovare dolorem." But however painful the relation may be; however offensive to the ears of the virtuous and chaste; however disgusting to the pious and moral portion of our community; however at variance with the

elegances and formalities of private life; however heavily such a narrative may fall upon Roman priests and bishops, and disreputable it may be to Nuns and Nunneries, I will answer the above question, so often and so frankly put to me by many even of my personal friends.

Several causes have contributed to induce me to doubt the infallibility of the Popish church, and to renounce its ministry altogether. Among the first was the following:

When quite young and but just emerging from childhood, I became acquainted with a Protestant family living in the neighborhood of my birthplace. It consisted of a mother (a widow lady) and three interesting children, two sons and one daughter. The mother was a widow, a lady of great beauty and rare accomplishments. The husband, who had but recently died, one of the many victims of what is falsely called *honor*, left her, as he found her, in the possession of a large fortune, and, as far as worldly goods could make her so, in the enjoyment of perfect happiness. But his premature death threw a gloom over her future life, which neither riches nor wealth, nor all worldly comforts combined together, could effectually dissipate. Her only pleasure seemed to be placed in that of her children. They appeared—and I believe they really were—the centre and circumference of her earthly happiness.

In the course of time the sons grew up, and their guardian purchased for both, in compliance with their wishes, and to gratify their youthful ambition, commissions in the army. The parting of these

children, the breaking up of this fond trio of brothers and sister, was to the widowed mother another source of grief, and tended to concentrate, if possible, more closely all the fond affections of the mother upon her daughter. She became the joy of her heart. Her education while a child was an object of great solicitude, and having a fortune at her command, no expense was spared to render it suitable for that station in life, in which her high connections entitled her to move when she should become of age. The whole family were members of the Protestant church, as the Episcopal church is called in that country. As soon as the sons left home to join their respective regiments, which were then on the continent, the mother and daughter were much alone, so much so, that the fond mother soon discovered that her too great affection for her child and the indulgence given to her were rather impeding than otherwise her education. She accordingly determined to remove her governess, who up to this period was her sole instructress, under the watchful eye of the fond and accomplished mother herself, and send her to a *fashionable school for young ladies*. There was then in the neighborhood, only about twenty miles from this family, a *Nunnery* of the order of Jesuits. To this nunnery was attached a school superintended by nuns of that order. The school was one of the most fashionable in the country. The nuns who presided over it, were said to be the most accomplished teachers in Europe. The expenses of an education in it were extravagantly high, but not beyond the reach of wealth and fashion. The mother, though a Protestant, and strict



and conscientious in the discharge of all the duties of her church, and not without a struggle in parting with her child and consigning her to the charge of Jesuits, yielded in this case to the malign influence of *fashion*, as many a fond mother does even in this our own land of equal rights and far-famed, though mock equality—sent her beautiful daughter, her earthly idol, to the school of these nuns. Let the result speak for itself.

Up to the departure of the sons for the army, and this daughter for the nunnery, I had been ever from my infancy acquainted with this family, and had for them the highest respect and warmest attachment. The elder brother was about my own age, and only a few years between the eldest and the youngest child.

Soon after the daughter was sent to school, I entered the College of Maynooth as a theological student, and in due time was ordained a Roman Catholic priest by particular *dispensation*, being two years under the canonical age. An interval of some years passed before I had an opportunity of meeting my young friend again; our interview was under peculiar circumstances. I was ordained a Romish priest, and located where she happened to be on a visit. There was a large party given, at which, among many others, I happened to be present; and there meeting with my friend and interchanging the usual courtesies upon such occasions, she—sportively, as I then imagined—asked me whether I would preach her *reception sermon*, as she intended becoming a *nun* and taking the *white veil*. Not even dreaming of such an event, I replied in the affirma-

ture. I heard no more of the affair for about two months, when I received a note from her designating the chapel, the day and the hour she expected me to preach. I was then but a short time in the ministry, but sufficiently long to know that up to the hour of my commencing to read Popish theology, especially that of *Dens* and *Antoine de Peccatis*, I knew nothing of the iniquities taught and practised by Romish priests and bishops.

On the receipt of my friend's note, a cold chill crept over me; I anticipated, I feared, I trembled, I felt there must be foul play somewhere. However, I went according to promise, preached her reception sermon at the request of the young lady, and with the special approbation of the *Bishop*, whom I had to consult on such occasions.

The concourse of people that assembled on this occasion was very great. The interest created by the apparent voluntary retirement from the world of one so young, so wealthy and so beautiful, was intense, and accordingly the chapel in which I preached was filled to overflowing with the nobility and fashionables of that section of the country. Many and large were the tears which were shed, when this beautiful young lady cut off her rich and flowing tresses of hair. Reader, have you ever seen the description which Eugene Sue, in his *Wandering Jew*, gives of the lustrous, luxurious and rich head of hair worn by Charlotte De Cardoville, and shorn from her head by Jesuits, under the pretence that she was insane? If you have not, take the *Wandering Jew*, turn over its pages till you find it, and you will see a more accurate description of that

shorn from the head of the young lady to whom I allude, than I can possibly give.

Turn back to the picture given by this same Eugene Sue, of the personal beauty, piety, charity, and many virtues of Mademoiselle De Cardoville, and you will have a correct portrait of this young lady of whom I speak. You may therefore easily judge, from her immolation upon the altar of fanaticism, or, more properly speaking, her personal sacrifice to the idol of Popish and Jesuit lust, the nature of that feeling which such an event must have produced in the mind of every Christian believer.

Having no clerical connection with the convent in which she was immured, I had not seen her for three months following. At the expiration of that time, one of the *lay sisters* of the convent delivered to me a note. I knew it contained something startling.

These *lay sisters* among Jesuits, are spies belonging to that order, but are sometimes bribed by the nuns for certain purposes. As soon as I reached my apartments, I found that my young friend expressed a wish to see me *on something important*. I, of course, lost no time in calling on her, and being a priest, I was immediately admitted; but never have I forgot, nor can I forget, the melancholy picture of lost beauty and fallen humanity, which met my astonished gaze in the person of my once beautiful and virtuous friend. I had been then about eighteen months a Romish priest, and was not without some knowledge of their profligate lives; and therefore I was the better prepared for and could more easily anticipate what was to come. After such preliminary conversation *as may be expected upon occasions of this kind*, the

young lady spoke to me to the following effect, if not literally so. I say *literally*, because so deep, and strong, and lasting was the impression made upon my mind, that I believe I have not forgotten one letter of her words.

"I sent for you, my friend, to see you once more before my death. I have insulted my God, and disgraced my family; I am in the *family way*, and I must die." After a good deal of conversation, which it is needless to repeat, I discovered from her confession the parent of this pregnancy, and that the *mother abbess* of the convent advised her to take medicine which would effect abortion; but that she knew from the lay sister who delivered me the note, and who was a confidential servant in the convent, that the medicine which the mother abbess would give her should contain poison, and that the procuring abortion was a mere pretext. I gave her such advice as I could in the capacity of a Romish priest. I advised her to send for the bishop and consult him. "I cannot do it," said she. "My destroyer is my confessor." I was silent. I had no more to say. I was bound by oath to be true to him. In vain did the noble sentiment even of the Pagan occur to me; a sentiment sanctioned almost by inspiration itself. It fled from my mind as smoke before the wind. I was one of the priests of the *infallible church*, and what was honor, what was honesty to me, where the honor of that *infallible church* was concerned? They were of no account; not worthy the consideration of a *Romish priest* for a second. The almost heavenly sentiment of the noble Pagan, "*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*," let justice

be done even if the heavens were to fall, fled from my mind. I retired, leaving my friend to her fate, but promising, at her request, to return in a fortnight.

According to promise, I did return in a fortnight, but the foul deed was done. She was no more. The cold clay contained in its dread embrace all that now remained of that being, which, but a few months before, lived, and moved in all the beauty and symmetry of proportion; and that soul, once pure and spotless as the dew-drop of heaven, ere its contact with the impurities of earth, which a fond mother confided to the care of Jesuit nuns, had been driven in its guilt and pollution into the presence of a just but merciful God. All, all, the work of Jesuits and Nuns!

This was the first check my Popish enthusiasm met with; and now for the first time did a doubt of the infallibility of the church of Rome enter my mind. After witnessing these events I could not help asking myself, can a church which sanctions and countenances such flagitious iniquities as I have just witnessed, be a Christian church? Can a body of men, who individually practise such deeds of blood, treachery and crime as those which I have seen, be, collectively, *infallible*? Are these the men whom the Saviour commissioned, in a particular manner, to preach the gospel to every creature? Are these the men, as a body, with whom he promised to be always, even to the consummation of the world? Are these the men who collectively constitute an infallible church? If so, unprofitable indeed has been my life. It is high time to come *out from among them*; and if I cannot live the life

of luxury and ease, of sin and crime which a Romish priest can live, let me, at least, live that of an honorable man, and a useful member of society.

These were some of my reflections; and accordingly, that evening, I called on the Right Reverend Protestant bishop of ———, with a view of making a public recantation of my belief in the doctrine of the Roman Catholic church. But as chance would have it, he was out of town that week, and when next I made an effort to see him I found that effort in vain. I had not properly weighed the chains that bound me to Popery. I knew not their length, nor their strength. They were stronger than adamant, than steel. They were chains woven for me, in some measure, by beings that I loved. They were thrown around me and fastened to me by hands that I revered. They were the chains of early education. I could not break them; they were too strong for me. The force which alone could do this was the grace of God. This I had not. Until then I went about without faith in the world. I soon fell back, in a measure, into my former belief, but not without a resolution to examine more fully the nature of Popery itself, and the practices of its priests. It is well said, a drowning man will catch at straws. It occurred to me that, perhaps, all the crimes and iniquities committed by popes, priests and bishops, and sanctioned by the church of Rome, might be confined only to the old countries, where "use makes law," and that by leaving the old and coming to the new world, where the people made their own laws, and the human mind had its full swing, and thought is only bounded by its own intermina-

the extent, I might find a different state of things. I fancied, at any rate, that man might worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, without the interference, let or hindrance, save the inherent power and sovereignty of the people. I little supposed that a *pure* and *enlightened people*, such as Americans boast themselves, would sanction such institutions as those in which the young friend of whom I have spoken, lost her virtue, her honor and her life. But alas! how sadly have I been disappointed.

Europe is not the only portion of the world that contains legalized Sodoms. Its people are not the only people that support them. Its lawgivers are not the only men, nor its lawmakers the only ones, that make laws for them and give them charters. Its people are not the only people who contribute their time, their lands, their moneys, and who take almost from the necessities of life, to support monk houses and nunneries, Jesuits and Dominicans. No, no. The *new world*, the new people, if I may say so, who boast of being the most *enlightened people* on the face of the earth,—these are the people who, in proportion to their number, contribute most to the support of Popish brothels, modestly called *nunneries*.

But it will be said that the young lady to whom I have alluded, has given no evidence of her being virtuous. As far as you tell us, she has made no resistance, and it is scarcely possible that one whom you have placed upon so high a prominence of virtue, *could* have so suddenly fallen into the depths of vice. *This is all* very plausible, and naturally to be ex-

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pected from those who know nothing of *auricular confession*,—a Popish institution, one of the most ingenious devices ever invented by the great enemy of man, for the destruction of the human soul.

I am personally acquainted with several respectable Protestant Americans, both male and female, whose ideas of confession in the Romish church have often amused me, though not unaccompanied with feelings of grief and sorrow, at their unacquaintance with this, what may be called man-trap, or rather woman-trap in the Romish church.

American Protestants suppose that Popish confession means little more than that public confession of sin, which is made in all Protestant churches, or that which we individually make to Almighty God in our private chambers. Such may well inquire how this apparent sudden fall could have taken place. These inquiries will cease when I state that the young lady became a convert to Popery, and give my readers some idea of what *auricular confession* is, and how it is made. Every Roman Catholic believes that priests have power to forgive sins, by virtue of which power any crime, however heinous, may be remitted. But in order to effect this, the sinner must confess to a priest each and every sin, whether of thought, word or deed, with all the circumstances leading to it, or following from it; and every priest who hears confessions, is allowed to put such questions as he pleases to his *penitent*, whether male or female, and he or she is bound to answer under pain of *eternal damnation*.

It is very difficult, I admit, to suppose that the *daughter of a virtuous mother*, and that mother a



Protestant too, brought up in the elegances of life, from her birth, breathing in no other atmosphere than that of the purest domestic morality, should be precipitated, in the short space of a year or two, from a state of unsullied virtue and innocence, to the veriest depth of crime; and it is a melancholy reflection to suppose a state of society, in which, by any combination of human events, the fond mother of a virtuous child could be made the instrument of that child's ruin. Such an event is scarcely possible in the eyes of Protestant Americans, and I feel a pride in believing, from my acquaintance with many of them, that if American mothers were aware of the existence of a society among them, whose object was to demoralize their children, shut out from them the noonday light of the gospel, and ultimately decoy them into the lecherous embraces of Romish priests and Jesuits; they would, to a woman, rise in their appropriate strength, and deliver our land from those legalized Sodoms called nunneries.

I will here take the liberty of showing them how the young friend to whom I have alluded, was debauched. The nunnery to which she was sent, as I have heretofore stated, had attached to it a *fashionable school*; all nunneries have such. The nuns who instruct in those schools in Europe, are generally advanced in years, descendants from the first families, and highly accomplished. Most, if not all of them, at an early period of life met with some disappointment or other. One perhaps was the daughter of some decayed noble family, reduced by political revolutions to comparative poverty, and *now having nothing but the pride of birth, retired to*

a convent. She could not work, and she would not beg. Another, perhaps, was disappointed in love; the companion of her own choice was refused to her by some unfeeling, aristocratic parent. No alternative was left but to unite her young person with the remains of some broken-down debauchee of the nobility. She prefers going into a convent with such means as she had in her own right. Another, perhaps, like my young friend,—and this is the case with most of them,—was seduced, by some profligate priest while at school, degraded in her own eyes, unfitted even in her own mind to become the companion of an honorable man; seeing no alternative but death or dishonor, she goes into a convent. These ladies, when properly disciplined by Jesuits and priests, become the best teachers. But before they are allowed to teach, there is no art, no craft, no species of cunning, no refinement in private personal indulgences, or no modes or means of seduction, in which they are not thoroughly initiated; and I may say with safety, and from my own personal knowledge through the confessional, that there is scarcely one of them who has not *been herself debauched by her confessor*. The reader will understand that every nun has a confessor; and here I may as well add, for the truth must be told at once, that every confessor has a concubine, and there are very few of them who have not several. Let any American mother imagine her young daughter among these semi-reverend crones, called nuns, and she will have no difficulty in seeing the possibility of her immediate ruin.

*When your daughter comes among those women,*

they pretend to be the happiest set of beings upon earth. They would not exchange their situation for any other this side of heaven. They will pray. So do the devils. They will sing. So will the devils, for aught I know. Their language, their acts, their gestures, their whole conduct while in presence of the scholars, or their visitors, is irreproachable.

The mother abbess, or superior of the convent, who invariably is the deepest in sin of the whole, and who, from her age and long practice, is almost constitutionally a hypocrite, appears in public the most *meek*, the most bland, the most courteous, and the most *humble* Christian.

She is peculiarly attentive to those who have any money in their own right: she tells them they are beautiful, fascinating, that they look like angels, that this world is not a fit residence for them, that they are too good for it, that they ought to become nuns, in order to fit them for a higher and better station in heaven. Nothing more is necessary than to become a Roman Catholic and go to confession. Such is the apparent happiness, cheerfulness, and unalloyed beatitudes of the nuns, that strangers are pleased with them. They invariably make a favorable impression on the minds of their visitors. The inference is that they must be truly pious and really virtuous.

I had recently the honor of a conversation with a lady, who is herself one of the most accomplished and elegant women in the country, and who a few weeks previously had paid a visit to the Roman Catholic nunnery at ———, D. C. She spoke of the institution in the highest terms of commendation.

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was struck with the seeming content and cheerfulness of the lady managers, and could scarcely see why it was not a good place for the education of young ladies; but I will venture the assertion, that had this interesting lady known, as I do, the heartlessness with which crime was committed within its walls, she would fly from it, as from a den of thieves, or a city of plague. A peculiar coldness, a heartlessness not to be found elsewhere, nor under other circumstances, exists in Jesuit convents, to which order that of ——— belongs. Nothing like it can be traced out in the records of the world's doings. And had I the talent to point it out,—could I fix it in a position, so as to stand out solitary and alone in its naked deformity, before heaven and before men,—instead of meriting the commendation of the accomplished mothers and daughters of our land, they would soon be left without support, and crumble to dust amid the brutalities which their silent walls alone have witnessed, and would proclaim to the world, had not the inanimate materials of which they are composed forbidden it.

When crimes are committed in open day, there is some palliation for them; but when committed in the dark, and in recesses ostensibly dedicated to virtue, they are marked with an atrocity, which God, or man, or woman cannot witness without shudders of horror. Such are those committed in Jesuit nunneries, and by those very Jesuit nuns who appear so happy, and so chaste, not only in the nunnery in ———, but in every nunnery throughout the world. This it will be said, and has often been said, even *by Christian mothers and Christian daughters, can-*

not be. They suppose that a sinner can never be happy, or even appear so. How little these people know of human nature! How perfectly unacquainted they are with the power of discipline, or force of education! Yet it would seem as if they should know better than to conclude hastily, that because nuns are cheerful and happy in appearance, they must be also chaste and virtuous. Many of our American ladies have been in the East; some of them have been in Constantinople. I believe that one or two have visited the harem of the Emperor of Constantinople, and might have seen there numbers of ladies, accomplished in their own way, covered with crime and sin, yet cheerful and apparently happy. But show me the Christian lady, who ever witnessed this, that will not weep at the bare mention of the fact, that will not sigh for the conversion of the Turk and Mahomedan, who will not mourn the fate of her sisters—for sisters they are of the same family—thus degraded and still content:—all the result of circumstances, education and want of pure religion.

But these *sympathizers* with Turks, Mahomedans and Pagans have not a tear to spare for their sisters of the United States. Not a sigh escapes them for their relief. Not a dollar can they give to remove from our land that accursed thing, Popery—the primary and sole cause of all those evils. On the contrary, if Jesuits want to build a *nunnery*, the husband has no peace from his wife, the father from the daughter, the brother from the sister, the lover from his betrothed, until they make up money to *build a nunnery for the poor nuns*. Well. indeed,

may I apply to such individuals the language of the Jesuit Rodin, in the Wandering Jew:—"Fools, dolts, double dolts." But Rodin was wrong. He was entirely premature in the use of these expressions; and I am not at all pleased with his depriving me of the opportunity of being first to apply those sweet-sounding terms to American Protestants,—a people who have done, and are still doing, more to merit them, than any other of the past or present age.

I find, though I have not the merit of intending it, that I am strictly performing my promise to my readers, viz., that I will go entirely upon my own hook, pay no attention to order, style, or to what critics may say, but give them my ideas at random of things and facts, just as I saw them, and precisely as they struck me at the time. This, I must confess, is rather a Tristramshandish mode of writing, particularly to Americans, who are a most precise, systematic and business people; but it is a free country, and, as the poet said, "*Cur ego invidior si pauca querere possim,*" &c.

But to return to the causes which induced me to leave the Romish church.

The young lady of whom I have spoken in a previous page, was sent to school, as I have stated, to a Popish nunnery. She was a Protestant when she entered; so are many young ladies in this country when they enter similar schools. The nuns immediately set about her *conversion*. The process by which such things are done is sometimes slow, but always sure. It is often tedious, but never fails; though the knowledge European Protestants have of such institutions, renders the process of conver-

sion more tedious than in this land of freedom and Popish humbuggery. The work of her conversion proceeded with the usual success, until she finally joined the Romish church. The next step, in such cases, is to choose a *confessor*. This is done for the young convert by the mother abbess of the nuns; and now commences the ruin of the soul and the body of the hitherto guileless, guiltless scholar, and convert from Protestant *heresy*. She goes to confession; and recollect, American reader, that what I here state is "*Mutata fabula de te ipso narratur.*" Every word of what I am about to state is applicable to you. This confession is, literally speaking, nothing but a systematic preparation for her ruin. It is said that there is, among the creeping things of this earth, a certain noxious and destructive animal, called Anaconda. It is recorded of this animal, foul, filthy and ugly as he is, that when he is hungry, and seizes upon an object which he desires to destroy and subsequently devour, he takes it with him carefully to his den, or place of retreat. There, at his ease, unseen and alone with his prey, he is said to cover it over with slime, and then and there wallow it. I now declare, most solemnly and sincerely, that after living twenty-five years in full communion with the Roman Catholic church, and officiating as a Romish priest, hearing confessions, and confessing myself, I know not another reptile in all animal nature so filthy, so much to be shunned, and loathed, and dreaded by females, both married and single, as a Roman Catholic priest, or bishop, who practises the degrading and demoralizing office of *auricular confession*.

Let me give American Protestant mothers just a twilight glance at the questions which a Romish priest puts to those females, who go to confession to him, and they will bear in mind that there is no poetry in what I say. It contains no undulations of a roving fancy; there is nothing dreaming, nothing imaginative about it; it is only a part of a drama in which I have acted myself. I may truly say of all that occurs in Popish confession, "*Quorum magna pars fui.*"

The following is as fair a sketch as I can, with due regard to *decency*, give of the questions which a Romish priest puts to a young female, who goes to confession to him. It is, however, but a very brief synopsis. But first let the reader figure to himself, or herself, a young lady, between the age of from twelve to twenty, on her knees, with her lips nearly close pressed to the cheeks of the priest, who, in all probability, is not over twenty-five or thirty years old—for here it is worthy of remark, that these young priests are extremely zealous in the discharge of their sacerdotal duties, especially in hearing confessions, which all Roman Catholics are bound to make under pain of eternal damnation. When priest and penitent are placed in the above attitude, let us suppose the following conversation taking place between them, and unless my readers are more dull of apprehension than I am willing to believe, they will have some idea of the *beauties of Popery*.

*Confessor.* What sins have you committed?

*Penitent.* I don't know any, sir.

*Con.* Are you sure you did nothing wrong? Examine yourself well.



*Pen.* Yes; I do recollect that I did wrong I made faces at school at Lucy A.

*Con.* Nothing else?

*Pen.* Yes; I told mother that I hated Lucy A. and that she was an ugly thing.

*Con.* (Scarcely able to suppress a smile in finding the girl perfectly innocent.) Have you had any immodest thoughts?

*Pen.* What is that, sir?

*Con.* Have you not been thinking about men?

*Pen.* Why, yes, sir.

*Con.* Are you fond of any of them?

*Pen.* Why, yes; I like cousin A. or R. greatly.

*Con.* Did you ever like to sleep with him?

*Pen.* Oh, no.

*Con.* How long did these thoughts about men continue?

*Pen.* Not very long.

*Con.* Had you these thoughts by day, or by night?

*Pen.* By —

In this strain does this reptile confessor proceed. till his now half-gained prey is filled with ideas and thoughts, to which she has been hitherto a stranger. He tells her that she must come to-morrow again. She accordingly comes, and he gives another twist to the screw, which he has now firmly fixed upon the soul and body of his penitent. Day after day, week after week, and month after month does this hapless girl come to confession. until this wretch has worked up her passions to a tension almost snapping, and then becomes his easy prey. I cannot as I before stated, detail the whole



A YOUNG LADY CONFESSING TO THE PRIEST.—PART II, P.

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process by which a Romish confessor debauches his victims in the confessional, but if curiosity, or any other motive creates in the public mind a desire to know all the particulars about it, I refer them to Antoine's Moral Theology, which I have read in the college of Maynooth, or to Den's treatise, "*De Peccatis*," which I have read in the same college, and in the same class with *some* of the *Romish priests now in this country*, hearing confessions perhaps at the moment I write, and debauching their penitents, ay, even in New England, the land of the pilgrims! In those books I have mentioned, they will find the obscene questions which are put by priests and bishops of the Romish church, to all women, young and old, married or single; and if any married man, or father, or brother, will, after the perusal of these questions, allow his wife, his daughter, or his sister, ever again to go to confession, I will only say that his ideas of morality are more vague and loose than those of the heathen or the Turk. Christian he should not be called, who permits these deeds in our midst. I beg here to lay before my readers an extract from a work, recently published in Paris, entitled, "*Auricular Confession and Direction*." The work is written by M. Michélet, one of the most distinguished writers in France. It has been noticed in the last number of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, and in that admirably conducted press, the *Boston Courier*.

The following is given as the mysterious opening of the book:—

"The family is in question;

'That home where we would all fain repose, after so many useless efforts, so many illusions destroyed.

We return home very wearied—do we find repose there?

‘We must not dissimulate—we must frankly confess to ourselves the real state of things. There exists in the bosom of society—in the family circle—a serious dissension, nay, the most serious of all dissensions.

‘We may talk with our mothers, our wives or our daughters, on all those matters about which we talk with our acquaintances: on business, on the news of the day, but not at all on matters nearest the heart, on religion, on God, on the soul.

‘Take the instant when you would fain find yourself united with your family in one common feeling, in the repose of the evening, round the family table; there, in your home, at your own hearth, venture to utter a word on these matters; your mother sadly shakes her head, your wife contradicts you, your daughter, although silent, disapproves. They are on one side of the table, you on the other, alone.

‘It would seem as if in the midst of them, opposite to you, sat an invisible man to contradict what you say.’

“The invisible enemy here spoken of, is the priest. The reviewer proceeds—

‘The priest, as confessor, possesses the secret of a woman’s soul; he knows every half-formed hope, every dim desire, every thwarted feeling. The priest, as spiritual director, animates that woman with his own ideas, moves her with his own will, fashions her according to his own fancy. And this priest is doomed to celibacy. He is a man, but is bound to *pluck from his heart the feelings of a man*. If he is

without faith, he makes desperate use of his power over those confiding in him. If he is sincerely devout, he has to struggle with his passions, and there is a perilous chance of his being defeated in that struggle. And even should he come off victorious, still the mischief done is incalculable and irreparable. The woman's virtue has been preserved by an accident, by a power extraneous to herself. She was wax in her spiritual director's hands; she has ceased to be a *person*, and is become a *thing*.

"There is something diabolical in the institution of celibacy accompanying confession. Paul Louis Courier has painted a fearful picture of the priest's position as an unmarried confessor: and as Courier's works are far less read than they deserve to be, we make no scruple of transferring his powerful sentences to our pages.

'What a life, what a condition is that of our priests? Love is forbidden them, marriage especially; women are given up to them. They may not have one of their own, and yet live familiarly with all, nay, in the confidential, intimate privacy of their hidden actions, of all their thoughts. An innocent girl first hears the priest under her mother's wing: he then calls her to him, speaks alone with her, and is the first to talk of sin to her, before she can have known it. When instructed, she marries; when married, he still confesses and governs her. He has preceded the husband in her affections, and will always maintain himself in them. What she would not venture to confide to her mother, or confess to her husband, he, a priest, must know it, asks it, hears it, and yet shall not be her lover. How could he,

indeed? is he not *tonsured*? He hears whispered in his ear, by a young woman, her faults, passions, desires, weaknesses, receives her sighs without feeling agitated, and he is five-and-twenty!

‘To confess a woman! imagine what that is. At the end of the church a species of closet or sentry-box is erected against the wall, where the priest awaits in the evening, after vespers, his young penitent whom he loves, and who knows it; love cannot be concealed from the beloved person. You will stop me there: his character of priest, his education, his vow . . . I reply that there is no vow which holds good, that every village *cure* just come from the seminary, healthy, robust, and vigorous, doubtless loves one of his parishioners. It cannot be otherwise; and if you contest this, I will say more still, and that is, that he loves them *all*, those at least of his own age; but he prefers one, who appears to him, if not more beautiful than the others, more modest and wiser, and whom he would marry; he would make her a virtuous, pious wife, if it were not for the Pope. He sees her daily, and meets her at church or elsewhere, and sitting opposite her in the winter evenings, he imbibes, imprudent man! the poison of her eyes!

‘Now, I ask you, when he hears that one coming the next day, and approaching the confessional, and when he recognizes her footsteps, and can say, ‘It is she;’ what is passing in the mind of the poor confessor? Honesty, duty, wise resolutions, are here of little use, without peculiarly heavenly grace. I will suppose him a saint: unable to fly, he apparently groans, sighs, recommends himself to God; but if he is *only* a man, he shudders, desires, and already un-

willingly, without knowing it, perhaps, he hopes. She arrives, kneels down at his knees, before him whose heart leaps and palpitates. You are young, sir, or you have been so; between ourselves, what do you think of such a situation? Alone most of the time, and having these walls, these vaulted roofs, as sole witnesses, they talk; of what? alas! of all that is not innocent. They talk, or rather murmur, in low voice, and their lips approach each other, and their breaths mingle. This lasts for an hour or more, and is often renewed.

‘Do not think I invent. This scene takes place such as I describe it; is renewed daily by forty thousand young priests, with as many young girls whom they love, because they are men, whom they confess in this manner, entirely *tete-a-tete*, and visit, because they are priests, and whom they do not marry, because the Pope is opposed to it.’

\* \* \* \* \*

“The priest has the spiritual care of her he loves; her soul is in his hands. He is connected with her by the most sacred ties; his interest in her he disguises to himself under the cloak of spiritual anxiety. He can always quiet the voice of conscience by an equivocal. The mystic language of love is also the mystic language of religion, and what guilt is shrouded under this equivocal, the history of priestcraft may show. *Parler l’amour c’est faire l’amour*, is a profound truth. From the love of God, it is easy to descend to the love of man; especially when this man is a priest, that is to say, a mediator between the woman and God, one who says, ‘God hears you through me; through me he will reply.’ This man



whom she has seen at the altar, and there invested with all the sacred robes and sacred associations of his office; whom she has visited in the confessional, and there laid bare her soul to him; whose visits she has received in her *boudoir*, and there submitted to his direction; this man, whom she worships, is supposed to be an idea, a priest; no one supposing him to be a man, with a man's passions!

"M. Michelet's book contains the proofs of what I have just said; but they are too numerous to quote. I shall only borrow from his work the passages he gives from an unexceptionable authority, Llorente.

'Llorente, a contemporary, relates (t. iii., ch. 28, article 2, ed. 1817) that when he was secretary to the Inquisition, a capuchin was brought before that tribunal, who directed a community of *beguines*, and had seduced nearly all of them, by persuading them that they were not leaving the road to perfection. He told each of them in the confessional that he had received from God a singular favor: "Our Lord," he said, "has deigned to show himself to me in the Sacrament, and has said to me, Almost all the souls that thou dost direct here are pleasing to me, but especially such a one, (*the capuchin named her to whom he spoke.*) She is already so perfect, that she has conquered every passion, except carnal desire, which torments her very much. Therefore, wishing virtue to have its reward, and that she should serve me tranquilly, I charge thee to give her a dispensation, but only to be made use of with thee; she need speak of it to no confessor; that would be useless, as *with such a dispensation she cannot sin.*" Out of

seventeen *beginners*, of which the community was composed, the intrepid confessor gave the dispensation to thirteen, who were ~~chosen~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>some</sup> ~~number~~ <sup>of</sup> time; one of them, however, ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~community~~ <sup>community</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~discovered~~ <sup>discovered</sup> ~~everything~~ <sup>everything</sup> ~~concerning~~ <sup>concerning</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>her</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~never~~ <sup>never</sup> ~~been~~ <sup>been</sup> ~~able~~ <sup>able</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~believe~~ <sup>believe</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~dispensation~~ <sup>dispensation</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~she~~ <sup>she</sup> ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> ~~profited~~ <sup>profited</sup> ~~by~~ <sup>by</sup> it.

'I remember,' said LUCAS, ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~same~~ <sup>same</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> him: "But, father, is it not astonishing that this singular virtue should have belonged exactly to the thirteen young and handsome ones, and not at all to the other four, who were ugly or old?" He coolly replied, "The Holy Spirit inspires where it pleases."

'The same author, in the same chapter, while reproaching the Protestants with having exaggerated the corruption of confessors, avows that - In the sixteenth century, the Inquisition had imposed on women the obligation of denouncing guilty confessors, but the denunciations were so numerous, that the penitents were declared dispensed from denouncing.'"

I should not have laid the above extract before the public, were I not well aware that such is the extraordinary infatuation of Americans on the subject of Popery and confession, that they may suspect my statements of exaggeration. This alone could induce me to give more than my own assertion for the truth of my statements, as no writer upon Popery knows more, or can relate more of *Auricular Confession* and *Direction*, than I can myself, of my own knowledge, and from my own personal experience. I shall not, however, ask American Protestants to take my naked word for anything which I may say on Popery. \

shall substantiate all I assert by proofs from history.

The title of Christian land should not be given to this country, nor to any country, which legalizes institutions where deeds of darkness are sanctioned, and the foul debauchers of our youth, of our wives and our sisters, find a shelter.

Shall the cowl shelter the adulterous monk in this land of freedom? Are the sons of freemen required to countenance, nay, asked to build impassable walls around a licentious, lecherous, profligate horde of foreign monks and priests, who choose to come among us, and erect little *fortifications*, which they call nunneries, for their protection? Shall they own by law and by charter places where to bury, hidden from the public eye, the victims of their lust, and the murdered offspring of their concupiscence? Beware, Americans! There are bounds, beyond which sinners cannot go. Bear in mind the fact that the same God who can limit the sphere of an individual's crimes, can also limit those of a nation. You have flourished. Take heed lest you begin to decay before you come to full maturity; and I regret to say, that symptoms of this are now apparent. Already can I see the hectic flush of moral consumption upon the fair face of America. Already can I see a demon bird of ill omen plunging its poisoned beak into the very vitals of your national existence, stopping here, and stopping there only to dip his wings in the life streams of your national existence, with the sole view of giving its spread more momentum, until it encompasses the whole length and breadth, *centre and circumference* of your country.

*Infidelity* is now fast careering and sporting over

the whole face of our land, and if history has not deceived us, and our own personal experience has not been vain, it never moves, it never travels, it never exists, unaccompanied by political as well as moral death. Look at ancient Rome, how it fell in its pride! Look at France—how often it has tottered and stumbled in its beauty! Look at England at the present moment,—see how she trembles even in her strength. Think you that all these things were brought about by the causes to which the world would attribute them? What signifies the Texas question in the sight of God? What the Oregon difficulties? what the trade with China? what the *repeal branchings*? Such things would have happened if our “mother’s cat had but kittened, and we ourselves had ne’er been born.”

The decay of nations, the fall of thrones, are brought about by infidelity, by national insults to the God of nations, by the sins of the people against the King of glory; and how can this country, deeply steeped as it is, and darkly stained as it is, with the crime of aiding Popery, idolatry, and *auricular confession*; how can it expect, I repeat the words, that the moral breezes of heaven should breathe upon her, and restore to her again that strong and healthy constitution, which her ancestors have left to her sons? No, no. It cannot be. You must, as the lawyers would say, stand “*rectus in curia*,” before your God. Withdraw your countenance and your support from Popery. Touch not the unclean thing. Then, and not until then, can you raise clean hands and pure hearts to the throne of God, and ask for a blessing upon the United States and *its territories*.

But it may be replied, all you say of Popery in the *old* countries may be true, but it is a different thing altogether in the United States. This is a great error on the part of Americans, and I feel it my duty to correct it if possible. I am not surprised that Americans should entertain ideas of this kind. I was once partly of that opinion myself, and, as I stated in a former page, I determined to visit this new and free country, in the hope—alas! it was a vain one—of finding true religion, and purity of life, even in the Roman Catholic church. I remember well, having consulted a friend on the propriety of such a course, he strongly dissuaded me from it, assuring me that I would find Popery here essentially the same that it was in Europe, with this difference only, that the crimes and private lives of priests and bishops were more grossly immoral, and, though indirectly, more effectually sanctioned by the laws of the land. This, however, did not satisfy me, and accordingly, having received from my then ecclesiastical superior, what in church parlance is called *an Exeat*, (the document is in my possession, if any one wishes to see it,) or, as American theologians would term it, “a regular dismissal” from the church where I officiated, I arrived in New York, in Nov., 18—. But the reader may well judge of my disappointment, when I found, on my arrival there, not altogether such Romish priests and bishops as I had left behind me,—for many of them were gentlemen by birth, and paid some regard to public decency, even in their profligacies; but a set of coarse, vulgar, half educated, I may say, *half civilized*, Irish and French brutes, most of

whom might be seen daily lolling in grog-shops, and electioneering among the lowest dregs of society. I have met but one exception to this, and that was the Reverend Wm. Taylor, who was then in New York.

Having stated to Taylor my object in coming over, I shall never forget the sad and sorrowful smile which but dimly lit up his naturally kind and cheerful countenance. "My friend," said he, "all your hopes in coming to this country will be disappointed. You must not stay in this city. Go into the country. Go to Albany; you may there see less of those scenes from which you have fled; and as I perceive your introductions from Europe to De Witt Clinton, are numerous and of the best kind, you will find much pleasure in the society of that excellent gentleman, and make up your mind either to leave this country, or to retire from the Romish church altogether. The latter I will do myself, but not without an effort to correct the abuses of Popery." This effort he has made, as I have stated in my *Synopsis of Popery, as it was and as it is*; but he lacked moral as well as physical courage to carry it through.

I lost no time in retiring to Albany. The legislature of the State of New York was then commencing its annual session, and though an entire stranger, so high were my testimonials, both from the Romish bishops, as a priest, and from private individuals, as a man of honor and correct deportment, that I was unanimously elected chaplain to the legislature, without any application on my part for such an appointment. I will not allude to the

flattering attentions which were paid to me by the people of Albany, during my residence among them, which was only about six months. The public presses in that city, while I was there, bear witness to the fact. Even the Roman Catholics, some of whom were native Americans, left nothing undone to render me happy. My salary was more than I desired, and more than I wanted of them. As a body, I have no complaint to make against them, so far as money was concerned. Why then, it will be said, did you leave them? This too is a sad tale. But, as some of them are now living, justice even to them demands that I should state the cause which forced me to leave them.

The Roman Catholics of Albany had, during about two years previous to my arrival among them, three Irish priests alternately with them, occasionally preaching, but always hearing confessions. I know the names of these men; one of them is dead, the other two living, and now in full communion in the Roman church, still saying mass and hearing confessions. As soon as I got settled in Albany, I had of course to attend to the duty of *auricular confession*, and in less than two-months found that those three priests, during the time they were there, were the fathers of between sixty and one hundred children, besides having debauched many who had left the place previous to their confinement. Many of these children were by married women, who were among the most zealous supporters of those vagabond priests, and whose brothers and relatives were ready to wade, if necessary, knee deep in blood for the holy, *immaculate*,

*infallible church of Rome.* There is a circumstance connected with this, that renders the conduct of these priests almost frightfully atrocious. There are in many of the Roman Catholic churches, things, as Michelet properly calls them, like sentry-boxes, called *confessionals*. These are generally situated in the body of the church, and priests hear confessions in them, though the priest and lady penitent are only separated by a sliding board, which can be moved in any direction the confessor pleases, leaving him and the penitent ear to ear, breath to breath, eye to eye, and lip to lip, if he pleases. There were none of these in the Romish church of Albany, and those priests had to hear confessions in the *sacristy* of the church. This is a small room back of the altar, in which the Eucharist, containing, according to the Romish belief, the real body and blood of Jesus Christ, is kept, while mass is not celebrating in the chapel. This room is always fastened by a lock and key of the best workmanship, and the key kept by the priest day and night. This sacristy, containing the wafer, which the priests blasphemously adore, was used by them as a place to hear confessions, and here they committed habitually those acts of immorality and crime of which I have spoken.

These details must be unpleasant to the reader; but not more so than they are to me. I see not, however, any other mode in which I can give Americans anything like a correct idea of that state of society which must be expected in this country, should the period ever arrive when Popery and Popish priests shall be in the ascendant. There are



portions of Europe, and of South America, where parents well know that the children, who take their name, whom they are obliged to support, are only their legalized, but not their legitimate offspring; but so entirely brutalized are their feelings and notions of morality by the predominance of Popery among them, that these things are considered matters of little moment. I saw an instance of this very recently at a place called Hallappa, in Mexico. I met there a gentleman, a man of wealth, some distinction, and one who had travelled a good deal. Knowing that I intended leaving the place next day, he said he would introduce me to two Dominican friars, who were going to Vera Cruz, and were to travel in the same stage with me. In the course of conversation I observed to him, that the reputation of Dominican friars and Jesuits for morality, was not good in some parts of Europe which I had visited, and I wished very much to know how it stood in Mexico. He frankly replied, in very good Latin,—a language more familiar to me than the Spanish, or perhaps any other,—“they are not considered as a body very moral men in Mexico, but these reverend gentlemen to whom I will introduce you, bear a high character for morality. They do not trouble their neighbors’ wives and daughters; they have for years kept their *female friends*, and provided for their children.” “Are they married, sir?” said I; though I of course knew the reverse from the fact of their being priests. “Oh no, sir,” replied my Mexican acquaintance; “our *holy church* does not allow that, but they are *chaste* men.” “What do you mean by chastity?” said I. “Living an *unmarried*

*life*," answered he promptly. In the course of that evening, I met with a respectable American citizen, a native of New Jersey; I asked him whether he knew these priests, naming them. He told me he did; that one of them kept *three sisters*, the eldest not over twenty-five years old, and that *he had children by each of them*, but was still reputed a good priest, and was, as far as he could discover, one of the best of them. The next day I obtained an introduction to these worthies, and travelled with them to Vera Cruz. They were dressed in their appropriate garb of sanctity, the crown of their heads being shaved close, and bearing marks of sanctimoniousness. It is well known that in the city of Mexico, and throughout that sham republic, Romish priests live habitually and publicly with the mother and daughter at the same time.

These are the men, and their code of moral law is that which Americans are fostering and encouraging, by contributing their money to the building of convents and Romish chapels throughout the United States.

Previous to my leaving Albany, many overtures were made to me by Roman Catholics to continue among them; but I peremptorily declined. The reader may well imagine the awkwardness of my position, and state of my feelings on this occasion. I could give the people no reason for my leaving them; my lips were sealed, my hands were bound, my voice was silent. I saw many worthy families on the brink of ruin, and I could not put forth a hand to save them. I saw their children almost in the jaws of the lion, but I dared not warn them of

their danger. I saw their foes, in the garb of friends and moral guides, leading them into the recesses of guilt and crime, and I dared not utter a warning cry. I knew all in the *confessional*, and of course I was silent. The only resource left me was to leave these scenes, where the occurrences which I have stated had taken place; and I accordingly decided to make another trial of Popery, by proceeding on to Philadelphia, a city which, at that time, was pre-eminently distinguished for the virtues and morality of its people.

I expected that in a community so remarkably distinguished for the observance of all law, human and divine, as the city of Penn was, that even Papist priests and Jesuits might, at least, observe the externals of correct deportment; and, full of better hopes and brighter prospects, I hastened among them, and was received with a cordiality and hospitality truly flattering. Fortunately for this people, they had no bishop for some time previous to my arrival. The diocese was under the superintendence of a Vicar-general, a Jesuit, I think from Switzerland, named De Barth. This reverend gentleman had been settled in the interior of the State; and having there a *housekeeper and some nieces*, to whom he was *attached*, he visited the city of Philadelphia but seldom; owing to this circumstance, and to the fact that three or four friars and one Irish curate, who was in the city, had their own way in everything, the Popish congregation was comparatively quiet. American Protestants knew nothing of their private lives, knew nothing of the plans and *schemes* which they were laying to entrap their chil-

even and, by suppressing the reading of the Bible, I sown amongst them the seeds of moral death. Here, at least, I expected to find Popery as I fancied it before I was ordained a priest. Notwithstanding what I had witnessed immediately after my ordination in Europe; and though the death-knell, which announced the departure to the grave of a young and virtuous friend, had scarcely ceased to reverberate in my ears; though the knowledge that a human soul was launched into eternity by Jesuit lust and poison, and that within the walls of a nunnery, was yet fresh in my mind; though all that occurred in Albany, under my own eye, and witnessed by the testimony of my own senses, the one twentieth of which I have not even alluded to; I still expected that I might find Popery what my early education represented to me, or, at least, that I might contribute to render it so, in this free country, by casting to the winds the legends and silly traditions of the Romish holy fathers, and substituting in their place the Word of God.

I little thought that there lived a Romish priest or bishop, who, in a land of free thought and noble deeds, such as this was then, would dare prohibit the circulation of the Word of God. I little dreamed that the first opposition I should meet in my efforts to circulate the Bible should be in Philadelphia. Who could even fancy that Papists were so devoid of prudence, or so utterly reckless of consequences, as to proclaim, in the city of Penn, we will have no Bible? Though I knew well that Popery boasts of being always the same, that it never changes, I also knew that the *infallible church* always yielded

to *expediency*; and I thought, as a matter of course, that Americans were too courageous, and too virtuous a people, to permit Papists to proceed so far, at that early period of American history, as to close up the fountain and the source even of their political existence as a nation, and consequently that I should meet with no opposition from Papists in any effort which might bear upon the face of it any evidence of my intention to advance the cause of morals. But I was mistaken. Americans were not then free. They are not free now. They had, it is true, shaken off the yoke of foreign dominion, but even then they were tamely harnessing themselves in stronger chains to a heavier yoke; even then they were passively submitting to the dictation of Rome, and to the insolent bravado of Irish priests and bishops. I repeat it; they were not free then. They made their country free, as we are told by history, but it was not for themselves they made it free. It was done for foreigners; it was done for Papists, for Jesuits, for Dominicans, and their courtesans, Popish nuns. The day is not far distant,—I may not live to see it, nor do I desire to witness it,—when some historian may well apply to Americans that sentence in Virgil, which that beautiful pastoral poet applied to the yoked oxen: "*Sic vos non vobis jujum feratis boves.*" Well indeed may this be applied to Americans; they have borne the yoke, they have toiled with it upon their necks in cultivating their fair fields of freedom, but, like the poet's oxen, the crop is not theirs. It belongs to foreign Papists and their *lord*, the Pope, King of Rome. Nor should I be in the least surprised, if, in less than thirty years, that thing called

the *Host*, made of *flour* and water, and converted, by the mumbling of a few Latin words by a priest, into the God of glory, should be conveyed through that city, under a canopy of satin, supported by Popish priests, and guarded by a file of Popish dragoons, preceded by a trumpeter, announcing its approach, in order that the populace may uncover their heads, and fall upon their knees to adore this god of Popish manufacture. Base idolatry! And history will say of Protestant Americans,—Base people, to tolerate such profanations among you!

But, on reflection, why blame Americans? They knew little or nothing of Popery, except from history, and, in some histories, the picture given had two sides to it. One was fair and seductive; the other was stern and true. The former was exhibited with industry and care. It was sought for and gazed at with pleasure. The latter had comparatively but few worldly attractions, had no admirers but the votaries of truth, and, alas! they were but few. Under these circumstances, how were Americans to be blamed? Knowing them well, I cannot become their accuser, but I can, without any disrespect towards them, pity them, and mourn over the delusion under which they labor, even though that delusion should be in part well earned.

How, for instance, could it be expected that American Protestants should believe what is related of the capuchin friar by Michelet, whom I have quoted in one of the preceding pages? Can an American Protestant suppose it possible that a Romish priest could *persuade all the nuns* in a convent that he had a revelation from God, commissioning *him*, especially,

to tell those nuns individually, that it was their duty to have a criminal connexion with himself, under pain of eternal damnation? Such a thing would only excite the risible faculties of an American Protestant; even the male portion of Roman Catholics will not believe such a thing possible. There was a period when I would not believe it myself, and when the idea of a Popish priest seducing a nun, or administering poison to get possession of a man's wife, or his daughter, or his property, was impossible, though history informed me of such things being done in the Romish church; and, had I not become a Roman Catholic priest, and been myself a confessor, I should, until this day, turn a deaf ear to the relation of such facts. I should look upon Popish priests and bishops, who were charged with them, as persecuted men, and probably extend to them that sympathy and support, which Protestant Americans are now doing throughout this country.

Were any one to come to me before I was a Romish priest and confessor, and tell me that the Protestant young lady to whom I have so often alluded, should go to a school kept by Popish nuns,—that they would convert her from the religion of her birth, make her a Papist, cause her to go to confession,—that the confessor would seduce her, and that the superior mother abbess would cause her death in trying to procure abortion,—I would not have believed him. I should have looked upon him as some fanatic, or some evil-disposed person, actuated by malice against Romish priests and nunneries; but after becoming a priest myself, and a confessor, I not only believed such a *thing possible*, but witnessed it. And though I

could weep. I could not prevent it, such was the nature of my sacerdotal oath of secrecy: such were my obligations to support the Pope and the honor of his *infallible church*.

Poisoning is a practice of ancient date in the Romish church: and I tell you, Americans, it is still in full force, and you will taste of its fruits before you are aware of it. Let me give you a well authenticated instance of this. It is related in the fifth volume of Sanuto, an eminent Popish writer. Pope Alexander the Sixth, *graciously* condescended to inform one of his cardinals, Adrian de Corneto, that he intended to visit him at his vineyard, and that he, the Pope, would bring his supper with him. The cardinal, being himself a priest and a confessor, suspected that the *holy Pope* intended to poison him, with a view of possessing his fortunes and a lovely *sister* of his. The cardinal's fortune was great, and the lady in question was beautiful. He well knew his fate, unless something could be done to avert it, and he knew of but one way of doing that. He sent for the Pope's carver, and prevailed upon him to accept and keep, "for his sake," ten thousand ducats, with large sums beside, which he had not then in cash, but which he would have in a short time. "You know," said the cardinal to the carver, "that the Pope has *compassed* my death by poison at your hand, wherefore, I beseech you, have pity on me, and spare my life." The carver, yielding to compassion, promised to save him, and explained the mode in which the *holy Pope*, the vicegerent of the Lord of Heaven, and, as some Catholics will have



it, not only the infallible, but even the impeccable head of the church, intended to put him to death.

The carver was instructed by the Pope, "to have two boxes of lozenge confectionary prepared, and to present one to himself and the other to the cardinal. That to the cardinal was to contain poison. His *holiness*, the Pope, according to engagement, came to sup with the cardinal at his vineyard, but matters being arranged between the carver and the latter, the poison which the Pope intended for the cardinal was given to himself; he was taken sick and died. This occurrence, which took place centuries ago, though it may appear incredible to many readers of this book, is as well authenticated by history, and is as demonstrable therefrom, as it will be in some future generation, that such a city as Boston, where this book is written, had ever an existence. But it will be said, that such things might have existed in ancient times; that popes might have poisoned cardinals; that cardinals might have poisoned popes, and that popes might have poisoned each other; that priests might have seduced their *penitents*, and then caused them to be poisoned, to save the honor of the *holy church*; but that no such thing has ever occurred in these United States. Fatal delusion, this; and thrice fatal will its consequences be to you, American Protestants, as well as American Catholics, if you do not give ear to my statements, and full credit to my word and warning, when I tell you that such an event has taken place in the city of Philadelphia, to my own personal knowledge; and that the reverend wretch, who *seduced*, and subsequently caused to be poisoned, an

innocent and virtuous orphan daughter of a worthy American citizen, was a few months ago, and is now, for aught I know, officiating as a Romish priest and confessor in the city of Dublin, Ireland.

No wonder, I repeat it, that American Protestants should not believe these things. No wonder that Americans who have joined the Popish church, should not believe them. No wonder that some honorable and high-minded young men in the United States, who have been decoyed by the sophistry, apparent sanctity and *liberality* of Romish priests, from the faith of their Protestant forefathers, should disbelieve those things, and feel indignant against all who advance such accusations. But let them pause. Let them not be too precipitate in judging of the motives of others. Some of these young men, like myself, in the days of my youth, may take it into their heads to become Romish priests, and, I understand that, even now, there are several of them in Rome preparing to do so. Let them proceed. They will soon find, as I did, that such facts as I here relate, horrible and revolting as they seem, are matters of daily occurrence in the Church of Rome.

During every vicissitude in the history of the Popish church; during every fluctuation, and every rise and fall of successive popes; during all the metamorphoses and changes that took place in their lives, and successive pretensions to power, their iniquitous practices were never abandoned. Let us raise the veil which hides the past from our eye; we shall find, if we do not permit ourselves to be misled by faithless historians, that the only

thing in which they never differed, was the sanctioning of the crimes of plunder and rapacity for the aggrandizement of the power of Rome, and that murder, rape, and even incest, lost their atrocity when committed by priests and bishops of the *infallible church*, who are her sworn and devoted supporters.

The power of the popes has often been shaken, yet they have stood every shock. Their system of policy is such, that they have kept and are keeping the nations of the earth engaged in some civil or ecclesiastical broils among each other, and thus divert their attention from the stealthy march of Papal power amongst them; and while nations are thus engaged, they are enveloping the people in ignorance and darkness, so as to blind them to their own atrocities and crimes.

This country is now a fair field for Popish manœuvring. Rome has seen this for the last twenty years, and has made her preparations accordingly. While this new country was busy in forming her alliances abroad, regulating her commerce, and making her treaties with foreign powers; while she was dividing her states, settling her domestic territorial disputes, regulating their laws, and defining their boundaries; Rome was awake,—her spies were amongst you. They walked carefully round the citadel of your freedom; they saw that it was not sufficiently manned, that it was accessible from many points, and accordingly, they poured into it platoon after platoon, regiment after regiment, of the Pope's troops, until they had sufficient force to take possession whenever they deemed it necessary

and they now tell Americans that the Pope is their legitimate sovereign, and that Americans are but the "cowardly sons of cowardly pirates." They even go further; they perpetrate the grossest outrages upon every law, moral and civil, in utter defiance of American jurisprudence. They keep their *nunneries*, or rather seraglios, in the very midst of them, surround them with ramparts, and not only deny to their civil magistrates the right of entrance, but defy them to do so. This every American citizen knows to be a fact; at least, it is known in the city of Boston, where I now write. No one was admitted within the walls of the Ursuline convent, which an indignant populace reduced to ashes, without special permission from the mother abbess,—allowing the *nuns* within to assume the appearance of decency and propriety before they showed themselves, however flagrant their conduct might have been. Time was given to them and to the priests to assume their usual sanctimoni-appearance; but then all the cells were never seen at the same time. Many were reserved for hidden and criminal purposes, and when some of those nuns were apparently cheerful and happy, leaving on the visitor's mind an impression that nothing but happiness reigned throughout the whole nunnery, there were probably some of them, unseen and unheard by strangers, writhing in the agonies of childbirth. This is no fancy sketch. Read Llorenti's History of the Inquisition, and you will find that the picture I give is far short of the reality.

Such was the profligacy of friars and nuns, as Llorenti informs us, in the fifteenth century, that the Pope, from very shame, had to take notice of it. He

had to invest the inquisition with special power to take cognizance of the matter. The inquisitors, in obedience to orders from their sovereign Pope, entered immediately upon the discharge of their duties. They issued, through their immediate superior, a general order, commanding all women, nuns and lay sisters, married women and single women, without regard to age, station in life, or any other circumstance, to appear before them and give information, if any they had, against all priests, Jesuits, monks, friars and confessors.

The Pope was not fully aware of what he did, when he granted the aforesaid power to the inquisition. He supposed that the licentiousness of his priests did not extend beyond women of ill fame; but in this his *holiness* was mistaken, as he subsequently discovered. All were obliged to obey the summons of the inquisition. Disobedience was heresy—it was death. The number who made their appearance, to lodge information against the priests and confessors, in the single city of Seville, in Spain, was so great that the taking of depositions occupied twenty notaries for thirty days. The inquisitors, worn out with fatigue, determined on taking a recess, and having done so, they reassembled and devoted thirty days more to the same purpose; but the depositions continued to increase so fast, that they saw no use in continuing them, and they finally resolved to adjourn and quash the inquiry. The city of Seville was found to be one vast area of pollution. But Americans will still say, this occurred in the fifteenth century; no such thing can take place now. The whole social system is different now from what it was

then. I tell you again, Americans, that you are mistaken in your inference. Priests, nuns and confessors are the same now that they were then, all over the world. Many of you have visited Paris, and do you not there see, at the present day, a *lying-in hospital* attached to every nunnery in the city? The same is to be seen in Madrid, and the principal cities of Spain. I have seen them myself in Mexico, and in the city of Dublin, Ireland. And what is the object of those hospitals? It is chiefly to provide for the illicit offspring of priests and nuns, and such other unmarried females as the priests can seduce through the confessional. But it will be said, there are no lying-in hospitals attached to nunneries in this country. True, there are not; but I say, of my own knowledge and from my own experience through the confessional, that it would be well if there were; there would be fewer abortions, there would be fewer infants strangled and murdered. It is not generally known to Americans, that the crime of procuring abortion,—a crime which our laws pronounce to be felony,—is a common every-day crime in Popish nunneries. It is not known to Americans,—but let it henceforward be known to them,—that strangling and putting to death infants, is common in nunneries throughout this country. It is not known that this is done systematically and methodically, according to Popish instructions. The *modus operandi* is this. The *infallible church* teaches that without baptism even infants cannot go to heaven. The holy church, not caring much now the aforesaid infants may come into this world, but anxious that they should go from it according

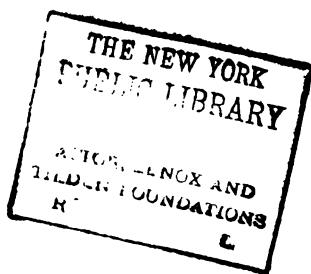
to the ritual of the church, insists that the infant shall be baptized. This being done, and its soul being thus fitted for heaven, the mother abbess gently takes between her holy fingers the nostrils of the infant, and in the name of the infallible church consigns it to the care of the Almighty; and I beg here to state, from my own knowledge through the confessional, that the father is, in nearly all cases, the individual who baptizes it; thus literally verifying what Erasmus has said in sheer irony,—“*Patres vacantur et Sepe sunt.*” I desire to assert nothing, of a character so frightful and disgusting as this, on my own unsupported authority. I could give numberless instances of the truth of my assertions, but let one suffice.

Llorenti, in his History of the Inquisition,—and the reader will bear in mind, that Llorenti is good authority with all Roman Catholics,—relates the following fact. There was among the Carmelite nuns of Lerma, a mother abbess, called mother Agueda. (All the nunneries in the United States have a mother abbess, like the nuns of Lerma.) Agueda was accounted a saint. People came to her, from all the neighboring country, to be cured of their respective diseases. Her mode of curing all diseases was this. She had in her possession a number of small stones, of which she said she was delivered, in all the pains of childbirth. She was delivered of them periodically, for the space of twenty years, according to her own statement and that of her biographer, and by the application of those stones to any diseased person, he was forthwith cured. *Rumor, however, got abroad that the mother abbess*



MOTHER ABESS STRANGLING THE INFANT--Part II., p.





"was no better than she ought to be," and that, in place of bringing forth stones, she and the other nuns of the convent were bringing forth children for the friars of the Carmelite order, who arranged all her miracles for her, and enabled her for twenty years to impose upon the public, as the lady prioress of a nunnery and fashionable boarding-school. Whenever she was *confined* and delivered of a child, the *holy nuns* strangled it and buried it. All the other nuns did likewise, and probably would have continued to do so to this day, through their successors in office, had not a niece of the mother abbess and *saint*, in a moment of anger, arising from maltreatment, let fall some observations which excited the suspicions of the public authorities. The burying-ground of the nuns was examined, the spot where the strangled infants were buried was pointed out by the niece of the mother abbess, and the bodies found.

This fact is as well authenticated, as that such a place as Lerma has had existence, or that such a wretch as Mother Agueda has ever been born; and I will hazard the assertion, that if the burying-grounds of the nunneries in the United States were dug open, hundreds of the bodies of strangled infants, the offspring of nuns and Popish priests, may be found in them, though it is said they have discovered some chemical process, by which the bones, as well as the flesh of infants, are reduced, in a little time, almost to perfect annihilation.

Virtuous ladies, into whose hands this book by chance may fall, will exclaim, on reading the above, *This cannot be true. I will not believe it. Such a*

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it. She looks to her confessor for advice in everything. She may appear to be fond of her husband; it is even possible that she may be so in reality. She may be gentle, meek, and obedient to her husband,—her confessor will advise her to be so; but she will not give him her confidence; she cannot,—that is already in the hands of her confessor. He stands an incarnate fiend between man and wife, mother and daughter. All the ties of domestic happiness and reciprocal duties are thus violated with impunity through the instrumentality of *auricular confession*.

Would to God I had never entered that *tribunal* myself! Would to God it was never in my power to relate as facts what I have now put to paper! But no such happiness was intended for me! It was the will of Providence that I was reserved to witness and relate those deeds of darkness and crime committed under the mask of Popish religion, from which my feelings and disposition shrink with horror. Voltaire, Rousseau, Raynal, Price, Priestley, Paine, Diderot, and others, have done evil by their infidel writings. Evils, great and heavy evils, have been the consequence of their introduction into the United States; but ten-fold greater have been the evils which the introduction of Popery and auricular confession amongst us have brought in their train.

The writings of these infidels have in them, it is true, many of the most exceptionable passages, but, as far as we know, their private lives were generally good. Even in their writings, there was much that was good. They advocated the cause of civil liberty; they pleaded, and pleaded strongly and elo-

quently, the cause of human rights, and the liberties of man. These were redeeming qualities. These were noble doctrines, and nobly pleaded. But what has Popery brought amongst us? What have Popish priests introduced into this country? Idolatry, debauchery in every shape, and of every hue. Yet Americans will cast into the fire the works of those infidels,—they will not allow their children to read them, lest they may corrupt their morals, though the authors are cold in their graves. But they will send them to Popish schools,—they will allow them to drink lessons of depravity from the eyes of licentious nuns, and hear them from the lips of Popish priests. Strange inconsistency, this! Infidels in theory are shunned as plagues, while practical infidels are cherished amongst us. It is well known to Protestants even in the United States, that it is a common practice of Romish priests to seduce females in the *confessional*, and it is, or should be equally well known that these very priests hear the confessions of the very females whom they seduce. It is an article of faith in the Roman Catholic church, that the crimes of a priest do not disqualify him from *forgiving the sins of his penitent*, and hence it is that their opportunities of demoralizing every community, where they are in the ascendant, almost exceed conception. Persuade a woman that if she sins, you can forgive her as thoroughly and effectually as Almighty God could forgive her, and you take away every check from vice. All restraint is removed. The voice of true religion is silenced, and sin prevails.

The iniquity of Romish priests in the confessional can scarcely be imagined. There is nothing else

like it; it is a thing by itself; there is a chasm between itself and other crimes, which human depravity cannot pass. Could I state them all, as I have known them, my readers would feel themselves almost insulated; an ocean and a sea of wonders, and waters of grief and sadness for fallen humanity would ebb and flow around them. Just fancy an innocent female on her knees before an artful, unbelieving priest! But why is she there? Why does not instinct warn her off? Why does not conscious innocence tell her to fly from him? How often do we thank God that we are endowed with reason? How often do we sing his praises, and glorify his name, because he has "made us a little lower than the angels," giving us reason for our guide, and thus raising us above all things that are created? Would it not appear as if things were not so; as if the God of heaven were more bountiful to the beasts of the field, and the birds of the air, than to man? Would it not appear that the poet was mistaken, when he said, in the fulness of his heart, and depth of his belief in revelation,—

"And to be innocent is nature's wisdom;  
The fledge-dove knows the prowlers of the air,  
Feared soon as seen, and flutters back to shelter;  
And the young steed recoils upon his haunches  
The never-yet-seen adder's hiss first heard.  
O surer than suspicion's hundred eyes  
Is that fine sense, which, to the pure in heart,  
By mere oppugnancy of their own goodness,  
Reveals the approach of evil."

Would it not seem from this that the gift of reason *was no* bounty in reality to man? as if instinct *was*

something superior to it? Why does not innocence,—native, conscious innocence,—if, in reality, there is such a thing,—teach woman to flee from those incarnate demons, Romish confessors? Why will they entrust themselves, alone and unprotected by father or mother, brother or honorable lover, with these scheming, artful seducers? Why will mothers, married women, go to confession to these men, or why will husbands be such inconceivable dupes as to permit it? Have husbands any idea of the questions which a confessor puts to their wives? They have not even the remotest. Let me give them a few of these questions, and I assure them, as I have more than once done before, that I state nothing but what I know of my own knowledge. The following are a few of them. 1st. Have you been guilty of adultery or fornication, and how often? 2d. Have you desired to commit either, and how often? 3d. Have you ever intended to commit fornication or adultery? 4th. Have you ever taken pleasure in thinking upon these subjects? 5th. Have you dwelt upon them for any length of time? 6th. Have you ever endeavored to excite your own passions? 7th. Have you ever taken indecent liberties with yourself, or with your husband?

Does any husband really know that when his wife goes to confession,—and probably she leans on his arm while she is going there,—that the above questions are put to her? Assuredly, he does not. Otherwise, we must suppose him a man of base principles in permitting such a thing. But even should he suspect it, and ask his wife whether they were put to her; *should he call upon the priest, and bring him*



and the wife face to face; should he ask them severally whether such interrogatories were put by the priest to the wife, they will jointly and severally deny it under oath, if required, and in doing this, they both feel justified; or, to speak more correctly and plainly, the priest is laughing in his sleeve, and the wife is his dupe. The reason, however, for the course they pursue, is this. The *infallible* church teaches, that when a priest is in the confessional, he sits there as God, and not as man; and when he denies under oath that he put such questions, he means that he did not put the questions as man, but as God; and when the penitent is asked whether such questions were put to her, she will say on *oath* they were not, because it was God, and not man, that asked them. I am well aware that this will appear strange to Americans, but it is not the less true. I have asked such questions, and given such reasons over and over again, while acting as a Romish priest. I have asked them, till my soul sickened with disgust. Every priest in Boston asks those questions daily; there is not a priest in the United States who does not ask them. No, not one,—from Aroostook to Oregon, nor from Maine to Louisiana. Judge, then, of the moral waste and wilderness which Romish priests are effecting by hewing and clearing down everything that blooms or bears the fruit of virtue and holiness.

But can such things exist in a civilized country? It is all the result of education,—of bad, vicious, and corrupt education. Let us suppose that a married man has a neighbor whom he believes to be honorable upright, and correct in all his dealings, so much

so, that he never had occasion to doubt his word, and would trust him with thousands, nay, millions if he had it. Suppose his wife had the reputation of a good and virtuous woman. Suppose she was considered so by the pious members of her own and every other church in this city. Suppose this individual, to whom I have alluded, should discover that his wife was in the habit of meeting his neighbor very frequently in some retired nook or corner, and holding long and confidential conversation with him,—think you he would not suspect something wrong? Suppose he were to ask his wife what they were talking about, and she should say that he was giving her spiritual counsellor,—think you that this would be satisfactory to him? Would he permit those interviews to continue? Surely not. But why distrust the well-known prudence of his wife, and the honor of a man he has known for years? Is it wise in him to suspect a worthy man? It is not only wise, but it is proper. It would even be criminal not to do so. The man who would not forbid these interviews, would be considered a low-spirited wretch, unworthy the society of all honorable men. He would sink even in his own estimation; and how comes it, then, that this very man, so sensitive, so distrustful of the virtue of an honorable neighbor, will permit the same wife to hold *private* meetings, and *private* conversations in confessionals and in private rooms, with Romish priests,—strangers, some of them, and foreigners,—notorious for the profligacies of the orders of monks and Jesuits to which they belong, and the countries from which they came. This, I will frankly confess, is a para-

dox, which my limited powers of ratiocination do not enable me to solve. I will not say that some of those married ladies, who go to confession, are not virtuous women, but I will unhesitatingly say, that many of them have been ruined in the confessional, that they run a fearful risk in going there at all, and as it is truly said, "he that loves the danger, shall perish therein."

Let not married men, or married women, who belong to the Roman Catholic church, suppose that I mean to be disrespectful to them in what I have said or what I may say hereafter. The reverse is the fact. To them I have no personal enmity, but I have for them the most sincere compassion. I would rescue them, if I could, from those wolves in sheep's clothing, Romish priests. It is my duty to do so, as their fellow-citizen, and it is peculiarly incumbent on me to do so, as I feel that I am the only man in the United States, whose personal knowledge of facts fits him for such a task, and whose peculiar circumstances enable him to do so without bias or prejudice. I am aware they will raise a fresh hue and cry against me; Popish priests and bishops will give tongue, and the whole Romish pack, young and old, married and single, widows and maids, will follow in full chorus. They can do no more than they have done. There is scarcely a law of this land which they have not accused me of violating, ever since I presumed to say that the Bible should be circulated among the poor Roman Catholics, and that the holy mother church was not infallible. The accusations against Luther, Zuingle and Calvin, were *not greater or much more numerous, than those which*

**Papists** have brought against me, month after month, and year after year, ever since I left them. They have indicted me for assault and battery, for disturbing public worship, by which they meant the crime of worshipping God otherwise than the Pope directed. They have indicted me for rape—keep your countenance, reader—those chaste, moral priests of the Romish church have indicted me for rape. Is not that a high idea, Americans?—scarcely anything equal to it to be found in antiquity, except, perhaps, it may be in the conduct of Claudius, the Roman emperor, who, like the priests of the Romish church, had a very *great abhorrence* of everything that was in the least degree unchaste. Claudius, as the reader must know, succeeded the emperor Caligula, and that notorious wag, though elegant poet and satirist, Juvenal, tells us that he was much in the habit of accusing his subjects of the crime of adultery. “Claudius accusat macchos,” says Juvenal; whether he spoke ironically or not, those who know the life of Claudius as well as I do the lives of Romish priests, can tell best. But this is not all. They have accused me of robberies, sending and receiving challenges to fight duels, having two wives—I know not but more—at the same time. In all cases, true bills of indictment have been found; Papists appeared before the grand juries in all cases, and swore like true sons of the *infallible church*, and as long as they had no one to contradict them, the holy church triumphed. In this country, however, there happens, as yet, to be no inquisition, and there are several who doubt not only the infallibility of the *Romish church*, but even the impeccability of some

of her beloved children; and hence it happened that all their indictments evaporated into thin air. These Protestant Americans, "cowards," as Papists call them, "and *sons of cowards and pirates*," have no faith in the infallible church, and doubted the veracity of her pious children, even upon oath. The consequence was that I am left to write the history of my venerable but guilty mother, the infallible church, and am not without hope that I shall lead her back to the paths of virtue, from which, in very wantonness of crime, idolatry, brutality and wickedness she has long since departed.

It would be really amusing to see a correct list of the various accusations which Papists have made against me, with the various names and legal titles which they bore. The infallible church alone could properly classify them. There is euphony in the very sound of them; there is a variety, nothing short of oriental, in them. But to be serious; I never did, nor do I now, fear the persecution of Papists, while in the discharge of a duty which I owe to my Maker and Preserver. I could always say with sincerity and with humble gratitude, and I can say so now:—

"Let then, earth, sea and sky  
Make war against me! On my heart I show  
Their mighty Master's seal. In vain they try  
To end my life, that can but end its woe.  
Is that a death-bed where a Christian lies?  
Yes! but not his—'t is death itself there dies."

But to return to the subject from which I have digressed, without even the formality of taking leave *of my reader*; married ladies, who are members of

ne Roman Catholic church, will bear with me a little longer, I cannot consent to leave them without farther warning; and should their husbands and myself ever meet—which probably cannot be, till we meet in heaven—they will thank, in place of blaming me, for cautioning them against the seductive wiles and wicked intrigues of Romish confessors. It is probable the wearisome repetitions in my statements may give the reader a distaste to following them out, and accompanying me through them. It will, I fear, enfeeble the interest, which he might otherwise take in the result. Besides, a higher tone of thought, of literary taste, and intellectual feeling, would undoubtedly be much more pleasant to him. The nature of the subject will not admit of it, and I cannot help, in speaking upon a gross and indelicate subject, doing so in a language as unpalatable to my own taste, as to that of the reader. Besides, I am not master of any other words in the English vocabulary, better calculated to convey to those for whom this book is intended, the full meaning and purport of the statements which I make.

There is taught in the Romish church, and it prevails to an extent broad and long as the land we live in, a doctrine which I feel it my duty to explain to Americans, whether they are Protestants or converts to the church of Rome. When I say that it prevails over the extent of this country, I believe I should qualify the assertion, as I know not fully and exclusively of my own knowledge, that American converts to the Romish church are aware that such a doctrine exists; but I know that European Catholic women, especially the Irish, are taught it

by their priests, and believe it as firmly as they do that their church is infallible. It is a doctrine frightful even to think upon. I know nothing, in ancient or modern times, in heathen, pagan, or Mahomedan creeds, of equal turpitude. It is calculated to overturn all laws, human and divine. It aims a fatal and deadly blow at the root of the whole social system. It snaps, it shatters, it tears into shreds, every cord that binds community to community, man to man, wife to husband, and child to parent. It is this. Married women, who have no children and never had any, are taught by Romish priests that, in case they have no children, the church has the power of giving them fecundity, and thus enabling them to "comply with the great object of their creation," viz., "to increase and multiply." The holy church, in her wisdom, or rather in her craft and deep knowledge of human nature, knows full well that married ladies, especially those who have property, are often unhappy because they have no children; and the priests, looking upon this as a fine opportunity not only to indulge their own passions but to make money, tell such women, in the confessional, that they have the power, specially delegated to them from Almighty God, of giving them those children for which they are so anxious. I well recollect an instance of this Romish infatuation—this worse than hellish belief. It proved a source of much trouble to myself in after life, and I believe I may partly trace to it the very origin of my difficulties with the Popish priests in this country.

While officiating as a Roman Catholic priest in ———, I became acquainted with a Roman Catho-

lie lady and gentleman, of good character and considerable wealth. The husband stood well in society, and so did the wife, and I believe both deserved it. There was but one barrier, to all appearance, in the way of their happiness. They had no children; and having no blood or family alliances in the country, this seemed a source of distress to the wife, though I could not help remarking that they were an extremely fond couple. Not very long after my acquaintance with them, the wife called on me, told me her grievance in not having children, and asked me how much it would cost her to purchase from the church, her interference in the matter and the blessing of having children. I forgot my usual caution. Indignation took the place of policy; I forgot, for a moment, that I was bound to keep the secrets of the Pope and the infallible church, and to defend them both, right or wrong. I replied indignantly, "Madam, you are the dupe of priestcraft. There is no power in the church to countervail the will of God." The lady retired; and I cannot give the reader a better idea of the infatuation of Papist women, or the consummate villany of Romish priests in the confessional, than by relating what followed. She called upon me the day following, stated to me that since she saw me, she called on the reverend Mr. ———, a Franciscan friar, who lived only a few doors from me, and having told him what I said to her, he raised his hands in pious astonishment, and told her that he expected nothing better from me; that he suspected me of *heresy* for some time past, and had now a proof of it, and that *I should be cast out of the pale of the church, as fit*



society only for the devils; and accordingly in a few months after, this holy friar and the holy Romish bishop of the diocese, solemnly cursed me from the head to the toe-nails, casting me into *hell* for such damnable heresies. I understand that the lady of whom I have spoken is now blessed with an interesting family of children, and the husband one of the happiest *fathers* in the world. The friar is an exemplary and reverend servant of the *infallible* church, still hearing confessions, while I am a wicked heretic, with no human chance of salvation. "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*" Thus are the streams of domestic happiness and social life polluted in our very midst by Romish priests; and yet they are encouraged, they are fed, they are sustained, they are received into society by the very men whose wives and daughters they have ruined, and with whose happiness they have sported and gambled. I say sported, because I know of my own knowledge, that nothing affords the reverend young Yahoos of the Romish church, especially those who come from Europe, more pleasure in their private conversation, than speaking of the *gullible Yankee heretics*, who fancy themselves a match for priests in the infallible church. Could Americans witness the carousals of these infidel and idolatrous priests at their expense, it would have a better effect upon them than all I can say or write; but as time alone can effect this, I must content myself with entreating my fellow-citizens to be upon their guard with Romish bishops and priests, or they will one day *rue the consequences*.

*Once more do I find myself far from the path in*

which I commenced these pages. I intimated to the reader, somewhere in the beginning of this book, that I intended to give my reasons for leaving the Romish church; but it would seem as if I had forgotten it; at any rate, I have as yet but little more than half fulfilled it. I have, however, the satisfaction to believe, that the few I have given, up to the time of my arrival in Philadelphia, are amply sufficient. Fresh proofs have there been given to me, that the Popish church was not infallible, and that I could not, consistently with a correct sense of duty, support her doctrines or countenance the practices of her priests; but, even there, notwithstanding all I had seen and witnessed, such were the prejudices of education, that I still tried to persuade myself that Popery was religion; though I tried to circulate the Scriptures, and believed in the necessity of so doing: during four years that I spent in the college of Maynooth, they formed no portion of the education of the students. It is my firm conviction, that out of the large number of students who received their education there for the ministry, there was not one who read the four gospels through, nor any portion of them, except such as were found in detached passages, in works of controversy between Catholics and Protestants. Until I went to college, I scarcely ever heard of a Bible. I know not of one in any parish in Munster, except it may be a Latin one, which each priest may or may not have, as he pleased. But I studied closely the holy fathers of the church; so did most of the students. We were taught to rely upon them as our sole guide in morals, and the only correct interpreters of the Bible. A

right of private judgment was entirely denied to us, and represented as the source of multifarious errors. The Bible, in fact, we had no veneration for. It was, in truth, but a dead letter in our college; it was a sealed book to us; though there was not an equal number of students who were obliged to study more closely the sayings, the sophistry, the metaphysics and mystic doctrines of those raving dreamers, called holy fathers, many of whom, if now living, would be deemed mad men and dealt with accordingly. I looked back again to those fathers for proofs of the infallibility of the Romish church, and for some evidence to satisfy me that I had no right to the exercise of my private judgment, either in reading or interpreting the Scriptures,—but I looked in vain. The fathers themselves were extremely obscure. I found them often inconsistent and at variance with each other upon many of the *fundamental* articles, as they are termed, of the Popish creed. On a re-perusal of those fathers, I have found them often contradict each other. Nay, more; such frequently were the theological vagaries of these semi-deranged though well meaning men, that a careful reader will often find the same father contradicting himself. Chrysostom, whom the Papists worship as a saint, and Tertullian, another saint of theirs, flatly contradict themselves. Chrysostom says, in speaking of the *real presence* in the eucharist, that Christ gives himself bodily to be eaten, and that those who receive him, that is, the consecrated wafer, made of flour and water by a priest, may see him, touch him, and if they wish, fix *their teeth in his flesh*. In another place he says, that “the nature of the bread is not

changed at all, though it is worthy to be called the Lord's body." Tertullian in one place maintains the same doctrine in relation to the *real presence*, but in another place, he tells us, "that the meaning of the Scripture phrase, *this is my body*, is, *this is the representation of my body*." If these men were to live now,—if Jerome and Chrysostom and Tertullian were to utter such rhapsodical nonsense, what should we think of them or their followers? Yet the Romish church requires that the present generation shall forfeit all its advantages of education, science, and all the progressive advancement and expansion of intellect, and take the writings of those men as the only correct interpretation of the Word of God. It occurred to me, therefore, on a second perusal of these works, that I should reject them unconditionally. I knew full well, from my intimacy with the Romish church, that it was a maxim with the fathers, and expressly defended by them, as it is now by modern Papists, that "fraud was sometimes justifiable for a holy end, and that falsehoods were valuable auxiliaries to truth!" This doctrine is now avowed, or at least taught in the *confessional*, and in Catholic countries out of the *confessional*, as well as in every Popish college in the universe.

From these I turned to my neglected Bible, and in it I discovered no such maxims as were taught by the holy fathers, and are now inculcated by the priests. I have not found that any of the evangelists ever even intimated "that fraud was justifiable, or that it was ever lawful to do evil that good may come." Apart from all this, it appeared to me not at all unlikely that the inspired men who wrote the

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Scriptures, knew as well how to convey their own ideas to the world, as the holy fathers or the *infallible* church did; nor could I see anything heterodox, in supposing that if there was anything unintelligible or obscure in their language, they would leave us some record or note of the fact. They wrote by command, and under the direct inspiration of God; they wrote to instruct and enlighten the world; and with all due deference to the *infallible church*, and her holy fathers, I think it is fairly to be presumed, that their writings are less obscure, and more entitled to universal credence, than the rhapsodies of *fathers* and monks, one half of whom were as crazy as so many Millerites. It occurred to me, naturally, as I think it would to any man who was not *clean daft*, that I might, without presumption, invoke the aid of the Holy Spirit, take up the Bible, read it prayerfully, and interpret it honestly, according to the best of my judgment, the opinion of the holy fathers and the infallible church to the contrary notwithstanding.

Up to this very moment I was negotiating with the holy church, and the holy church negotiating with me, through Bishop England, of Charleston, and a very reverend divine now in New York, for an arrangement of our *misunderstanding*. But we could not agree. There was now a barrier between us, which I could not pass. It was now with me, not a question of church or salaries, of location or domestic associations. The controversy now between me and the Romish church assumed a grave character; it was now a question with me of light or *darkness*, of life or death. I might have gone to

Rome, fallen upon my knees, kissed the Pope's toe, and obtained the blessing of that poor old man. I might have acknowledged the *holy fathers* were better authority and were safer guides in matters of faith, and in all things that concerned eternal life, than the holy Scriptures. It was an easy matter for me, so far as human effort was necessary, to cast aside the Bible altogether, and substitute in its place the sayings and opinions of the holy fathers, whose vanity often led them to suppose themselves inspired. Nothing was easier for me than to reject the Bible as a rule of faith, and permit myself to be governed by the babblings of popes and churchmen. This language, perhaps, may be deemed disrespectful, but it is not so. I cannot apprehend how anything I say can be deemed disrespectful, while I confine myself within the limits which the example of South, Jeremy Taylor and others have prescribed. No theologian, no one acquainted with history, sacred or profane, or with the eminent Dr. Robert South, one of the most learned divines of the seventeenth century, would accuse him of any intention to disparage the memory of the early Christians, who deserve to be honored, nor any of the doctrines which they maintained, unless they were universally admitted to be so absurd, that no man of common sense could sustain them. Yet this eminent man, speaking of the doctrine of *transubstantiation*, as taught by Chrysostom and Tertullian, calls it "*the most stupendous piece of nonsense, that ever was owned before a rational world.*"

Dr. Jeremy Taylor, a distinguished Irish theologian, speaking of transubstantiation, as taught by



the holy fathers, says, "*By this doctrine, the same thing stays in a place and goes away from it; it removes from itself, and yet abides close by itself, and in itself, and out of itself; it is brought from heaven to earth, and yet is nowhere in the way, nor ever stirs out of heaven. It makes a thing contained bigger than that which contains it, and all Christ's body to go into a part of the body; his whole head into his own mouth, if he did eat the eucharist, as it is probable that he did, and certain that he might have done.*" But the real presence of the body and blood of Jesus Christ was not the only nonsense which these holy fathers taught. They believed largely in the doctrine of miracles.

Ambrose, who was Bishop of Milan about the year 350, has been always, and is now, considered by the Popish church one of her best authorities. Papists tell us, that while he lay an infant in his cradle, a swarm of bees settled upon his lips as a presage of his future eloquence; and I believe it is generally admitted, that if any of the fathers quoted by Papists is good authority in matters of *faith*, he is among the best. During my doubts whether I should take the fathers of the Romish church, or the holy Bible for my guide, I was led especially to the examination of the doctrines maintained by St. Ambrose and those taught in the Bible, and never before did I see that common, though vulgar saying, "comparisons are odious," more strictly fulfilled. I will take one, for example.

Among the many rhapsodies taught by St. Ambrose, a belief in Popish miracles was the most prominent. He taught, as I have stated above, that

the wafer which a Romish priest gives to a communicant, was the solid *flesh* of Christ, and so solid, that he who received it might *stick his teeth into the flesh*.

The following is another specimen of the miracles in which he believed. The Empress Justina asked St. Ambrose for one of the Romish churches for the use of the Arian sect. He refused her, and was then about to consecrate that sumptuous basilic, afterwards called St. Ambrose's church. The people, as we are told, were anxious to deposit in the edifice the relics of some martyr,—relics were used by the holy father Ambrose then, as they are now by Popish priests,—to cure all diseases. The people insisted upon having them, and accordingly the holy father promised that they should be procured. Paulinus and Augustine tell us that "he was favored with a vision of two martyrs, who were never before heard of, named Gervusius and Protusius, who, hearing in heaven of the holy father's design to build a Popish church, instantly fled from their place of repose, and told him that they were murdered by infidel heretics in such a place, and on such a day; that if he would send men with spades and shovels to the place designated, they would find their bones, and to have them removed and deposited in the new church." The holy saint, in compliance with this glorious information, which he received in a vision, sent a number of men with spades, shovels, pickaxes, &c., and they soon found the "bodies of two men of wonderful stature." The heads were separate from the bodies, and the ground all round was soaked with blood. I use the language of the holy fathers themselves,

translated into English, which, considering that all the flesh had already disappeared, may be considered a complication of miracles, unless it can be supposed, as the relator wickedly observes, "that it may be new created." As the workmen proceeded down towards the martyrs' resting-place, "their skeletons began to bestir themselves in such powerful sort, that an urn was thrown with violence from its pedestal, and rolled to the sacred spot; and some of the *possessed*, who had been brought upon such a promising occasion to be exorcised, began to howl and scream in the most lamentable ways, thus giving attestation to the power of glorious martyrs." "The relics, blood and bones were carefully removed to the new basilic, and on the road many miracles were wrought on diseased persons, who were so happy as to touch them; such was their virtue, that even to touch the pall which covered them was sufficient." Among others, a butcher, who had been a long time blind, was restored to sight. The blood of these martyrs was worked up into paste, and distributed all over Christendom, as an antidote against all diseases.

The writings of the *holy* fathers abound with legends of this kind. We are told by them, that one of the Romish saints in Egypt, named Apia Till, suffered martyrdom, after being cut to pieces ten times each day, for ten successive days, by the tyrant, Maximin, and was every night put together by the angel Gabriel. Another tells us, that he has a bottle in which are corked up carefully some of the "rays of the star of Bethlehem, handed down to posterity by one of the wise men who went in search of the new-born Saviour." Another of those *infallible* lu-

natics tells us, "that he has sealed up in perfect preservation some of the sounds of the bells used at Solomon's Temple."

Among the innumerable miracles in which the holy fathers of the Romish church believed, or pretended to believe, there are some so ridiculously incredible, that humanity itself, in the lowest depths of degradation into which it has fallen, blushes at their repetition. It is gravely related by a Roman Catholic divine,—and no Roman Catholic in the United States disbelieves it,—that the sacrament of the *Eucharist*, or, to make it more intelligible to my readers, the wafer which the priest gives to the sick, and elevates to the people while saying mass, was conveyed into a bee-hive. In all probability, it dropped out of the pocket of some priest. The bees were found dead, and in the midst of them the wafer became an infant Christ, looking like other infants, but more beautiful. (See Peter Cluniac, first book, first chapter.) It is related by another Romish writer, that a hive of bees was once heard singing most harmoniously. A devout priest, passing by, happened to look in, and saw among them the holy sacrament of the Eucharist, to which they were singing glory and praise.

There is scarcely an American traveller, of any note, who has not visited Naples. There are now in that city of worse than Pagan idolatry, some of those *converts*, which Bishop Fenwick says "he has made from the "*most* respectable Protestant families in Boston." The bishop was right in one thing. The families to which he alluded, are highly and deservedly respectable; their children are respecta-

ble, and these parents can have no objection that I should appeal to them for the truth of any assertion I make. I appeal to those *American converts* now in Italy, whether it is not believed there, that Saint Januarius, on a certain day, is invoked to be "propitious to the people." During this invocation, in which the whole city, and thousands upon thousands from the neighboring country, unite, certain ceremonies are performed, bells are rung, every one goes to *confession*, masses are said, incense offered, *holy water* is sprinkled profusely, beads are counted, relics are kissed, and when all this is over, a priest comes forth from the sacristy of the church, preceded and followed by an immense train of boys, bearing lights, &c., &c. The priest holds in his hand some of the *blood* of St. Januarius, formed into a hard *crust*. He calls upon the saint to be *propitious*, and to grant his prayer. If the saint is willing to be *propitious*, the crust of the saint's blood, which the priest holds in his hand, bubbles into a red liquid. For a true account of this, I refer the general reader to Dr. Moore's Tour. The doctor was the father of Sir John Moore, and was an eye-witness of this mummerly; but I will refer those *respectable Protestant families*, from whom the Jesuit Bishop Fenwick says he has made so many converts, to their own children, now in Naples, and who have been seduced by these arrant and designing knaves,—Popish priests and bishops,—to abandon their homes, their country, and their civil rights, and give them in exchange for such degrading mummeries as they are now witnessing in Italy. Their children will tell *them* that what I state is correct. Let these parents

reflect, that probably they themselves are the cause of the errors into which their children have been decoyed. It was recently observed by an eminent divine of Boston, that the great prosperity of this country may be the cause of the many evils which threaten our people. The sentiment appears strange to many, but the eloquent gentleman was right. The downfall of nations might always be traced to their superabundant wealth and prosperity. The same may be applied to individuals. Reader, did you ever see infidelity in a cottage? Never, where the Bible has found its way. Misery you will find there, but that you will find in palaces. The poor love the name and the religion of Christ. The puritan fathers of the nabobs of this land loved them, and they had reason to do so. To religion and to the Bible they are indebted for all their worldly comfort, their liberty, and their civil rights; and the parents who permit their children to be seduced from their tender care by Jesuits, notorious for centuries for nothing but fraud, deception, seduction and avarice, have a long account to settle with their Eternal Master. Let them take heed, lest their wealth be the cause of the temporal and spiritual poverty of their beloved children.

Be not startled, reader, if I inform you that a miracle, more incredible than that of the blood of Januarius, has been wrought in these United States only a few years ago, if we are to believe a Roman Catholic bishop, who was reputed to be one of the most talented men in the Romish church.

Who is it, that does not recollect the notorious Prince Hohenloe, who, a few years ago, played so

many "fantastic tricks before high Heaven," and who, if we are correctly informed by his Popish biographers, wrought more miracles in one month, than the Saviour of mankind did during the whole course of his ministerial life?

It appears that the Popish priests and nuns of the United States have been for several years expecting, or, at least, pretending to expect, some miraculous evidence of divine favor in their behalf. The nuns and *sisters of charity* in the convents of Emmetsburg and Georgetown felt jealous that their *brothers* and *sisters* in Europe should be empowered to work and witness miracles almost daily, and thereby enrich their convents, while they themselves had not a single miracle among them,—at least, of their own manufacture. Up to that time, as far as I know, no miracle was performed or witnessed by Popish nuns and *lay sisters* in the United States. This was deemed a serious calamity. It was even a loss of revenue, and this the priests and nuns knew full well. Something must be done; revenue must be had from some source; and the unprincipled priests and bishops of this country, understanding well the weaknesses and imperfections of humanity, knowing that human nature is the same in all nations and among all people, and seeing the vast benefits, which, in a pecuniary point of view, their church derived from the belief of their people in miracles, resolved to try an experiment, upon a small scale, upon *brother Jonathan*. Accordingly, about the year 1828, when *St. Hohenloe* was in all his glory, *his divine* power shining in full blaze, the bishops and priests of the Roman Catholic church resolved

upon having a miracle of their own, instanter. The following was their *modus operandi*:

A *lay sister* in the nunnery of Emmetsburg or Georgetown, I forget which, was taken ill. She bore her indisposition, which was attended with *excruciating pains*,—"risum teniatis,"—with *angelic resignation*. The best medical aid was always at hand, but she grew worse and worse every day, until her case became hopeless. Her recovery was pronounced impossible. Medical aid could do no more; her whole time was devoted to prayer; but,—*miribile dictu*,—one night, as she lay in momentary expectation of death, the spirit of Prince Hohenloe paid her a visit, bid her be of good cheer, and directed her to have *mass* said for her in her room on a certain day, and at a certain hour,—naming both,—and that, when the priest raised up the wafer at mass, she should look at it, and would see the infant Saviour in his hands, body and blood, soul and divinity, and in shape and form like other infants. She communicated this visit from the saint to her *confessor*. He, as is usual in these cases, did not believe it at first; but the saint visited him, too, and reprimanded him for his incredulity. Bishop England, of Charleston, was immediately sent for. The circumstance of the saint's visit was related to him; he pretended to disbelieve it also for a while, but was finally convinced of its truth, and consented to say mass on the appointed day and hour in the lay sister's sick room, and, almost incredible to relate, this Bishop England, a man of talent, and a man of sense, though the slave of the Pope of Rome, vouches in a letter to the public, through the *Catholic Miscel-*



*lany*, which he himself then edited, that the whole of this *lay sister's* fal-deral was true,—that the saint visited her,—that he said mass according to his instructions, and that she saw in *his hands*, not a little wafer, made of flour and water, *but a full grown infant*, in all the natural proportions of humanity.

I regret extremely that I have not the Catholic Miscellany, containing an account of this transaction by Bishop England himself, as it is hardly to be expected that Americans can otherwise believe it; but undoubtedly Bishop Hughs, of New York, and Bishop Fenwick, of Boston, must have files of the Miscellany, containing an account of this miraculous event.

Is this not enough of itself to deter any man, endowed with the faculty of reason, from holding any communion whatever with Roman Catholic bishops and priests? A degradation of the understanding like this, and among a people like ours, cannot exist, unaccompanied with depravity of heart. The intellect cannot be darkened, when the heart is pure and bright, and such a heart cannot be possessed by a Papist who remains so after a thorough knowledge of Popish iniquities, which all priests and bishops are supposed to have. I declare it as my solemn conviction, and from my perfect knowledge of Popery, that a thoroughly educated Popish priest, I mean thoroughly educated in Popery, can no longer retain the image of the Deity, which the God of nature has stamped upon every created mind, undefiled or undebased, while he has any connection *with the church of Rome*. That church is and ever

has been the curse of the earth, the scourge of all good governments, and the greatest obstacle to the Divine Will. Under this conviction, I have addressed myself to the public in this book. Under this conviction I have taken the liberty of appealing to Protestant families, and cautioning them against the intrigues of priests. It was this conviction that induced me to disregard that ancient aphorism which says, "If the people will be deceived, let them be deceived." I felt that the people had no chance to escape deception, unless the truth were known and fairly explained to them. When dust is thrown into the eyes of the people, or even into those of private families, it is the duty of every man, and mine as well as that of others, to remove and clear it away; otherwise, I should be undeserving of the blessings and privileges secured to me by the laws of this country. Could I rest supinely and see a body of men prevail by artifice, who hate the very name of liberty, without resisting them as far as in me lay, I should be acting criminally. It is bad enough to tolerate amongst us miracle-mongers and convicted idolaters; but to allow them to continue in the practice and propagation of such deeds, without warning our people and cautioning them against being drawn into the whirlpool of Popish corruption, which now foams and boils and bubbles over our land, would show in me an ingratitude towards this country, to which I owe everything I am, and which gives me as good a right as others to expect much more.

It is strange that we should have amongst us a society called Puseyites, who believe as firmly as

Papists do in the long-exploded doctrine of miracles,—a doctrine upon which age after age has pronounced an unqualified verdict of censure and reprobation. Yet so it is. Allow me to give you an example of the long list of miracles in which they believe.

“Sixty confessors were made prisoners by Huneric, the tyrant king of the African Vandals, in the 4th century. He ordered their tongues to be cut out, even to the roots, inclusively; but notwithstanding this loss of their tongues, roots and all, they lived many years after, and spoke more plainly than ever.”

The reverend Mr. Ward, a distinguished friend of Puseyism, now living in England, and looked upon by the Puseyites in the United States as one of the most able advocates of their wild doctrine, assures us with great gravity, and on the authority of the holy fathers of the middle ages, that the above fact is true, and as much entitled to credit as anything related in the holy Scriptures. He even tells us that “to attribute anything like idolatry, or anything approaching it, to such men as related the above and similar facts, was a *fearful approximation to blasphemy against the Holy Ghost.*”

The Mr. Ward to whom I allude is well known to many literary men in this country, as the author of a work recently published, and called *Ward's Ideal of a Christian Church*. The name of the work is assuredly an appropriate one. His church must be *ideal* indeed. It is something invisible, intangible, hitherto unknown and never heard of before.

either in scriptural or church history; and where he found the materials, out of which he formed this *ideal* of a Christian church, must be known only to himself. But Mr. Ward is a philosopher,—so say the Puseyites,—and philosophers now-a-days have some strange dreams. They had such in all times and in all ages of the Christian, as well as the heathen world. “Oh! there is a husk and shell, Yorick, which grows up with learning, which their unskilfulness knows not how to fling away. Sciences may be learned by rote, said my father to Yorick. Yorick thought my father inspired.”

Whether Puseyites think Mr. Ward inspired or not, I am at a loss to know; nor am I a judge; but that he is a *philosopher*, is beyond doubt. Nor do I feel the least hesitancy in saying that he will have, one day or another, his name inscribed in the same niche, and his ashes rest in the same urn, with such *distinguished* men as Joe Smith, Hiram Smith and O. Brownson, all conspicuously eminent *philosophers*. The fact of my not understanding one word these eminent *philosophers* have uttered, is no argument against their *ideal* churches, or their *ideal* theories.

“I will enter into obligations this moment, said my father, to lay out all my Aunt Dinah’s legacy in charitable uses, if the corporal has any one determinate idea, annexed to any one word he has repeated.” Thus spoke the learned author of the *Tristrapedia* to *Trim*; but it by no means followed, that *Trim* was not a philosopher, no more than it does that Mr. Ward and other Puseyite doctors are not philosophers, though not one of them has any

one determinate idea annexed to any one word they have said or written.

Thrice honored, then, be Monks, Mormonites, Millerites and Brownsonites. All will have their day, and so will common sense.

I am apprehensive that some will accuse me of levity in my manner of alluding to Puseyism. Others will say that I should have mentioned no names, or, if I did, I should have treated them with respect and kindness. Far be it from me to treat a grave subject lightly; but when I see the whole Christian world represented as profligate, and the Popish world alone represented as sinless and pure, by the authors of Puseyism, I can scarcely treat such a false representation and perversion of truth otherwise than with contempt and irony; and when I bring before the public the names of some of the individuals who have merited this, by exhibiting themselves as the authors and abettors of these gross outrages upon all that is sacred among men and among nations, I only do them justice. Are acts alone, and not their consequences, to be noticed? Are we to take cognizance of effects, and pass by in silence their causes? Are we to wage a *seven years' war* against Ward's *Ideal of a Christian Church*, and against other ideals of moonstricken dreamers, and say not a word of the dreamers themselves, or the consequences that follow from them? Suppose we had here in Boston, or New York, the hydrophobia; suppose a citizen were in pursuit of the mad dog which introduced it; would any of my readers say to the citizen, never mind the dog, let him go, *but take care of the hydrophobia?* Assuredly not.

The name, the color, the appearance of the dog, and the symptoms of his madness, should be proclaimed to the public, lest he might scatter the hydrophobia still further amongst them. Suppose an incendiary was seen on the streets of one of our large and populous cities, say, for instance, Boston or New York, and that our police officers were in pursuit of him; let us fancy a crowd of sympathizers interfering and saying to the officers, let that man alone; pursue him no farther; do not even mention that he is an incendiary; it may be the cause of sending him to gaol, or, perhaps, to the state prison for life; say nothing to any one against him,—but take care of fires. See well to it that the city is not burned. What, under these circumstances would be thought of the sympathizers? Who would feel for *them* if the city was reduced to ashes? Who would feel for *them* if their homes were rendered desolate, and their wives and children made houseless. I would not check the generous or natural flow of human sympathy, but I do not know that I should do wrong in saying, that such men deserved no commiseration.

Under these circumstances, why should I be accused of treating a grave subject lightly or ironically? Never did the witty Lord Shaftsbury utter a plainer truth than when he said, that ridicule is one of those principal lights or natural mediums by which things are to be viewed, in order to a thorough recognition.

I am aware that there are many objections to the use of ridicule and irony, in speaking on grave subjects; but, as Fielding very properly observes, there can be no objection to making use of its assistance

in expelling and banishing all falsehood and imposture when once fairly detected; and as this method is for my present purpose unexceptionable, I think it will also prove efficacious.

Having perused the dreams, or, if the reader prefers it, opinions of the holy fathers, and taken a glance at those of a new sect amongst us called Puseyites,—which is but another name for Popery,—I could see no reason why I should believe them of higher authority than the Scriptures, or why I should not prefer the latter for my rule of faith. The holy fathers of the church of Rome, and her unbaptized children, Puseyites, seem to me of equal authority. I say unbaptized, because I know not that their reputed parents, the Pope and his spouse, the church of Rome, ever thought of such a thing as Puseyite. I am rather inclined to think that the venerable couple are, up to this moment, unconscious of having any paternity whatever in Puseyism. At any rate, *their* holy fathers, such as Mr. Ward, Newman and others, appear to me as *demented* and *clean daft* as any that ever existed in the middle ages. The “Knight of Cervantes,” as a late number of the London Quarterly expresses it, “never abandoned himself to delirious musings, on the faded glories of chivalry, more madly than these sentimentalists to visions of Popish powers, and the glories of the saints.”

The Bible was with them a matter of minor consideration. I knew by experience that it was so; and I know that it is so at the present day, with every priest and bishop of the Romish church. I *was* aware then, as I am now, that it was perfectly

useless to attempt reasoning with them, and I had, of course, no alternative left but to cast from me their writings and doctrines, as the veriest trash that ever was written, and seek from the Bible, the fountain of truth, instructions for my future life. I looked upon the majority of the holy fathers either as notorious blockheads or dishonest knaves. There is no alternative. There is not even a medium.

But to return to the subject, from which I have so widely, though unconsciously deviated.

Soon after my arrival in Philadelphia, I became acquainted with a Protestant family. I had the pleasure of dining occasionally with them, and could not help noticing a seemingly delicate young man, who waited at the table. There was something in the countenance and whole appearance of this individual which struck me as singular. I could see no indication of positive wickedness or signal depravity in the external configuration of the young man's head. The expression of the eye indicated meekness, humility, and habitual obedience, rather than anything else; but I could see, nevertheless, in the closely-compressed lips and furtive glance, which I could only occasionally catch,—and even then by a sort of stealth,—something that puzzled me. I know not why, but I could not like him. There was no cause, as far as I could see, why I should dislike the young man. Constitutionally, I was myself rather fearless than otherwise. I cannot recollect that, with equal means of defence, I ever before feared any one.

I do not desire to be considered a braggadocio, nor do I make this assertion with any such view. I



have not in my composition,—if I know myself,—a single particle of bravery, neither do I covet its possession. I have often seen men of bravery tremble at the roaring of a lion, caged up and strongly chained in a menagerie. I have often seen and heard a brave man whistle as he passed through a church-yard; a brave man will shudder and quail at the very sight of his own shadow. A bully, a cut-throat, a highway robber, a Jesuit, or a traitor, may be brave; conspirators against the peace and prosperity of their country may be, and have been, brave men. I desire not to belong to this class; but I desire sincerely to merit the high distinction of being considered a man of courage. To this class all sincere Christians belong. To this class all who were distinguished for virtue and morality, even among the heathens, belonged. Witness the conduct of Cicero. He sought to shelter himself against the violent assaults and personal attacks of the conspirator Catiline; he wished no unnecessary, uncalled-for collision with this blood-thirsty villain, when no good could follow, and his duty did not require it. But when the good of his country demanded it, and the voice of conscience called upon him, Cicero came forth, alone, and met the conspirator, Catiline, in the presence of the whole senate of Rome, and charged him, face to face, with his crimes, his treason, and his conspiracy. Cicero was not a brave man, according to the acceptation of the word bravery among the assassins and stiletto-bearers of his day, nor would he be considered so in the acceptation of the word among the brawling *repealers*

O'Connellites, traitors and conspirators of the present day; but he was a man of courage.

There is a wide difference between a brave man, and a man of courage. A brave man may stand at the mouth of the cannon, while under the influence of some animal emotion, and quail even at an imaginary danger; but a courageous man smiles at all such things, and calmly prepares, and is always ready to meet those that are real. A man may be brave, and fear the whistling of the wind; but a courageous man fears nothing, not even the whistling of the cannon's ball.

Luther was not a brave man, in the modern acceptance of that term. He rushed not among his foes; they hunted him like a wild beast, but they turned him not from his path. He met them face to face. He unfurled the standard of Christianity; he took his stand, and met them, and fought them under that glorious banner. He was not brave, but he was a man of courage.

These are the men I should like to imitate, and their courage,—“*Sic magna cum parvis componere solebam*,”—is that which Popish priests and Jesuits, traitors to their God and this country of my adoption, will find I possess, as far as my limited powers of mind or body will permit.

Cicero looked Catiline in the face, and told him he was a conspirator and a traitor. Luther looked the miracle and indulgence mongers of Germany in the face, and told them they were base idolaters; and I tell the minions of the Pope in the United States, that they are worthless idolaters, traitors and conspirators against the peace of this country, and

that their sovereign lord, the Pope of Rome, should be made to feel that his bulls and insolent interference in the affairs of the United States, shall soon meet that chastisement which is due to treason and its abettors.

But to return. I could never find the eye of this man fixed upon me without an involuntary feeling of dread. I met him often in the streets; he always seemed neat and tidy in his person; he was civil and respectful in his deportment; never seemed to forget that society had its grades, and that circumstances had clearly designated his own. With that he seemed well contented; never, as far as I could see, seeming to feel the least desire of intruding upon that of others. This being rather a rare case in the United States, twenty years ago, at any rate, when it was difficult to get servants who knew their places, struck me as another singular feature in his manner and character, and did not at all tend to remove the unpleasant impressions which his appearance made upon my mind. Not long after this, a messenger called at my rooms to say that "Theodore ——" was taken ill, and wished to see me. I was then officiating as a Romish priest, and calling to see him, was shown up stairs to the door of a garret room, into which, after a loud rap and announcing my name, I was admitted to the *sick young man*. He had returned to his bed before I entered, and was wrapped in a large overcloak. I asked him whether he wanted to see me, and for what purpose. He deliberately turned out of his bed, locked the door again, very respectfully handed me a chair, and asked me to sit down, as he had something very im-

portant to tell me. He wrapped himself again in his cioak, lay on the outside of the bed, and spoke to me in a firm, decided tone to the following effect :

“Sir, you have taken me for a young man, but you are mistaken. I am a girl, but not so young as I appeared to you in my boy’s dress. I sent for you, because I want to get a *character*, and confess to you before I leave the city.” I answered, “You must explain yourself more fully before you do either.” I moved my chair further from the bed, and tightened my grasp upon a sword-cane which I carried in my hand. “Feel no alarm,” said this now young woman ; “I am as well armed as you are,”—taking from under her jacket an elegant poignard,—“I will not hurt you. I am a *lay sister* belonging to the order of Jesuits in Stonyhust, England, and I wear this dagger to protect myself.” There was no longer any mystery in the matter. I knew now where I was, and the character of the being that stood before me.

I discovered from her that she arrived in New Orleans, some time previous, with all necessary recommendations to the priests and nuns of that city. She had the necessary “Shibboleth” from the Jesuits of Stonyhust, to their brothers and sisters, who were then, and are now, numerous in that city. They received her with all due caution, as far as could be seen by the public ; but privately in the warmest manner. Jesuits are active and diligent in the discharge of their duties to their superiors, and of course, this *sister*, who was chosen from among many for her zeal and craft, lost no time in entering on her mission. The *Sisters of Charity* in New Orleans took immediate charge of her, recommended

her as chambermaid to one of the most respectable Protestant families in the city; and having clothed her in an appropriate dress, she entered upon her employment. She was active, diligent and very competent. The young ladies of the family were delighted with her; she appeared extremely pious, but not ostentatiously so. She seemed desirous to please in all things; talked but seldom of religion, but took good care that her devotional exercises should be noticed, though she seemed to avoid such a thing. Her conduct was in every way unexceptionable. So great a favorite did she become in the family, that in a short time she became acquainted with all the circumstances and secrets, from those of the father down to those of the youngest child.

According to a custom universally in vogue among the Jesuit spies, she kept notes of every occurrence which may tend to elucidate the character of the family, never carrying them about her, but depositing them for safe keeping with the mother abbess, especially deputed to take charge of them. She soon left this family under some pretext or other, obtained from them an unqualified recommendation for honesty and competency, which, with the previous and secret arrangements of the *Sisters of Charity*, obtained for her without delay a place in another Protestant family. Here, too, she was without fault, active, honest and industrious, to all appearance. Little did these families know that while they and their children were quietly reposing in the arms of sleep, this apparently innocent waitingmaid or chambermaid was, perhaps, in the dead *hour of night*, reducing to paper their conversation

of the day previous, and preparing it, at least as much of it as could answer any Jesuitical purpose, to be recorded among the secret archives of the Jesuit college of Stonyhust, from which they were to be transcopied to those of the parent college in Rome.

Thus did this *lay sister* continue to go from place to place, from family to family, until she became better acquainted with the politics, the pecuniary means, religious opinions, and whether favorable or not to the propagation of Popery in this country, than even the very individuals with whom she resided. No one suspected her; all believed her innocent and industrious; the only fault they could find with her, was that she seemed too fond of going from one place to another. For this, however, the *Sisters of Charity* had some salvo or other.

This was not the best of the joke, if joke it may be called. This excellent chambermaid, or rather lay Jesuit sister, wished to leave New Orleans and come north to a better climate; and how do you think, reader, the means were raised to defray the expenses of travelling? There was no difficulty in the matter. Americans can be gulled at all times. The *Sisters of Charity* have always some friend in readiness to supply them with the means of performing *corporal works of mercy*. This friend went round to these American families where this chambermaid lived from time to time; told them that she wanted to come on as far as Baltimore; that it was a pity to have her travel as a steerage passenger; a person of her virtue and correct deportment should not be placed in a situation where she might be liable to insult or rude treat-

men. A cabin passage should be procured for her; she should be introduced to some respectable family who were going north, and would take charge of her. The necessary funds were immediately collected for her; the generous Protestants with whom she lived, pitying the poor girl, told her she might want the little she had earned to support herself in the north, until she could get a place. A handsome purse was soon made up, a cabin passage was engaged, and the young ladies on whom she waited made her presents of every article of dress necessary for her comfort or convenience. She was the depository of all their love-stories,—she knew the names of their lovers, she heard their love-sighs, and probably witnessed many of their tears; at all events, if there were secrets among them, they were known to her; and having made herself acquainted with the state of things in New Orleans, she started for Baltimore, laughing in her sleeves at the success of her mission so far, and at the credulity of American *dolts*, as Jesuits very properly term them.

On arriving in Baltimore, she, of course, called upon the nuns of that city, who were prepared for her reception, and had already a situation engaged for a “chambermaid whom they expected from New Orleans, and who was coming highly recommended by some of the first families in that city.” She took possession of a place as soon as convenient, spent several months in that city, discharging all her duties faithfully, no one finding any fault with her, except her restlessness in not staying long with any family. Having now become acquainted with the *secrets* and circumstances of almost every Protestant

family of note in Baltimore, and made her report to the mother abbess of the nunnery of her order in that city, she retired to the District of Columbia, and after advising with the mother abbess of the convent, she determined to change her apparent character and appearance.

By advice of *that venerable lady, the holy prioress*, on whom many of the wives of our national representatives, and even grave senators, look as an example of *piety and chastity*, she cut short her hair, dressed herself in a smart-looking waiter's jacket and trowsers, and, with the best recommendations for intelligence and capacity, she, in her new dress, applied for a situation as waiter at Gadsby's Hotel in Washington city. This smart and tidy-looking young man got instant employment; and now we have the *lay* sister in quite a different character. His intelligent countenance,—we must not say her in future,—soon attracted the notice of some of our most eloquent statesmen. He appeared so humble, so obedient and so unattentive to anything but his own business, that those senators on whom he waited, not suspecting that he had the ordinary curiosity of servants in general, were entirely thrown off their guard, and in their conversations with one another seemed to forget their usual caution. Such in a short time was their confidence in him, that their most important papers and letters were left loose upon their tables, satisfied with saying, as they were going out, "Theodore, take care of my room and papers."

Now the Jesuit was in *her* glory. Now the lay sister had an opportunity of knowing many of our



national secrets, as well as the private characters of some of our eminent statesmen. Now it was known whether Henry Clay was a gambler; whether Daniel Webster was a libertine; whether John C. Calhoun was an honorable but credulous man. Now it was known what value was put upon Popish influence in this country, and what were the hopes of Papist foreigners in the United States. In fact, this lay sister in male uniform, and but a waiter in Gadsby's Hotel, was thus enabled to give more correct information of the actual state of things in this country, through the General of the Jesuit Order in Rome, than the whole corps diplomatic from foreign countries then resident at our seat of government.

After relating to me in her sick room,—as the family in which she lived fancied it was,—all these circumstances, she deliberately said to me, “I want a *written* character from you. You must state in it that I have *complied with my duty*; and as it is necessary that I should wear a cap for a while, having cut off my hair, you must say that you visited me in my sick room, that I confessed to you, received the *viaticum*, and had just recovered from a violent fever. in which I lost my hair. My business is not done yet,” said she. “I must go to New York, where the *Sisters of Charity* will find a place for me as waiting-maid.” It is needless to say with what reluctance any man could comply with such a request as this; and my having done so, is a stronger evidence than I have heretofore given of the indomitable strength of early education.

The conduct of this emissary of Satan, was the embodiment of all that was iniquitous and dishon-

orable; it was a violation of every tie that holds society together; it was a part of a system of social, political, moral, public and private treachery, which no other being than a devil or a Jesuit could devise. Yet I was a Popish priest. My education, my profession, my oath, compelled me to sanction it; and I did sanction it. The *lay sister* retired to New York, put on her female dress, and during some months following, acted as a chambermaid in several of the wealthiest Protestant families in that city. A few weeks after she obtained from me this character, the Rev. Mr. ———, (I will give his name in full if necessary,) President of the Jesuit college in Stonyhust, to which I have alluded, and where this demon, now in petticoats, was a lay sister, called on me in Philadelphia. We were old acquaintances, he being Vice President of the college of Maynooth for about twelve months.

The misunderstanding between myself and the acting superior of the diocese of Pennsylvania, had just commenced, and my friend, the Jesuit, thought it his duty to call upon me. He hoped that I would abandon my schismatic course,—I was not then a heretic,—and cease to circulate the Bible among the people. He never alluded to the *lay sister* during our whole conversation, though he was the very man who caused her to be sent out to this country, and the one who first procured her the situation of *lay sister at Stonyhust*. Both were relatives, and both natives of Dublin, in Ireland.

Whether the relation of this circumstance will have the effect of putting Americans on their guard

against Jesuits and nuns, I know not; and in truth, such is their apathy on the general subject of Popery, that I am tempted to say, I care not. My impression is, that until some attack is made upon an American's purse, and Popery becomes a question of dollars and cents, Jonathan will never be roused from his apathy. So far as I know Americans, as the antagonists of Popery, they will listen to no argument upon the subject, either in their national councils or in their pulpits, except to the one great argument, the "*Argumentum ad crumonam.*" I will only say, "*Qui vult descipatur.*"

It is unnecessary, I presume, to remark here, that the conduct of the modern *fathers* of the Popish church, in sending to this country the *lay sister* of whom I have been speaking, and encouraging her as a spy amongst our citizens, did not tend much to diminish my doubts about the veracity of the *ancient fathers*.

Providentially, however, another circumstance occurred, which finally decided me. It is of so atrocious a character, that if there were not several now living, who witnessed the whole transaction, I would scarcely mention it; or if I did, it could be with little or no hope of being believed by Americans, although some money is mixed up with the affair.

There lived in Philadelphia, about the year 1822 or 1823, a gentleman of high character as a sea captain and otherwise. He commanded an East-Indiaman, belonging to one of the wealthiest houses in that city. One of the firm now lives there, though at an advanced period of life. This captain *of whom I speak*, was in the habit of visiting Balti-

more, whenever he returned from the East Indies. He was a remarkably fine-looking man, and believed to be worth from one hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand dollars. He shipped largely upon his own account, and was successful.

While in Baltimore, he formed an attachment for a Roman Catholic lady of beauty, but no fortune. The Reverend Mr. K——, the Stonyhust Jesuit, whom I mentioned, happened to be there during one of the captain's visits to that city, to see this lady. The Jesuit having discovered who the captain was, what he was, and how much money he was worth, obtained an introduction to him from this Roman Catholic lady. He soon found that, like most men whose lives have been spent upon the sea, he was a frank, open-hearted man. A little further intimacy satisfied him, that he was deeply in love with this Popish lady. His course was now clear. The Jesuit serpent saw plainly that his prey was within striking distance; that he need only coil himself into a proper attitude and spring upon it at his leisure. He represented to the captain, that the lady to whom he was paying his attentions was one of the most amiable and excellent of her sex; highly approved of the captain's taste and judgment; with many other such observations. The captain was more and more pleased with the object of his affections, and urged his suit with increased assiduity. The Jesuit in the mean time was not idle; his eye rested with a serpent-like fascinating gaze upon the movements and money of the captain. He had private interviews with the lady. He contrived to have her become his *penitent*, and go to confession to him.

His control over her in future was boundless. She lost her identity as a member of society. She almost ceased to be a human being; a rational one she could not be. She became a thing, a mere thing to be shaped and moulded as her *holy father* the Jesuit directed. He spoke to her of the captain, of his great attachment to her, and recommended to her to marry him, but on condition that he should become a Roman Catholic. He talked eloquently of the awful consequences of having a member of the *infallible* church unite herself to a heretic, whom she knew to be excommunicated and damned by the Pope and the holy church, as all heretics are, and finally obtained from the young lady a solemn promise that she should never marry her suitor, until he became a member of the church of Rome.

When the captain next called to see her, the lady told him that she had one objection, and only one, to marrying him; unless that was removed, she could never consent to do so; and stated to him what that objection was. The unsuspecting and frank sailor, not being a professor of any religion, and caring very little to what church he might go, replied, that he would as soon be a Roman Catholic as anything else. All things were now arranged, except the formality of uniting with the Popish church. The Jesuit was sent for, and it was agreed that the marriage should take place in a few weeks, during which time the captain, under the direction of the Jesuit, was to prepare himself for confession; a necessary preliminary for joining the Popish church.

It is a custom with Jesuits, and almost with all

priests of the Romish church, to require of those who are about uniting with them, to go into what they call a retreat; viz. to enter into some desert or secluded place, where they will have an opportunity of communing with themselves, without interruption from the world or its busy citizens. The Jesuit recommended to his unfortunate doge, the captain, to retire to ——— convent where he might be alone as much as he pleased, and where he would hear nothing but songs of praise to the Most High God, from *blessed monks and nuns*.

The captain, according to orders, entered upon his retreat. Before I proceed further I will observe that this captain, of whom I am speaking, had a remarkably beautiful set of teeth, of which it was said he was extremely vain. He was not many days upon his retreat, when symptoms of derangement became evident; and one day, while under the influence of some natural or artificial cause—the reader may guess which—the unfortunate gentleman went down to Alexandria, called upon a dentist in that city or neighborhood, and insisted that he should pull out seven teeth from each jaw. In vain did the dentist remonstrate; out they must come and out they did come.

The Jesuit hastened to Baltimore, called upon the lady who was engaged to be married, told her the captain was insane, beyond recovery, and that she should be thankful to the Virgin Mary, who caused this visitation in time to prevent her from being married to a madman. Judge you, Americans, of the feelings of this lady on that occasion, and say what ought to be the punishment of the incarnate

fiend who occasioned them. The poor captain, though considerably recovered, continued to be partially deranged; but it assumed a character of religious gloom and melancholy. The Jesuit returned to ———, seeming to do all in his power to lighten the *spiritual* load which lay upon the captain's soul. He became his confessor, and soon persuaded him that the only way of saving his soul, was to convey to the order of Jesuits what property he possessed, and to become a Popish priest; that he had a visit from the Virgin Mary, who ordered him to tell him—the captain—that he must take holy orders; that there was a grand field opened for him to promote the cause of religion and the *saints*; that he must go forthwith to Philadelphia, where an infamous heretic called Hogan was spreading most *damnable* heresies. Will you believe it, Americans? It is drawing almost too heavily upon you to do so. He did come to Philadelphia, and preached against the heretic Hogan and Hoganism, a fact which fifty thousand people now living there can attest. But *quantum mutatus!* When he left it some time before, he was a happy, honorable and fine-looking man. He was wealthy, and he obtained his wealth by honest industry. But how was he now, the distorted shadow of what he was; penniless, toothless, and a senseless fanatic, drugged into madness, and by whom?—by nuns, who act in the treble capacity of cooks, teachers, and prostitutes for Jesuits. This is harsh language indeed. Call it gross, if you please, reader; but if you will figure to yourself for a moment an honorable man, a native of these United States, a fine specimen of manly proportions and

manly beauty, and then conceive this individual reduced to the condition to which I and thousands now living have seen this noble-hearted sailor of whom I have spoken, reduced, my language will appear neither harsh nor coarse.

What! must we call Jesuit assassins reverend gentlemen? Must we call robbers honest men? Must we call their accessories—nuns—ladies of virtue? Sympathizers may do so; but I do not write for them alone. I write for men of sense; I write for lovers of their God and their country; I write not for advocates of Puseyism, or such exploded fooleries as they believe in. Whatever I say, is intended for those alone who have the capacity of distinguishing between common sense and mental vagaries, and who have the honesty to call things by their proper names.

The first sermon which this unfortunate man preached against me in Philadelphia, was attended by crowds. Many had known him before he went to Baltimore. He was then universally popular, and on his return among them he was well received. His friends saw the change—the fatal change—which had taken place in his whole external configuration; but they knew not by what means it was effected. Some attributed it to self-denial, others to fanaticism, but none to the right cause. This was known only in the *confessional*; and under all these circumstances, it may be easily supposed that his discourses against me, however unconnected they may be, however fugitive and irrelevant as a whole, had a powerful effect upon the public mind.

Public sentiment, which up to this period sus-



## AURICULAR CONFESSION AND

tained me in my opposition to Popery, and in my efforts to circulate the Bible, now began to flag. Popish priests and bishops went about industriously representing that this reverend convert to Popery was inspired; reported that he had visits from saints and angels, attesting the fact of his inspiration. There was no difficulty in persuading a man of his shattered constitution and now weak mind, that such was the fact; and he redoubled his efforts in trying to persuade those who attended my church, and who were becoming readers of the Bible, never to do so again. His disordered mind often "saw me in hell, side by side with Luther, and the blessed Virgin spitting in our face." "He often saw me with Ignatius Loyola, who was breaking me on the rack as a punishment for my heresies." The utterance of those wild rhapsodies were not without their effect; almost all the poor Irish Papists believed them; and it required from me more bodily and mental labor than I was able to endure, to counteract the effects of this madman's rhapsodizing.

I am now so well acquainted with the character of American Protestants, and even with American converts to the Romish church, that I know it is difficult to persuade them that the Romish priests of Philadelphia, or other parts of the United States, were so utterly abandoned to degeneracy, as to give credence to these visions or visits from saints, which I have just spoken of. But let them recollect that practices upon popular credulity are now carried on, and were then carried on, upon as large a scale, as at any period in the existence of the Romish church. Such *impositions* are encouraged all over the world, even

at the present day. The wildest extravagances of intellect have circulated freely for the last thirty years in the world. Read Eugene Sue. He tells us of numerous instances of the kind. Read the last edition of Genin, page 82, and you will find an account of the Medal of the *Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary*, struck only the other day, 1838. Over *two hundred thousand* copies of this medal have been already sold. The story is this, as now vouched for by the most eminent *holy fathers of the infallible church*:—That the Virgin Mary showed herself to one of the *Sisters of Charity* in France, a branch of which holy sisterhood we have in this city of Boston, the capital of New England, and revealed to her the pattern of a medal to be struck for her; the dress she was to appear in, and the kind of rings she was to wear.

This medal has cured, and is now curing, according to the accounts we receive from the *holy fathers*, all manner of diseases, such as paralysis, epilepsy, cancer, and, according to the belief of some Puseyite moral philosophers, it causes the blind to see, the dumb to speak, and the lame to walk. A capital story is related of the potency of this medal. It is too good to be omitted, especially as many of my Puseyite friends believe it, and no doubt will be glad to hear it repeated.

A *Sister of Charity* got acquainted with a married couple. The wife was a Papist of the most exemplary character, obedient to holy Mother the church, and her confessor, in all things. The husband had no faith, especially in his wife's confessor. He drank, cursed and swore, "like all possessed." The

holy *Sister of Charity*, seeing him at the point of death, and wishing to rescue his soul from hell, called to see him, and slipped one of these medals between the sheets of this wicked man's bed, and the next morning he gets up as well as ever and goes to confession. Another miracle which was performed by this medal in 1838, deserves notice, and may prove invaluable, if it finds its way into this country. One Marie Laboissiere, aided by her lover, murdered her husband, and forced her son to take part in the murder, to prevent him from being witness against her. The lady and her lover were, however, arrested, tried, and found guilty of the murder. They appealed to a higher tribunal. During the interval between the sitting of the higher and lower courts, one of the *Sisters of Charity* threw a medal round Marie's neck, and though the court and all saw that she was guilty, and ought to be judicially declared so, they could not do it. The medal would not let them, but obliged them to acquit her. If the reader will take into consideration that such visions as the Rev. Captain fancied he had, were matters of every-day occurrence with pious Papists, and that a belief in them is encouraged and enforced by Popish priests and bishops everywhere, they will cease to be surprised that a man tortured into madness, as my reverend antagonist was, should have visions such as those ascribed to him; nor will they wonder at the effect of his preaching, upon a congregation principally composed of Irish and French Papists.

I was alone, without a clerical friend; not a Protestant preacher, with the exception of one, raised

his hand or his voice in my support. They seemed to like *the fun*, as some of them expressed it, amongst the Papists,—I suppose they considered me one then,—but they came not to my aid. They appeared to me pretty much like the wife when she saw her husband fighting with a bear, and was expected to interfere, but very coolly replied, “I don’t care which of them gets licked.”

Under these circumstances, I felt discouraged; became utterly disgusted with Popery and its infamous practices, with the holy fathers and their fooleries, and resolved in future to have no more to do with Popery. I collected such volumes as I had of the holy fathers, piled them up into one heap, added to them the lives of the *saints*, and placing on the top of the pile the Pope’s bull of excommunication, which the poor old man thought would frighten me out of my wits, I consigned them, book by book, volume by volume, together with the aforesaid bull, to the warm embraces of a good hickory fire. I knew the day was not far distant, when Americans would see something besides *fun* in Popish quarrels; and in the mean time, I determined to employ myself in the study of Blackstone, Chitty, &c.; a much more profitable employment, in a pecuniary point of view, than fighting in the cause of American Protestants with European Papists.

It was said of Erasmus, that he laid the egg of the reformation, and that Luther hatched it. I trust it will not be deemed vanity in me to say that I have done as much for American Protestants, as Erasmus did in his day. At least, I have done all I could;

but whether they or any of them will do as Luther has done, time alone can decide.

In this connection, it is not improper for me to state the ultimate fate of this reverend convert to the Romish church. After I retired from Philadelphia, and Hoganism was put down, the Jesuits measurably neglected their convert; a thing very unusual with them, to do them justice. He felt the loneliness of his situation. With a mind enfeebled by drugs, a correct view of his situation could only strike him by glances; but they were terrible and fearful. He saw himself robbed of the one beloved object of all his earthly affections; plundered of a fortune, the fruit of honorable toil and industry. He saw in himself but the mutilated skeleton of what he once was, and the dupe of crafty Jesuits and licentious nuns. He shrunk from the view, and as if God, in his mercy, wished to hide it from him by means which may appear to us incomprehensible, he fell into fits of real madness, from which he recovered but occasionally. The last I have heard of him was that he was arrested somewhere near Newcastle, Delaware, for attempting to commit a rape on a child nine years old; but the poor maniac was acquitted on the ground of insanity. Several priests were called as witnesses in his behalf; and well they may be witnesses. It was they that caused him to be what he was; it was they that maddened him.

Those who are not familiar with crime, whose hands are unstained by blood, and whose consciences have not been seared and discolored by the blackness of guilt, may hesitate to give credence to these

disgusting details. Comparatively short as our national existence is, and though brief the period since we cut loose as a nation from what we deemed the polluted governments of Europe, still there was a time, even in these United States, when such deeds as I have related would not and could not be believed amongst us. There was a time when the ancient Romans did not think that there existed such a crime as patricide; and hence it is that there was no law against it. There was actually no punishment known to their laws for the commission of such a crime; and why, reader? Did the ancient Romans encourage their children to kill their parents, or to commit patricide? No. Far from it. No people in the world venerated their parents more than the Roman children of the day to which I allude. They had no law against the crime, because they did not believe it possible that such a crime could be committed. Nor is it to be wondered now, that many Americans should consider it almost impossible that such deeds as I have laid to the charge of Jesuits and nuns, should be perpetrated amongst us. But time, that exponent of all things, will soon satisfy our people—as it did the Romans before us—that there is nothing impossible, or even beyond the range of Jesuitical iniquity. The archives of Jesuitical intrigue are now in a measure being thrown open to the world. The diffusion of literature is so general, and human curiosity, at the present period, so great, that nothing can escape its searching inquiries. It is therefore to be hoped that our people will not be much longer in ignorance of the iniquities of Jesuits. Americans can now

learn from historical evidence, which admits of no doubt, that Jesuits have been expelled, successively, from thirty-nine different governments; they can also learn, that by intrigue, deception, perjury and poison, they have survived each and every one of those expulsions. They may see,—if they can see anything but money,—that the Jesuits are now making a final struggle for a settlement in this country; and if they are not so stupid as not to see that similar causes must produce similar events, they will infer that Jesuits, who have successively and effectually introduced disunion, discord, and disorganization into thirty-nine governments, cannot fail to do the same in ours. If by poison and assassination they have dethroned the rulers of other countries; if by debauchery and superstition in the confessional, they have seduced their wives and daughters, can it be supposed that our rulers shall escape, our government be secure, or our wives and daughters safe from the daggers or subtle poisons of these notorious fiends?

Let any American take the “Wandering Jew,”—let him read it attentively, and reflect that the writer, Eugene Sue, is a Roman Catholic now living in France,—and say whether there is any crime too daring for a Romish priest or Jesuit. If he doubts what I relate of a young lady in the beginning of this book, who was debauched by a Romish priest, and poisoned by a nun, the mother abbess of a Jesuit seminary of learning, to get rid of her illicit offspring; let him see the history of Charlotte De Cordoville, in the Wandering Jew. He will see in the history of that *young lady*, distinguished though she was for for-

tune, beauty and charity, how she was reduced to misery and unhappiness, by the intrigues of Jesuits. You will see how her own aunt was made the instrument of all her misfortunes; but the aunt was first made a Jesuit, and in that capacity she disregarded honor, truth, the relationship of blood, and all the alliances of natural friendship. She caused her to be imprisoned and maltreated. She and her associate Jesuits caused herself and her lover to be poisoned or drugged into an insane stupor;—all for the glory of the *infallible* church, and with a view of adding to its ill-gotten treasures. For a full account of this transaction, see Eugene Sue.

But Romish priests will not permit their people to read Eugene Sue; it is a forbidden book; his royal holiness, the Pope, has cursed the book and all who read it. He has cursed all who presume to discuss fairly the merits of Popery; but even this will scarcely be believed by Americans. Strange infatuation! Will Americans read a report made to the French Chambers in Paris, by the Duke de Broglie, on the subject of public instruction and Jesuitism? Will they further read a small work written by Messrs. Michelet and Quinet, professors in the French national college? If they do, it may open their eyes to consequences which may be apprehended from even tolerating Jesuits amongst us. They will see that Jesuits are the avowed enemies of liberal education, and that they are sustained in their opposition to it by the curses of the Pope.

Professors Michelet and Quinet, in 1843, were discussing, in public, the influence of the different religious orders. They had, as we are told, commented



upon that of the Templars, and were speaking of the society of Jesuits, its origin and its interference in political affairs; and though the professors themselves were Roman Catholics, though they lectured in a Roman Catholic country and to Roman Catholic people, under the sanction of a law of the land, yet Jesuits attempted to disturb those lectures, by creating an uproar among the audience; just what they are doing in this country. But what renders their conduct on this occasion more strange, is the fact, that the very existence of Jesuits, as a society is illegal in France. There is a law in France against secret associations, and under this law they cannot exist. How pregnant with instructions to Americans is this single historical fact! A few years ago, Charles X. and his family had to fly from France, because, under the influence of Jesuitism, he violated his faith, he broke his royal word and oath to the people. The people of France hunted him and the Jesuits out of that country, as they would so many wild beasts. Such *then* was the indignation of Popish France against that infernal society, the Jesuits, that not one of them dared to show his face in the streets of Paris, without trembling for his life. Like dastardly cowards, as all dishonorable and bad men are,—I never knew an exception,—these wretches moved about like beasts of chase, “stealing from one cover to another;” the representatives of all that was base and dishonorable; the embodiment of all that was vile, false and treacherous; the incarnation, the sentiment and the sediment of all that was odious in fallen humanity. But see them now, in 1843 and '44, and see

the conduct of these very French people towards them. Though the law forbids their existence, they have the hardihood to interrupt the legitimate professors of the college of France, in their inquiries into the spirit and influence of Jesuitism; and they are supported by a portion of the very people, who, but a few years ago, pelted them with rotten eggs and dead cats, through the streets of Paris. And what effected this extraordinary change in popular sentiment? It is accounted for in various ways; but I contend that the only fair solution of the problem is to be found in the fact, that republican, democratic North America has opened her hospitable doors, and without suspicion, or without dreaming that she was entertaining her deadliest foe, has spread her tables to feed, and opened her purse to build asylums for these scapegoats of the human family.

In 1830, Jesuits were crushed in France; they fled to the United States, collected together their broken phalanxes, told brother Jonathan they were a persecuted people, prevailed on him to build colleges for them, and they have risen again, not only in this land of the brave, but even in France, under the present king, Louis Philippe.

But notwithstanding these truths, the inquiry is sometimes made,—the question has often been put even to myself,—“Are there really any Jesuits in the United States?” “Do you believe that females are seduced into nunneries?” “Do you believe they attempt to tamper with our children or our wives?” I allude to the subject of privately tampering with the wives and daughters of Americans thus fre-

quently, because I think it is all-important that they should thoroughly understand the dangers to be apprehended from having any intercourse whatever with Jesuits and nuns. Many a man asks this question, who accompanies it with saying, the nunnery to which my daughter goes to school is not a Jesuit nunnery. The priest to whom my wife confesses is not a Jesuit. The priest to whom my daughter and servants go to confession is not, and never was, a Jesuit; and consequently there is no danger from this source. Many a man asks this question, and states these circumstances in good faith, and feels secure that all is right, as nothing in his opinion is to be feared but from Jesuits. This is a delusion. This man's wife is already governed by Jesuits through her confessor. It even happens sometimes that the confessor himself is unconscious of the part he is acting. The confessor acts under the immediate advice of his bishop, to whom alone, in most cases, the Jesuits will entrust their plans, unless the confessor is personally known to them; and unless the confessor professes and solemnly swears to observe,—I use the words of the oath,—“obedience, courage, secrecy, patience, craft, audacity, perfect union among ourselves, having for our country, the world; for our family, our order; for our queen, Rome.”

Few of the confessors in this country, except the bishops, are entrusted with the plans of the Jesuits; perhaps not ten, except they are of the Jesuit order. It is through those confessors, that many of our American youth, both male and female, are seduced *into Popish schools*, where they become, with few

exceptions, spiritless, false, slaves of abject superstition, and the victims of a superficial education. No time is given, no room left, as a modern writer expresses it, for the energies of the mind to develop themselves. No sustenance is provided to nourish the finer feelings of the heart. The intellect is checked, the flow of imagination is stemmed, and all the warm and generous affections of the soul are poisoned in their very bud.

For an instance of the fatal consequence of such an education as this, I would call the attention of Americans, once more, to the Wandering Jew. See the effects of a Jesuitical education upon the noble and generous mind of Gabriel, the adopted son of the honest Dagoberth. What could be more lovely than the disposition of this young man. His sentiments were as upright and as chaste as fallen humanity would permit. But the Jesuit society laid its impure hands upon him at an early period of life; they persuaded his guileless adopted mother to go to confession,—not to a Jesuit,—but to a *Cure* of another order of priests; and the bishop of this *Cure* gave him his instructions how to manage the mother of Gabriel. The bishop knew that this adopted son of the virtuous and craftless wife of Dagoberth, was one among other heirs of an immense estate, and he directed the *Cure* to prevail upon this simple woman, while at confession with him, to send Gabriel to a Jesuit school, and have him become a Jesuit priest. Americans, read the sequel, and in *that* you will find a warning, stronger and louder than I can give you, never to send a child of yours to a Jesuit seminary. Let mothers

read the history of Dagoberth's wife, and if, after a careful and honest perusal of it, they will again commit their daughters to the care of a nurse who goes to confession, I must only conclude that they are either infidels or mad, or both. "*Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.*"

Gabriel,—the virtuous and good Gabriel,—was nursed by Dagoberth's wife. From his infancy, it seems he had no inclination to become a Jesuit; he appeared to have an innate aversion to the order of Jesuits; he struggled against uniting himself with them, as far as a sense of gratitude and a feeling of affection for his adopted mother, the nurse of his childhood, would permit. But all to no purpose; the mother was the dupe of her confessor. He was instructed to win over the youth by any and every means; and, with the advice and coöperation of Jesuits, the confessor of this really honest, but deluded woman, succeeded, by perseverance and increased fondness for her adopted child, in neutralizing his aversion towards Jesuit priests.

In an evil hour he joined them; their traps were too well laid, and without being seen in the business themselves, they accomplished their iniquitous purposes through the instrumentality of this affectionate and charitable woman. All was done through *the confessional*. How many similar cases have I witnessed myself, in the course of my life, but particularly while acting as a Romish priest in the confessional! How often have I known some of the best of women, belonging to the Roman Catholic church, unconsciously made the dupes of priests! *How often* have I seen women, who, had they been

properly educated, and under different circumstances, would be an honor to any religious denomination, made the instruments of all that was vile and flagitious, by Popish confessors! How often have I seen Roman Catholic servant-maids in Protestant families, inveigled by their *ghostly fathers*, in the confessional, into treachery, deception and ingratitude, towards their employers and benefactors! How often, as I have stated in my book on Popery, have these Roman Catholic servants stolen the infants from their Protestant mothers, and brought them to myself to be baptized!

There is now, in the state of Massachusetts, a young Protestant clergyman, distinguished for his talents and piety, an honor to his profession as a minister of the gospel, and to the state of Massachusetts as a republican citizen, who was baptized by myself in Philadelphia, when acting as a Roman Catholic priest. The name of the gentleman and the date of his baptism were duly registered by me; but the clerical Goths and Vandals, who succeeded me in St. Mary's church in that city, *expunged* the register which I kept, not deeming it safe to leave in existence, if possible, any records of the iniquities taught or practised in the Romish church.

There are in all bodies and in all denominations of clergymen, certain individuals by whom it becomes fashionable to get married and baptized; and during my residence in Philadelphia, I held rather a conspicuous place among them. The congregation of St. Mary's church was a large one. Notwithstanding my *schismatic* doctrines,—I was *not then deemed a heretic*,—crowds attended the

church, and I believe,—though I cannot tell the exact number,—that I baptized more children than any clergyman in the city. Among these there were hundreds of Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Methodists and Baptists, brought to me for that purpose, by their Roman Catholic nurses, without the knowledge or consent of their Protestant mothers.

This has ever been the treacherous practice of the Romish church, from the days of Hildebrand down to the present moment. Dagoberth's wife is not a solitary instance of the undue influence which Romish priests have over those women who go to confession to them. Show me the house of a Protestant family in the United States where there is a Roman Catholic, male or female, who goes to confession and communion in the Romish church, and I will show you a watch, a spy upon every act and deed and movement of that family. There is not a letter that comes into such a family, that is not watched by Popish servants. They soon know from whom it comes, or whether anything is to be gained by intercepting it. The confessor is immediately consulted, and it is ascertained, from some servant in the house where it was written or where it was received, what was its purport, or what it contained.

This practice of domestic *espionage*, we all know, is common in every country where auricular confession is taught and practised; but it is carried on more generally here, in proportion to the number of Roman Catholics, than in any other country in the world; and the reason is obvious. It is said that Jews never cheat each other; this is not because

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There are in all bodies and in all denominations of clergymen, certain individuals by whom it becomes fashionable to get married and baptized; and during my residence in Philadelphia, I held rather a conspicuous place among them. The congregation of St. Mary's church was a large one. Notwithstanding my *schismatic* doctrines,—I was not then deemed a heretic,—crowds attended the



whom he can persuade, to give him ten or twelve dollars for saying mass ; no dying man or woman will send for him, and pay him well for taking out of his pockets a set of *oil stocks*, for the purpose of greasing them over, commencing on the forehead, the tip of the nose, eyelids, the lips, the breast, the loins and the soles of the feet. He has no one to send for him and pay highly, for putting his hand in his breeches pocket and pulling out a box full of *gods*, viz., wafers made of flower and water, and giving him one of them. No. He has none of these resources ; he starves amongst them until bread is sent to him from home. Talk of Yankee cunning ! He is a simpleton compared with a Jesuit. A Jesuit comes amongst us, or he goes to any Protestant country, without a dollar, but he never travels without his jackals, male and female. He brings with him his *lay sisters* and his *lay brothers* ; they soon scent out prey for him ; they hire themselves, as servant men and women, to Protestant Yankees, and the first intimation we have of a Jesuit missionary amongst us, is the alarm of some rich-toned bell, which we hear from the steeple of a church built for him by Protestant Yankees. In place of sending home for money to support him, as the American missionary has to do, a Jesuit is sending home money to pay the passage of others to come out and help him. He is purchasing some of the most valuable real estate that Protestant Yankees own, with Yankee money, and writes home to his royal holiness, the Pope, that Americans are a simple, gullible people. "Persevere," says the Jesuit in America to

his Pope; "already have you three millions of faithful troops from your own faithful allies of France and Spain and other Roman Catholic friendly governments, among them. Besides this, holy father, your holiness will bear in mind that many of those *American heretics*, are deserting their own churches and joining us; and above all, most holy father, you will remember,—and I pray you will graciously condescend to take note of it,—that these Americans are all politicians, all fond of offices and would kiss your — as well as your toe, if your *subjects* will only aid them in keeping their offices, which, I am happy to inform your holiness, we are very willing to do, until we have numerical strength enough to turn all the heretical wretches out, and fill up their places with your faithful subjects. This, with the aid of the blessed Virgin Mary, we shall be able to accomplish in a very few years. Press on, most holy father; your *subjects* are coming in thousands per day. Send *dispatches* to your royal brothers of Austria, Prussia and Spain; urge upon them to send us help, and the glorious cause of your holy spouse, the infallible church, the *Queen* of heaven, will triumph.

"Write to the greatest *layman living*, Daniel O'Connell, whom your holiness intends shall receive from your hands a crown as king of Ireland; urge upon him the necessity of sending over to the United States all the repealers he can spare. Let him persuade the Irish, that the *union* was the cause of all their grievances,—that they would have nothing to complain of, if the *union* were repealed. Let not your faithful son, D. O'Connell, ever allude to the

fact,—the poor Irish would never dream of it,—that the *union* is not quite fifty years old, and that, for seven hundred years before its existence, the Irish were much more quarrelsome, clamorous, litigious than they are now. It won't do to let them know this; *repeal* would lose all its charms, and the *greatest layman living*, would become,—between you and myself and the holy Virgin Mary,—what he really is, the greatest scoundrel and the biggest poltroon living. These heretical Americans are trying to cause a division between your son Daniel O'Connell and your *subjects*. *Poor dolts!* How little they know about us. We know what we are about. Your son need only go regularly to confession, and attend mass in some public place, such as at a mass meeting of repealers, and nothing can separate your subjects from him. I trust the move which we made the other day in New York, through your faithful *subject* Lord Bishop Hughs, was highly satisfactory to your holiness. Your royal holiness will be graciously pleased to remember, that the first murmurings of repeal thunder, proceeded from the city of New York, through that *humble, pious* and *zealous* servant of the infallible church, the Lord Bishop Hughs. He was among the first to call the people together, and, under pretence of desiring repeal in Ireland, he told them to organize, to weigh well their own power and influence in the political balance. He advised them to give their support to no man but a *repealer*, and very judiciously instructed his confessors in private, that it should be given only to those who were most favorable to

your holiness' spouse, the *infallible church*. He succeeded well. 'The American heretics swallowed the bait; the President of the United States for the time being, was the first political gudgeon he caught. Next followed two young spawns of his. They shouted *repeal* throughout the country. Your *subjects* promised to elect the three of them presidents in succession; but when the hour of election came, as in duty and by oath of allegiance to your holiness bound, we acted as we thought would best serve the interest of our *holy church*."

This may all seem like romance; but is it so? Do not facts within the knowledge and almost view of my readers, prove that it is the very reverse? Who is there that does not know, that does not recollect, or that can forget the events and circumstances of the last election for President of the United States? Who is there that does not recollect the part, which *repealers* played in that election? Can any man who has paid the least attention to passing events, forget the conduct of Bishop Hughs of New York, or of Bishop Fenwick of Boston, or of any other bishop (Romish bishops) of the United States, during the last political eventful year? Who ordered the Irish Catholics to turn out with a banner bearing upon it the treasonable inscription,

*"Americans shan t rule us"?*

Bishop Hughs of New York. Did not a band of traitorous *repealers*, calling themselves democrats, parade the streets of New York, Buffalo and other cities, under the jurisdiction of the Lord Bishop Hughs, shaking this banner in the very faces of Amer-

ican citizens, hurraing for Daniel O'Connell and repeal? Did not this bishop Hughs order several hundred stands of fire-arms to be placed in the Roman Catholic churches of New York, with a view of firing upon the citizens should they even dare to show any dissatisfaction, at these traitorous proceedings? Has not this Bishop Hughs been in close correspondence with the traitor O'Connell, ever since he sounded the first note of repeal? And is not this demagogue Hughs at this very moment corresponding with the confessors of Daniel O'Connell, and the other leaders of repeal in Ireland? Yes, I assert it,—he is. There is a continuous line of correspondence, as I have stated in my recent book on Popery, between the Propaganda in Rome, the Romish bishops of Ireland, Daniel O'Connell, and the Romish bishops of the United States. The Propaganda of Rome is the muddy and polluted source from which the various streams of treason, which are inundating our country, have proceeded. Their course is a sinuous one; their gyrations are intricate in the extreme. It takes in France, Austria, Russia, Switzerland, the Netherlands; in fact all civilized Europe, besides South America and Mexico; its fountain in Rome, and emptying itself in the United States. Yet we now hear this Lord Bishop Hughs telling his *subjects* in New York and elsewhere,—telling what, my readers?—will you believe it, should I inform you? Or will you not think me trifling with you, and sporting with a grave subject? He tells *his subjects* now, after doing all the mischief he could, after exciting family against family, after

creating disunion, dissension and discord, after exciting peaceable fellow-citizens to imbrue their hands in each other's blood, that he entirely disapproves of Daniel O'Connell; that he believes him a *monarchist*, and that it is the duty of Papists to stand by the government that protected them. This is unquestionably the boldest piece of impudence, and the most clumsy attempt at imposition upon the credulity of Americans, that has ever been attempted in this country. It has no parallel in the history of Popery in the United States; and if ever there was a time or an occasion which calls upon Americans to vindicate their honor, and fling from them with indignation the imputation of being *credulous dupes*, now is the day and now is the hour. What is this insolent upstart Hughs,—who but the other day as another expresses it, “was pitchforked from the potato-field into a palace,”—that he dares thus insult the common sense of the free-born citizens of America? He, a foreigner, a foundling for aught we know, nursed and fed by Jesuits into manhood, their slave and their tool, how dare he insult the very country that gives him an asylum? how dare he outrage the feelings of the very people that give him bread to eat, and clothes to his back? I will give you, Americans, some idea of who he is, and who his brethren of the Popish mitre are. They are individuals—and the Lord Bishop Hughs is preëminently conspicuous among them,—who, stript of the false splendor which circumstances and place throw around them; who, if deprived of the drapery and mimic glories of Popery, in which holy mother,

the church, has enveloped them, would appear among the meanest and most despicable members of society. Such men may be borne with, while they abstain from insulting the common sense of the people; but when their arrogance, insolence and vanity presume to trample upon the rights of the people, and ridicule the understanding of the community, they deserve something more than commiseration.

When, in the plenitude of their vanity, they cease to be content with the profits of office and the free exercise of their religion, and dare insinuate aught disrespectful to the understanding of their benefactors, they cease to be objects even of toleration. In ages of ignorance, the trappings of Popery may strike with awe. Those ages are gone by; and if Americans are true to themselves, they will never revive in this country, notwithstanding the insolent efforts of this Lord Bishop Hughs. This reverend bully has long bid defiance to the unarmed arguments of Americans. He will not condescend to listen to the American theologian, who brings into the arena of religious controversy, truth without a sword, and fair argument unbacked by bowie-knives and clubs; he will not stoop to such a mode of warfare. No. This clerical rake would, if he could, Gothicize this nation of freemen. He would extinguish, if he could, among Americans, the light of learning and philosophy. Nay, he would, and he has been trying to, raise from the putrid pools of ignorance and superstition, fogs and evaporations, and clouds and mists, sufficiently thick to hide from

the eyes of Americans the pure, the brilliant, and the glorious light even of the Bible itself. It is not enough for him that his *subjects* should consider him their *official superior*; it is not enough that some poor foreigners,—and I blush to own it,—even Americans, should look upon him and his brethren as their superiors in the church, but they are required also to consider them their superiors in wisdom and virtue, though they know them to be Jesuits. Papists, whether foreigners or Americans, are, even in the United States, little better than living automats and self-acting tools, for the corrupt agents of his royal holiness, the Pope.

Can this be? the reader will say. Can it be, that man, created a free agent, living in a free country, and governed by equal laws,—can he be made to obey the word of command given by a Popish bishop, as a wild beast would the lash or the whip of the keeper of a menagerie? It is so, reader; and particularly with every human being, male or female, who goes to confession. I care not how intelligent he may appear to be, or what his acquirements or accomplishments may be; if he is weak enough, fool enough, or hypocrite enough and mean enough to go to confession to a Romish priest, he deserves not the name of a freeman. He who bends the knee to a Romish priest, and asks him to forgive his sins, submitting to such restrictions or discipline as the priests may be pleased to impose upon him, becomes a degenerate being. Take, for instance, a bird, one of the feathered citizens of the open air; take a lion, a proud denizen of the boundless forest; compare



him with one of those tamed, broken-down and whipped into obedience, by the keeper of a menagerie, and how strongly, how painfully marked is the contrast. Their very looks bespeak their degradation. How great is the contrast between those who have broken loose from obedience to nature's laws, to the degrading servitude of obedience to man. But the contrast is not greater nor their fall more humiliating, than that of the man or woman, who exchanges that obedience which he or she owes to reason, to pure religion, and the divine law of the gospel, for the degraded servitude required from them by Popish priests and confessors.

Let us suppose a whole people thus tamed, thus broken, thus snaffled, bitted and bridled by skilful Popish riders and Jesuit jockeys, will they not soon lose all ideas of liberty, morals and individual manliness? Will they not soon be ready to exclaim, in the language of inspiration, "Why died I not from the womb?"

But let us return to the Lord Bishop Hughs, of New York, and his sudden conversion from repeal and O'Connellism. As I have stated before, it is the boldest stroke that ever has been made to deceive a whole nation. Nothing equal to it, that I know of, in modern history, except perhaps, it may be that of the Jesuit Rodin, which we find related in the Wandering Jew. The only difference between the Jesuit Hughs and the Jesuit Rodin, is this,—that Rodin's audacity, hypocrisy and treachery, were practised on a small scale, when compared with that of this modern Jesuit, Lord Bishop of New York.

There is, however, a strong similitude between these two illustrious individuals. I need not inform my readers,—as I believe they have all read the Wandering Jew,—that Rodin was a Jesuit, commissioned by the society of Jesuits in Rome, to act as its agent, with full powers to secure for the society of Jesus, as it is nicknamed by them, an immense estate, belonging, in law and in justice, to a French family of the name of Rennepont. He was empowered to secure this property to the society, but he must use no *violence*. It must be done solely by the *play of action*, hypocrisy and deception. The reader will remember, as we are informed in the Wandering Jew, that the Rennepont family had to fly from France, after the king of that country, at the instigation of the Pope, and by a violation of the most solemn compact, had broken the edict of Nantz, which secured to the Protestants the quiet possession of their property. After fighting their way through blood and Popish butcheries, this noble family, with thousands of others, had to fly from their homes, friendless and pennyless. Only a few escaped the bloodhounds of Popery. Their wives and daughters were dishonored, and, as we were told upon good authority, their helpless infants were dashed against the corners of houses, and their brains scattered upon the pavements. Nothing was left them. They had to seek refuge in distant lands; they went east and west, north and south. Many of their descendants are now living in some of the Southern States of this confederacy.

The general of the Jesuit order in Rome discovered that some of the descendants of the Rennepont

family had survived the disasters of the times, and held in their possession proofs sufficient to establish claims to their patrimonial rights. The Jesuits determined to defeat them, and if the reader's curiosity induces him to learn by what means they endeavored to do so, and what agents they employed to effect it, let him read the account given of the whole transaction in the *Wandering Jew*, by that inimitable writer, Eugene Sue. They will find in that work proofs of the wickedness of Jesuits. They will find that *auricular confession* is something even worse than I have described it. I have not talent to give a sufficiently accurate picture of this diabolical Popish invention.

Lord Bishop Hughs has been for several years lecturing through the State of New York, as every man who has read the leading newspapers of the country must know; he has represented O'Connell as one of the greatest and best men of the day, and one of the most persecuted of men by the British government. O'Connell and genuine Popery are almost synonymous terms with this lord bishop. As I have stated above, he tried to enlist,—and has actually succeeded,—all foreign Papists, and a vast number even of Americans, in the cause of O'Connell and Irish repeal. Wherever this lord bishop went, dissension and anarchy followed in his train; but mark him now. Mark the course of this Bishop Hughs for the last few years, and you will be struck with the exact similitude which in every feature exists between itself and that of Rodin. The readers of the *Wandering Jew* will recollect that Rodin established a press in Paris, for the ostensible pur-

pose of inculcating truth, and advancing the public good. The title of this press was, "LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR." The editor was one Nini-Moulin, a notorious drunkard, ignorant and profligate in the extreme, and, personally, irresponsible, either in a pecuniary or moral point of view. If sued for any libellous matter contained in this press, nothing could be recovered from him, because he had nothing. If thrown into jail for the immorality of the act, he could not suffer in his reputation, because he had none to lose; he may continue *editor* still, and all that was necessary, was that Rodin should supply him with something to eat and drink. For the amusement of my readers, I beg to give a brief description of the editor of Rodin's paper. I take it from that given by one who knew him, who was the mistress kept by this editor of Rodin's paper, one Rose-Pompon. She thus describes the editor—"A face as red as a glass of red wine, and a nose all covered with pimples, like a strawberry." Rodin, describing him, gives a different character altogether. He says that "Nini-Moulin is a very worthy man, though, perhaps, a *little* fond of *pleasure*." Here is a precious specimen of Jesuitism and Popish morality; a man living notoriously with a woman of the town, bearing upon his face the marks of drunkenness and profligacy, is pronounced by a *Romish priest* to be a *very worthy man*, though perhaps a *little* fond of *pleasure*.

Suppose Rodin and Nini-Moulin were amongst us here, in the city of Boston, or in the city of New York,—who is there that would not shrink from a

contact with either? The Jesuit Bishop Hughs, of New York, and his brother Fenwick, of Boston, have presses in each of those cities, and the wretches who ostensibly conduct them, are, in point of fact, of no higher or more worthy character than Rodin's editor, Nini-Moulin. No man, who opposed Jesuitism in Paris, or who was even suspected of being inimical to it, escaped the abuse of Rodin's journal. The fairest characters were blasted by it; it defamed and bespattered with its scurrility, some of the most honorable and high-minded citizens, while the artful and cowardly hypocrite himself was hidden from observation. Is it not so with Hughs, of New York, Fenwick, of Boston, and the whole tribe of Popish bishops throughout the United States? No man is safe, no character is spared from the virulence of the presses which they own. Witness the Truth Teller, of New York, owned by Bishop Hughs,—though, like Rodin, he denies the ownership of it,—what can be more vile than the language of that press? It declares that "*Americans shan't rule us—Papists.*" It has for years been spewing forth its malicious tirades against Protestant Americans, while the real author of this scurrility, Bishop Hughs, is skulking behind the bush.

But I will tear off that masquerade dress which nides the moral deformities of this man; and I trust that all Protestants will sustain and pardon me, in holding him, and not the Nini-Moulins who conduct his press, responsible for its contents. Let no Protestant notice the miserable beings who are the reputed editors of the Truth Teller, Bishop Hughs' organ; let the bishop himself be held responsible.

The Jesuit bishop of Boston, Fenwick, another Rodin, has also a press called the *Post*, regularly edited by a silly-looking Irish jackanape. Let not Bostonians notice the abuse which this paper has heaped upon them for years: or if they do, let them hold Bishop Fenwick responsible for it: he is the real author of its contents, and not the little brainless gander, its reputed editor.

I might quote a thousand instances of the similarity of thought and deeds which governed, and which now govern, the whole body of Romish priests. But enough. It is time that Americans should vindicate their honor.

Having done all the mischief he could, having inflicted upon the peace of our country a wound, which, in all probability, can never be healed, he adroitly turns round,—just as the hypocritical villain Rodin, the Jesuit, did,—and tells Americans that he was wrong in supporting O'Connell; that he can support him no longer, because the said O'Connell is a *monarchist*. Let us try and reconcile this with the solemn oath of this vaporing Jesuit and canting patriot, Hughs. The following is an extract from the oath which, as a Popish bishop and a Jesuit, he took at his ordination and consecration:

"Therefore, to the utmost of my power, I shall and will defend this doctrine, and his holiness' rights and customs, against all usurpers of heretical or Protestant authority whatsoever; especially against the now pretended authority and Church of England, and all adherents, in regard that they and she be usurpal and heretical, opposing the sa-

cred mother church of Rome. I do renounce and disown any allegiance as due to any heretical king, prince, or *state* named Protestant, or *obedience* to any of their inferior *magistrates* or *officers*. I do further declare the doctrine of the Church of England, and of the Calvinists, Huguenots, and of other of the name Protestants, to be damnable, and they themselves are damned, and to be damned, that will not forsake the same. I do further declare, that I will help, assist, and advise all, or any of his holiness' agents in any place, wherever I shall be, in England, Scotland and Ireland, or in any other territory or kingdom, I shall come to; and do my utmost to extirpate the heretical *Protestants' doctrine, and to destroy all their pretending powers, regal or otherwise*. I do further promise and declare, that notwithstanding *I am dispensed with to assume any religion heretical* for the propagation of the mother church's interest, to keep secret and private all her agents' counsels from time to time, as they intrust me, and not to divulge, directly or indirectly, by word, writing, or circumstance whatsoever, but to execute all that shall be proposed, given in charge, or discovered unto me, by you my ghostly father, or by any of his sacred convent. All which, I, A. B., do swear by the blessed Trinity, and blessed Sacrament, which I am now to receive, to perform, and on my part to keep inviolably; and do call all the heavenly and glorious host of heaven to witness these my real intentions to keep this my oath."

Nqw, Mr. Bishop, suppose you and I reason together for a moment. Either this oath is binding

upon your lordship or it is not. If the former, assuredly you can have no reasonable objection to supporting O'Connell, either as a *monarchist*, or as your ally in defending the *rights* and *prerogatives* of his royal holiness the Pope. If the latter, that is, if it is not binding on you,—if you will not *defend* the Pope's *power*, his throne and his prerogatives,—say so like an honest man. Until you do this, we must look upon your denunciations against O'Connell, as the veriest farce that ever was enacted by the veriest mountebank scoundrel that ever filched a dollar from the pockets of Americans. Will you dare stand before me, and tell me that the Pope of Rome is not himself a monarch? Will you dare look me in the face, and say that you would not support him? Will you dare look me in the eye, and say that you would not support his government? Recollect that I understand the mysteries of Popery as well as you do; remember that I have studied its doctrines more deeply than ever you had an opportunity of doing; and I experience not the least emotion of vanity, when I assure your Jesuit lordship that I am a much better general scholar than you are. You will therefore be cautious in future; I will watch you in your ecclesiastical and political gyrations, and whenever you assert what is false in morals, or dangerous to the institutions of my adopted country, I will check you, and that with no gentle hand; though I shall do unto you and your brethren, but that which you and your brethren have done unto me. The truth is, Mr. Bishop, you are an overrated man, an inflated humbug, and probably you would have passed for a learned one, had you not, without pro-



vocation, interfered with me. You, a Popish bishop, tell Americans, that you cannot support a *monarchist*! Have you ever read the works of Salmeron, a Jesuit like yourself, but a theologian of learning, which you are not? Either he was a liar, or you are one. Listen to what he says of *his monarch*, the Pope. "The Pope has supreme power over all the earth; over all kings and governments, and if they resist he must punish them." Salmeron was a native of Toledo, and was so thoroughly *orthodox* in Popish belief, that he wrote several commentaries on the Scriptures, which were approved of by the *infallible church*. He died only about two hundred years ago. Can you blush, my Lord Bishop? Either you think Americans an extremely ignorant people, and unable to discern between flippancy, repeal gab, and solid historical information, or you must blush at your attempt to impose upon them. The veriest child in knowledge of ecclesiastical history, knows that the Pope is *king* and *monarch* of Rome, and that you are sworn, by the most fearful oath, to support him and his government in opposition to all others; and yet, forsooth, you cannot support O'Connell *because* he is a *monarchist*.

Have you, my Lord Bishop Hughes, ever read the life of Pope Adrian? Was he not a monarch? Was he not, to use his holiness' own words, the monarch "of all the islands upon which the sun hath shone?" Are you ignorant of this fact, Mr. Bishop? I beg leave to instruct you upon the subject, by submitting to your lordship and to the poor, unfortunate Irish Catholics, whom you are leading blindly *by the nose* in every species of mischief and error,

the following *bull* sent by the aforesaid Pope Adrian, to Henry the II., in the year eleven hundred and fifty-four. You will see from this *bull*, that Pope Adrian was a *monarch*, and I believe it is not usual with you or your brother bishops, to admit that there was ever any change in the power or prerogatives of the Popes, from the days of St. Peter down to the present moment.

“Adrian, bishop, servant of the servants of God, to his dearest son in Christ, the illustrious king of England, health and apostolical benediction. Full laudably and profitably hath your magnificence conceived the desire of propagating your glorious renown on earth and completing your reward of eternal happiness in heaven, while, as a Catholic prince, you are intent on *enlarging the borders of the church, instructing the rude and ignorant in the truth of the Christian faith*, exterminating vice from the vineyard of the Lord; and for the more convenient execution of this purpose, requiring the counsel and favor of the apostolic See.

“There is indeed no doubt, as your highness also doth acknowledge, *that Ireland and all the islands upon which Christ, the sun of righteousness, hath shone, do belong to the patrimony of St. Peter and the holy Roman church*. Therefore are we the more solicitous to propagate in that land the godly scion of faith.

“You, then, most dear son in Christ, have signified to us your desire to enter that land of Ireland, in order to reduce the people to obedience unto laws and extirpate the seeds of vice. You have also de-

clared that you are willing to pay for each house a yearly pension of one penny to St. Peter.

“We, therefore, with that grace and acceptance suited to your pious and praiseworthy design, and favorable assenting to your petition, do hold it right and good, that, for the extension of the borders of the church, the restraining of vice, the correction of manners, the planting of virtue and increase of religion, you *enter the said island and execute therein whatever shall pertain to the honor of God and the welfare of the land*; and that *the people of said land receive you honorably and reverence you as their lord.*

“If, then, you be resolved to carry this design into effectual execution, study to form the nation to virtuous manners; and labor, by yourself and by others whom you may judge meet for the work, in faith, word and action, that the church may be there exalted, the *Christian faith planted*, and all things so ordered for the honor of God and the salvation of souls, that you may be entitled to a fulness of reward in heaven, and on earth to a glorious renown throughout all ages.”

Does it not appear, Mr. Bishop, from the above *bull*, that Pope Adrian was a *monarch*? And do you dare condemn your predecessors in office for supporting him as such, or for being themselves monarchists? I opine you would not.

Pope Adrian was an Englishman, and the only one who ever filled the office of Pope. The successor of Adrian in the popedom was a native of Sienna, and a *temporal monarch* as well as Adrian. *He gave away kingdoms and crowns, as did all pre-*

ceding and successive popes; and yet your *lordship* will not pretend to say that they did wrong. You dare not do it. It would cost you your mitre, and the other paraphernalia with which the *holy church* has befooled and bedizened your sacred person. Let me give you an instance of the manner in which some of the *holy* popes have disposed of whole kingdoms. I might give many, but I shall content myself with one for *your* special edification, and that of your deluded followers, the Irish in particular. The following is the *bull* of Pope Alexander, the successor of Adrian, confirming his transfer of the kindom and people of Ireland to Henry the second, king of England, in the year 1555.

“Alexander, bishop, servant of the servants of God, to his dearly beloved son, the noble king of England, health, grace and apostolical benediction. Forasmuch as things given and granted upon good reason by our predecessors are to be well allowed of, ratified and confirmed, we, well pondering and considering the grant and privilege for and concerning *the dominion of the land of Ireland to us* appertaining and lately *given by our predecessor, Adrian,* do in like manner *confirm, ratify and allow the same;* provided there be reserved and paid to St. Peter, and to the church of Rome, the yearly pension of one penny out of every house both in England and in Ireland; provided, also, that *the barbarous people of Ireland* be by your means reformed from their filthy life and abominable manners, that, as in name so in conduct and conversation, *they may become Christians;* provided, further, that *that rude and disordered church being by you reformed,* the whole na-

tion may, together with the profession of the faith, be in act and deed followers of the same."

The above bulls are recorded in the archives of the Roman Church, in Ireland. They were publicly read at a Roman Catholic Synod held in the Cathedral of Cashal, in Ireland, Anno Domini 1171, and are now to be found in almost every history of Ireland, that has ever been written since. But notwithstanding these historical facts, the poor Irish are told that they are indebted to the church of Rome, even for *their nationality*. We have in this very city of Boston, a poor moonstricken changeling, and would-be philosopher, who has recently been hired by the Jesuit Bishop Fenwick, to make such an assertion, and the Irish Catholics to a man believe him. Unfortunate people! How long will you remain the dupes of popes, bishops, priests and their agents?

Come out from among them; fly from the darkness of Popery; "come out of that deadly shade, and seat yourselves with us in God's own sunlight."

The *Lord* Bishop Hughs of New York, finding that it would not answer his purpose to support O'Connell any longer, and feeling that he made his spring too violently and too soon; knowing that he fell far short of his leap, he turns round, like the Jesuit Rodin, and tells Americans that he was altogether mistaken in the course he pursued, and that he was truly *their* friend; that they should *rule*, and by right ought to rule, and that he and his *subjects* would be the first to aid them against England, or O'Connell. Well done, Mr. Bishop. Impudent and barefaced as *your* assertion is, more treacherous and false than

even the Jesuit Rodin as you are, I have not the least doubt but you will succeed.

It is curious to observe the similarity of sentiment and action which govern Jesuits, however far apart they may be. We know from the *Wandering Jew*, that the Jesuit Rodin, for several years, never ceased to pursue and persecute the orphan descendants of the Rennepont family. He commenced his persecution of them in Siberia; he scented their track with the keenness of a bloodhound, from that to Dresden. In Dresden, as we are told, he had a fresh pack of bloodhounds, who fell upon the innocent twin orphans of an exiled father, and protected only by a faithful French trooper. It is impossible to read the account given by Sue, of the ill-treatment which these children and their protector received from a ferocious brute, named Morok, a *lay Jesuit brother* during the time they remained at the "White Falcon Inn," without strong emotions of pity and commiseration. From this they were pursued by the Jesuit Rodin, by different agents and by different means, which the reader will find beautifully delineated in the *Wandering Jew*, until their arrival in Paris.

Here, it will be seen, that new plots were formed, and new schemes devised, to defeat their just claims to their paternal inheritance, by keeping them in total ignorance that any such claims were ever in existence. Unfeeling, indeed, and cold as the marble slab which covers the house of the dead, must be the heart of that man, or woman, who could unmoved witness the sufferings of these helpless orphans and the faithful servant, Dagoberth, while in the city of Paris; all

brought upon them by Jesuit priests and Jesuit nuns,—fiends, vipers, vampires in human shape. All their movements were watched and betrayed, through the confessional. But the eye of the Lord seemed to rest upon them in a most extraordinary manner. It would be wrong to diminish, by anticipation, the pleasure which my readers may find in reading for themselves this part of the Wandering Jew. Let us, therefore, pass on to Rodin, the Jesuit, and prototype of the Lord Bishop Hughes of New York. Rodin, finding that all his plans and schemes, in trying to possess the vast estates of the Rennepont family, were likely to fail, and would inevitably be frustrated, unless some new scheme were devised, retired within his own room, deliberated on what was best to be done, and suddenly springing from his chair, thus soliloquized with himself:

“Never have I had better hopes of success, than at this moment; the stronger reason for neglecting nothing. A new thought struck me yesterday. We will act here in concert. I have it,—an ultra Catholic journal, called ‘*Love your neighbor as yourself.*’ It will be deemed the organ of Rome. *I will originate the question of the liberty of teaching. The common liberals will support us,—the idiots. They admit us to common rights, when our privileges, our immunities, our influence through the confessional, our obedience to Rome,—all put us beyond the pale of common rights, of the very advantage which we enjoy. DOUBLE IDIOTS! They fancy us disarmed, because they know themselves to be disarmed towards us. That is as I would have it.*”

This is precisely the course which the Jesuit

Hughs, of New York, has pursued towards Americans. Rodin immediately acted upon the new idea which occurred to him; he wrote to the general of the Jesuit order in Rome, who immediately advised him to cease *apparently* from further persecuting the heirs of the Rennepont inheritance; to avow himself their warmest friend, and to denounce all those who attempted to injure them in any way, as plotters against their rights and their happiness. Having a previous understanding with his co-laborers in iniquity, he denounced every one of them, and by this act of apparent friendship and justice, he wormed himself into the undivided confidence of all who heretofore looked upon him with fearful suspicion. Just so is Bishop Hughs trying to worm himself into the confidence of Americans, by assuring them that he disapproves of the treachery of O'Connell, and by recommending to his *subjects* and his dupes, in New York and elsewhere, to assemble in public, and declare that they are opposed to O'Connell's movements in Ireland, and that they are the friends of the United States; and accordingly we find that on Monday, the 16th of the present month, June, 1845, a meeting was called by the tools of the aforesaid Bishop Hughs, for the ostensible purpose of expressing their disapprobation of O'Connell, the Pope's tool, in Ireland. The bishop, knowing that the bitterest feelings have been aroused in the bosoms of Americans, at seeing Papists forming associations throughout the length and breadth of this land, and collecting vast sums of money, to be transmitted to Ireland, not for the purpose of feeding the half-starved population of that unfortunate country; not



to clothe the almost naked peasantry of that unhappy land; not to relieve from bondage and worse than Siberian slavery, a people naturally brave and generous, but to pamper and to forward the plans of a roaring, brawling demagogue and coward, Daniel O'Connell.

The least observant among us, is aware that the scenes of bloodshed, which have been witnessed in this country, may be traced to those associations, which that Irish Jesuit, Bishop Hughs, has fanned into existence, by his inflammatory appeals to the worst passions in the hearts of *his* people; and now, alas! too late,—even if he were serious,—he attempts to extinguish the flame which he has kindled. But I tell you, Americans, he is not serious. If you depend upon his professions, you will be deceived. He is sworn, on the most fearful oath, to support the power, the *kingdom* and the jurisdiction of the Pope of Rome, over all kings, potentates, states and magistrates. Neither are his subjects in this country sincere; and that very Bishop Hughs,—I accuse him of it in the face of the world,—I accuse him of it on the authority of the Roman Catholic church, of which I have been a priest myself,—teaches those very people, that any oath of allegiance which they have sworn to this government, is null, void and of no effect. When I was a Roman Catholic priest, it was my duty to absolve from their oath of allegiance, all those who came to confession to me. While a priest, I instructed the Irish to swear allegiance to the *heretical* government of the United States; but with a mental reservation, that the first allegiance was due to the Pope of Rome. Every

Roman Catholic, who goes to confession to a Romish priest, is a mere political automaton, not to be trusted by a Protestant, or Protestant government, further than either would trust the priest to whom he confesses; and how far a Romish priest merits the confidence of an American Protestant, time will tell.

The tools of Bishop Hughs, of New York, at Tammany Hall, June 16th, 1845, passed the following resolution :

“Resolved, That there are thousands in this country, (meaning Papists,) who would bare their breasts to any power, (meaning English,) that may invade this country.” It was also resolved, at the same meeting, “that they would defend the American claims to Oregon and to Texas.” It was further resolved by these self-same repealers, the sworn *subjects* of Bishop Hughs and the *Pope*, “that the American eagle shall not be impeded by natives of Ireland in this country.”

If there was not something diabolically treacherous beneath the surface of those resolutions; if a viper were not hidden and concealed under the fair and verdant foliage of these words, they would be to me, as well as others, a source of pleasure. But let us remove the leaves and brambles, the blossoms and roses, which conceal the subtle and fatal poison, and they are calculated to chill and to freeze those sympathies which, under other circumstances, Americans would feel for those people. Irish Papists bare their breasts in defence of the rights of Protestant Americans,—and that by the advice and with the consent of a Popish Jesuit bishop! Monstrous insolence, to impose thus upon hospitable and generous

Americans. The resolution, in truth, amounts to this: Resolved, That as our Bishop Hughs is permitted by the infallible church, to act the hypocrite, we, as professors of the same creed, are entitled to do the same. Resolved, That, as our bishops and priests are permitted to keep no faith with Protestant Americans, we shall pursue the same course, until we gain entire possession of this Protestant land.

The idea of foreign Papists "baring their breasts to English bayonets, in defence of the rights of Protestant Americans," to Oregon or Texas, is laughable; it is farcical. Ireland contains nearly ten millions of souls,—I should have said slaves,—and they will not bare *their breasts* to the trifling number of sixteen thousand troops, which England deems fully sufficient to keep them in perfect subjection. But I will tell you, Americans, what those Popish heroes will do, and have been doing, ever since the year sixteen hundred and forty-nine, when the ruling Pope sent Monsignor Gio. Batista Rinuccini, Archbishop of Fermo, as his nuncio and minister plenipotentiary to Ireland, almost two hundred years ago. They will bare their — to be kicked, whenever John Bull may take a fancy to exercise his clumsy feet in that favorite amusement of his. Such slaves as these talk of "baring their breasts" in defence of American rights; who, numbering ten millions, still permit themselves to be kicked, cuffed, buffeted and spit upon, by sixteen thousand British soldiers! Pshaw! Where is the American, who will not indignantly say, in the language of a Roman

writer, "*Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis.*" Bishop Hughs and his myrmidons, talk of defending the rights of Texas! Poor priest-ridden, pope-ridden dupes! The Texans would spurn your aid; they do not want you; they would not have your aid. The Texans had not a thousand effective men when they declared their independence of Mexico, which was then able to raise an army of two hundred thousand men. But that army was an army of priest-ridden slaves, like yourselves, and the gallant little band of Protestant Texas, composed chiefly of Americans, defied their power; declared themselves independent, banished from among them the treacherous Spanish priests, who were in Texas; they fought for their freedom and they won it.

Irish repealers, the slaves of O'Connell and the scheming Jesuit Hughs of New York, resolve to defend the rights of Texas! The thing is too ludicrous. I shall not dwell upon it.

Let it not be inferred, from what I have stated above, that I believe the Irish Papists to be naturally cowards. I will not do them this or any other injustice. They are naturally a brave people. Unsubdued and untampered with by their profligate priests and Popish superstition, there is not a braver or more generous people in the world, and the chains which now bind them to British slavery, would be snapped in six months,—ay, I repeat it, Ireland would be free in six months, were it not for the ulterior designs of the Pope and his agents, in urging upon them abject submission to a power which, by a single effort of their native strength, they could crush never to rise again. Well does the

Pope know, well do Jesuits and priests understand that if the Irish nation freed itself from English rule, by its native arm, as the United States did, they would also free themselves from the dominion of his royal holiness the Pope, and the trammels of Jesuitism and priestcraft; and hence arise the scruples of O'Connell, about violating the British constitution. Hence the exhortation of Irish priests to their down-trodden Irish slaves, to do everything *constitutionally*, which means nothing more or less than this:—let us priests, bishops and pope, act for you; we are afraid to risk our own precious necks; we will negotiate matters for you. You must feel indebted to *us* for everything you possess; in the mean time come to confession to us regularly, bring us every dollar you earn, and we will take care of your political as well as your spiritual interest. Your bodies and souls shall be taken care of by us.—I can assure the Irish Papists in this country and elsewhere, that Daniel O'Connell and the Jesuit Bishops Hughs, Fenwick, and their brethren in this country, have no more idea of emancipating them, than they have of renouncing the Pope, unless with the view of making them still greater slaves to the Pope and the *infallible church*; and it is with this view they are now forbidding the use of the Bible, knowing full well that the free perusal of its sacred pages would enlighten them not only on the subject of their everlasting, but also on that of their civil rights. Well indeed may we apply to the Pope, and to the *Lord* Bishop Hughs, and each of his brethren the words of the poet,—

"Loyal his heart, and church and *Pope* his toast;  
 He for religion might not warmly feel;  
 But for the church he had abounding zeal."

We might well fancy these right reverend gentlemen addressing us in the following words of the same poet. They do so, in fact, every day.

"Why send you Bibles all the world about;  
 That men may read amiss and learn to doubt?  
 Why teach the children of the poor to read;  
 That a new race of doubters may succeed?  
 Now can you scarcely lull the stubborn crew;  
 And what if they should know as much as you?"

There is not in history one solitary instance to be found, where the court of Rome, or Romish priests as a body, afforded aid to any people struggling for freedom, unless with the ulterior view of subjecting them to their own dominion,—a dominion far more despotic in its principles and tyrannic in its exactions, than any that has before been devised by human ingenuity; because that, and that alone, enslaves the soul as well as the body.

Many instances might be quoted of the truth of this, but I shall only refer to one of a recent date. While Poland was struggling for her liberty, as we are told by a modern and beautiful French writer, Lamennais, (*Affaires de Rome*, p. 110. Paguerre, 1844,) and the success of the Russians remained a doubt, the official Journal of Rome, did not contain a word which could offend the victorious in so many combats; but scarcely had they, the Poles, fallen,—scarcely had the atrocious vengeance of the Czar begun the long punishment of a nation devoted to the sword, to exile and to slavery,—when the

same journal could find no terms sufficiently injurious, wherewith to stigmatize those, the noble Poles, who had fallen victims to fortune. Cowardly Rome trembled before the Czar. He said to Rome, would you live yet, place yourself beside the scaffold to which I have consigned those rebellious Poles, who had the audacity to attempt to free themselves from my government, and while they pass on their way to the gallows, *curse you* the victims;—and Rome did curse the Poles.

Atrocious, revolting as the conduct of the Czar has been towards the suffering Poles, yet there is something noble, something majestic in his treatment of Rome. He pays no regard to the insolent ecclesiastic of Rome, who would be lord of the universe. The Czar does not comprehend the meaning of those cabalistic words, *spiritual supremacy*. Let us contrast the conduct of this sovereign of Russia, with that of the sovereigns or executives of the United States, and the contrast cannot fail to make a forcible impression upon our minds. That of the Autocrat of all the Russians is so far truly independent; while that of one of our executives, in relation to the Pope, is truly spiritless and sycophantic. Witness the following letter of Mr. Van Buren, to the American consul at Rome, dated, Department of State, Washington, July the 20th, 1830.

“Your letters of the 11th of April and 5th of May, the first anticipating the favorable sentiments of his holiness the Pope, towards the government and people of the United States, and the last confirming your anticipations, have been received at *this* department, and submitted to the president; by

whom I am directed to tender his holiness, through the same channel, an assurance of the satisfaction which he derives from this communication of the frank and liberal opinions entertained by the apostolic see towards the government and the people, and of the policy which you likewise state his holiness has adopted, and which is so worthy of the head of a *great and Christian church*, assiduously to cultivate, in his intercourse with foreign nations, the relations of amity and good will, and sedulously to abstain from all interference in their occasional difficulties with each other, except *with the benign view of effecting reconciliations between them*.

“You will accordingly seek an early opportunity to *make known to the Pope*, in terms and manner *best suited to the occasion, the light in which* the president views the communication referred to, and likewise you will assure him that the president reciprocates, in their full extent and spirit, the friendly and liberal sentiments entertained by his holiness towards the government of the apostolic see, and the people of the states of the church; and it is the president’s wish that you should, upon the same occasion, offer his congratulations to the holy father, upon his recent succession to the Tiara, not from any hereditary claim on his part, but from a preponderating influence, which a just estimation of his talents and private virtues naturally had upon the enlightened councils by which that high distinction was conferred; and which affords the pledge that his pontificate will be a wise and beneficent one.

“You will take care, likewise, to assure his holiness, in reference to the paternal solicitude which he



expresses in behalf of the Roman Catholics of the United States, that all our citizens professing that religion, stand upon the same elevated ground which citizens of all other religious denominations occupy, in regard to the rights of conscience, that of perfect liberty, contradistinguished from toleration; that they enjoy an entire exemption from coercion in every possible shape, upon the score of religious faith, and that they are free, in common with their fellow-citizens of all other sects, to adhere to, or adopt the creeds and practise the worship best adapted to their reason, or prejudices; and that there exists a perfect unity of faith in the United States amongst religionists of all professions, as to the wisdom and policy of that cardinal feature of all our constitutions and forms of government, those of the United States and separate states of the union, by which this inestimable right is formally recognized, and the enjoyment of it inviolably secured.

M. VAN BUREN."

I would especially invite the attention of my readers to the above letter. A proper understanding of this correspondence between the executive of this country and the Pope, through their representatives, will set at rest a question long mooted in every section of the United States, viz., whether the Pope is a *temporal* or *spiritual potentate*. If the former, Mr. Van Buren and the President of the United States did but their duty in giving the assurances contained in the above letter. This was due to him as an *independent* sovereign. As king of Rome, he was as well entitled to it as any of the sovereigns of *Europe*; and so far from blaming Mr. Van Buren,

for the respectful and courteous manner in which he addressed his *royal holiness*, I should be among the first to award him just praise. The numerical weakness of a foreign potentate's subjects, the paucity of their numbers, or their intellectual degradation, is, now-a-days, no argument against the legitimacy of their independent sovereignty. But if the latter,—if the Pope of Rome, is not an *independent* and *sovereign* potentate,—if his sovereignty is only *spiritual*, as the Jesuit Hughs and all Romish priests and bishops in the United States would persuade us, then I contend, that Mr. Van Buren, the President of the United States, or any other man who with his sanction, writes such a letter as the above is a conspirator against this government, and should be prosecuted as such.

Among the foreign powers known to this government, no such power as a *spiritual* one is enumerated. The constitution of the United States recognizes no *spiritual* power, either at home or abroad; and if Mr. Van Buren, as the representative of this government, has corresponded with a foreign *spiritual* potentate, he did that which he was not authorized to do by our national charter, and which the executive of the United States, had no more right to order him to do, than I had. If the cabinet of his holiness, the king of Rome, have half the intelligence, tact and management for which they get credit, they must have felt highly amused at the simplicity and sycophancy of Mr. Van Buren's letter. If the power of the Pope, in these United States, be only spiritual, what has he to do with this government, or this government with him? The

constitution of the United States, and the various constitutions of the respective States, recognize no *spiritual* power whatever. No court of law nor equity, from one end of this country to the other, understands what a spiritual power is; nor have they made any provision to maintain or enforce it. What, then, is it? Where is it to be found? Is it visible? Is there any record of it? Is it tangible? In whom is it centred? No trace of it can be found among us, and yet we are told it exists; and three millions of Papists in the United States, are bound to obey this invisible and intangible thing, or whatever it is.

We are told by Bishop Hughs, that the Pope claims only spiritual jurisdiction over this country. I explained, in my recent work on Popery, what Papists mean by spiritual jurisdiction and spiritual power. It would be a loss of time to refer to it again. The legerdemain and humbuggery of the whole affair are too transparent to deceive any eye but that of a credulous American. Without this doctrine of spiritual allegiance to the Pope of Rome, Popish priests could raise no money for his *holiness*, in the United States, and they dare not *openly* claim for him any civil allegiance. Without it, repealers could raise no money for that champion of Popery, Daniel O'Connell.

Had the Romanists of the present day the spirit of the ancient Romans, they would spurn this shameful exaction upon their credulity, but especially upon their purse. It is base to submit to it; even a Pagan Romanist would spurn at it. He did so once *before*, and if his Pagan spirit was not broken by

worse than Paganism,—Popery,—he would do so again. “For I,” said Brutus,

“Can raise no money by vile means :  
By heavens, I had rather coin my heart  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash  
By any indirection !”

Yes, even a Pagan would spurn and scorn the deception, cupidity and hypocrisy of Popish Jesuits and priests.

Was there ever upon the Papal throne, since the days of Hildebrand, a Pope who did not claim sovereign and temporal jurisdiction over the kingdoms of the earth? Do the annals of mankind record so dispassionate and so solemn an act of treachery, or so glaring an evidence of temporal power and despotism, as that of Hildebrand, known as Gregory, over the Emperor of Germany? The universal monarchy and sovereign power, which he and Rome wrung from a bleeding world, was never more absolute than that which the Popes of Rome wrung from the superstitions of mankind, in almost every age of the world; and now, in the nineteenth century, in 1845, the present Pope has the unparalleled insolence, through his agents in New York, Boston, and elsewhere, to fasten upon our necks a yoke more galling than that which heathenism imposed upon the Romans.

This they cannot do by argument, because, to use argument with effect, man must be in the right; but to make the best possible use of bad arguments, may be, nevertheless, the privilege of genius, craft, and intrigue. Hence the introduction of auricular

confession. Hence it is, that Romish bishops and priests persuade their people to go to confession, where they have the complete mastery over their feelings, passions, and judgment. They know if they can debauch and seduce one female in a family, the whole of the household is at their mercy. It is in that accursed tribunal that they persuade the people, first, "that it is abominable to maintain that men can work out their salvation, under any form of creed whatever, provided their morals are pure." Second, "that it is odious and absurd, to grant to the people liberty of conscience." Third, "that it is impossible to hold the liberty of the press in too great detestation." Every Papist is compelled in the confessional, to subscribe to these degrading concessions. He must swear solemnly, that these propositions are orthodox, and that every government should be compelled to acknowledge them as such. No man can die in the faith of the Romish church, until he acknowledges that these propositions are true. No individual can be confirmed as a member of the Romish church, at least in Catholic countries, until he assents to them. No one can be ordained a Roman Catholic priest, until he solemnly swears to maintain them.

They familiarize the human mind to these infamous axioms of theirs, from their very infancy; and thus when they arrive at the age at which they are permitted to go to confession, which is generally from eight to twelve, there is no difficulty in confirming their people in the belief of these horrid principles.

The following passage may be found in the *en-*

*cyclic letter*, addressed by the actual Pope, to all the bishops of France, in 1832, in order that they might conform, they and their flocks, to these instructions, although they are in direct opposition to the laws of the country, and the rights of its citizens. Is it necessary to say that M. Lamennais protested, with all the powers of his great soul, against such odious maxims as these, stated in all their ultramontane candor?

"We now come," says the holy father, "to another cause by which we lament to see the church afflicted at this moment. To wit: to that *indifference* or *perverse opinion*, which has spread itself abroad on all sides, by the artifices of evil men, and in accordance to which, MEN MAY ATTAIN EVERLASTING SALVATION BY THE PROFESSION OF ANY CREED, PROVIDED THAT THEIR MORALS ARE PURE. It will not be difficult for you, in a matter so clear and evident, to repel an error, so fatal as this for the people."

Is this clear enough? A word to those of our number, who are intrusted to the care of these pastors. So here is an Italian monk, the ultramontane head of our bishops, who annuls, at a single dash of his pen, one of our most sacred rights, a right, the maintenance of which has cost the country torrents of bloodshed in the religious wars, like water.

"From this corrupt course of indifference," proceeds the holy father, "originates that absurd and erroneous opinion, or madness rather, which asserts that the liberty of conscience must be secured and guarantied to every one, whomsoever. The way is being cleared for this pernicious error by the liberty of opinions, full and unbounded, which spreads itself

far and wide, to the ruin of civil and religious society."

It is evident, that the holy father commands our bishops to inspire their flocks with a horror of one of the fundamental laws of our society. Let us conclude with an attack by the same holy father, by no means less violent, or less conclusive, against the dragon of the press.

"With this is connected *that fatal liberty*, of which we cannot but stand in awe, THE LIBERTY OF LIBRARIES TO PUBLISH ANY WRITING WHATSOEVER; a liberty which some persons still dare to solicit and extend with as much noise as ardor."

"Pope Gregory the XVIth, had scarcely ascended the pontifical throne, when he heard of the revolt of Bologna. His first movement was to summon the Austrians, and excite the *Sanfedistes*. The Cardinal Albani beat the liberals at Cesena; his soldiers pillaged the churches, sacked the town, ravished the women. At *Forli*, the bands committed assassinations in cold blood. In 1832, the *Sanfedistes* showed themselves in broad day, wearing medals, with effigies of the Duke of Modena, and of the holy father, letters patent, in the name of the apostolical congregation, privileges and indulgences: The *Sanfedistes* took the following oath liberally: '*I swear to elevate the altar and the throne upon the bones of the infamous liberals, and to exterminate them without pity for the cries of their children, the tears of their old men and women.*' The disorders committed by these brigands, passed all bounds; the court of Rome made anarchy regular, organized the *Sanfedistes* into bands of volunteers, and granted to

these bands extraordinary privileges."—*The Revolution and Revolutionists of Italy. Review of the Two Worlds*, November 15, 1844.

This is a specimen of the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, as taught in this country; and thus, Americans, would they erect altars upon your bones, "heedless of the cries of your old men and your old women," should the Pope's spiritual power ever gain the ascendancy over your strong arms,—or should his priests, by intrigue and by a play of passions, (as Rodin expresses it,) and excitement, obtain the control of your hitherto clear intellects. Pause, Americans. Hesitate for a moment, you young men and young ladies, who, under the influence of some momentary excitement, may be tempted to unite yourselves with the Romish church, or to go into their nunneries.

The first advance you make, the very first step you take to effect this, is in itself utterly degrading to you. It is the abandonment of your whole selves, bodies and souls, judgment, intellect, understanding, mind, liberty and all, to the guidance of a body of men whose political intrigues, and public and private immoralities, have blackened the pages of history for the last sixteen hundred years.

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Strasburg, in a letter to the Paris Constitutionnel, has denied that such doctrines as those contained in the three propositions which I have quoted above, are taught in Popish colleges. He pledges his *honor* in support of this assertion. I have quoted from the *Casuists*, a work written by the fathers of the Jesuit Society. The bishop does not deny the doctrines positively,



but says that the work from which the quotations are made, was written, not by Jesuits, but by a Rev. Dr. Moulet, a secular priest. If any other proof were necessary, to show the iniquity of Jesuit doctrines, and the truth of every word I have said, and others before me have said, against Jesuit intrigue and tergiversation, this admission of the Bishop of Strasburg, would be sufficient.

What is the difference between a Jesuit father, and a secular priest? It is simply this. Jesuits are limited in the sphere of their duties, by the general of their order; and whenever a Jesuit makes his appearance in the diocese of any Popish bishop, he is subject, while there, to the said bishop.

The Strasburg *professor* may succeed in imposing upon those who know not the difference between a *secular* priest and a Jesuit. The matter is not mended, or the difficulty removed, by having the book written by a *secular* priest; it is so much the worse. An evil deed, for instance treason, when committed by a servant, is bad enough; but it is much worse when committed by his master. An act of perfidy or immorality committed by a priest, under the jurisdiction of a bishop, merits execration, and should receive it; but if committed by the bishop himself, would become still more execrable.

I presume that when the Bishop of Strasburg *pledged his honor* that the crimes imputed by others, as well as myself, to him and his tools, were not sanctioned in his college, or by the writings of Jesuits, he had Brother Jonathan in view. His letter to the Paris Constitutionnel was intended exclu-

sively for Americans, whom Jesuits know by the name of "*dolts, double dolts.*"

Let us now see how far the *word* and *honor* of this Jesuit Strasburg bishop are entitled to credit. It is proper to do so, as his letter has found its way into several of our presses in the western country.

I pronounce the Bishop of Strasburg's assertion *an unqualified, deliberate, and unmitigated falsehood.* An issue is now made between myself and the bishop. The question is one of veracity, between us; and I am willing to leave the decision to a jury of the public. The bishop is a *Jesuit*, and bound, by his oath of allegiance to the Pope, to *support him and the doctrines of his church*, at the expense of all Protestant *governments.* He is bound by his oath to "hold no faith with heretics." He is bound by his oath "to destroy them." He is no citizen of this country. He has nothing in common with Americans, but the external configurations of humanity. He is not personally known to any American, as far as I am acquainted; and under these circumstances, he comes before the American public with the naked, unsupported assertion, that what history has handed down, and I, a fellow-citizen of their own, have confirmed and declared to be true, is false. Is he to be believed in preference to me, even if history was silent?

I have lived in this country more than twenty-five years, and though a foreigner by birth, I will venture the assertion, that no Roman Catholic priest ever came to America with higher recommendations than I did. Some of them are from Roman Catholic bishops, and are now in my possession; but I will

not ask Americans to give them any credit, because a Romish bishop or Jesuit would recommend the devil himself, who takes the *necessary* oath of allegiance to Rome, and swears to overthrow, by all possible means, the *heretical government* of the United States, which sanctions,—I use the very words of the Pope,—“that *fatal liberty of the press of which we cannot but stand in awe, the liberty of libraries to publish any writing whatsoever; a liberty which some—Americans—dare* to solicit with noise and ardor.”

I will not insult Americans by asking them to give me credit for veracity on the strength of recommendations from Popish bishops in Europe, men who are the sworn enemies of everything dear to freemen. I brought with me, from other sources, testimonials of the highest respectability, not as a Popish priest, but as a man. Among them were introductions to that eminent patriot, De Witt Clinton of New York, who immediately, on my arrival at his hospitable residence in Albany, and during the session of the Legislature, had me appointed chaplain to the senate. But I will not ask Americans to give me credit for veracity on account of any connections or acquaintances which I formed while I was a Popish priest. The very fact of my being a *priest* was in itself contamination. It should disqualify a man from being considered anything that was candid, frank or virtuous. But I will ask Americans to credit me, in preference to the Bishop of Strasburg, or any other Jesuit priest, upon the testimony of American citizens, men known to themselves, men of honor, probity and patriotism.

I have been a member of the bar of the States of South Carolina and Georgia, for nearly twenty years, until ill health obliged me to change my residence temporarily; and I value the following letter which has been sent to me by William Law, Esq., then judge of the superior court of Georgia, more highly than all the documents, testimonials and recommendations, which the Pope of Rome, or the whole college of his cardinals and Jesuits, could furnish.

*"Savannah, 25th June, 1832.*

"DEAR SIR,—Understanding from you that it is your intention to leave the State, with a view to the practice of law elsewhere, it will I apprehend be necessary that the certificate of admission to our bar furnished you by the clerk, should be accompanied with a certificate from myself, as the presiding judge of the court in which you were admitted. This is necessary to give it authenticity in another State. It will afford me pleasure to append that verification to it, if you will be pleased to send me the certificate.

"Permit me, as you are about to leave us, to offer you my humble testimony to your correct, upright deportment as an advocate at the bar of the superior courts of the eastern district of Georgia, since your admission to the practice of law in the same.

"Wishing you success and prosperity wherever you may settle, I am, dear sir, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM LAW."

Judge Law resides now in Savannah. He has retired from the bench, and practises law in copart-

nership with senator Berrien, of Georgia. I need not say who Judge Law is. He is well known, as one of the most eloquent and learned advocates of the American bar; nor is he more distinguished for his legal knowledge, than for his Christian virtues and exemplary life. He is at present, and has been for many years, an elder of the Presbyterian church, in that city. I believe that I have the honor and the friendship of this worthy man, up to the moment I write. Every earthly interest I have is in this country. Its prosperity will advance mine. The overthrow of its government would bury in its ruins all I have to support me. Who then is to be believed by Americans,—the Jesuit bishop of Strasburg, whose *country* is the *world*, whose *queen* is the *Popish church*, and whose *kindred* are monks and Romish priests? Am I unreasonable, under these circumstances, in asking a jury of Americans for a verdict in favor of my veracity, my word and my honor, in preference to the *honor* of a foreign Jesuit bishop of Strasburg, or any other Popish priest or bishop in the United States? You, Americans, are the best judges. In addition to these facts and circumstances, I will take the liberty of stating that nearly the whole delegation to Congress from the State of Georgia, where I have so long resided, have borne testimony to my correct conduct, by recommending me to high and lucrative offices under this government. Among these were the names of the Hon. J. M'Pherson Berrien, then a next door neighbor of mine, the Hon. Thomas Butler King, William C. Dawson, and the lamented Richard W. Habersham, of Savannah. *This last named gentleman is no more, but he has*

not left behind him one whose confidence and friendship I valued more. He was, indeed, *the noblest work of God*, an honest man. His name is now revered in Georgia, and will be there venerated as long as she has records to preserve it. I have in my possession the most friendly and affectionate letters from this Christian patriot up to within a few weeks of his death, which occurred about two years since. I may further add to these distinguished names, that of the Hon. Wm. C. Preston, of South Carolina, the Hon. Isaac Holmes, of the same State, and the Hon. Judge Wayne, of Savannah, one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. I have evidence in my possession, up to a few weeks ago, of the personal friendship of that elegant and accomplished gentleman Judge Wayne. I have studied law more than twenty years ago with the Hon. Mr. Holmes, and never since has his friendship towards me been interrupted. As a literary man and finished classical scholar Mr. Holmes has scarcely a superior in the country. With such testimonials as these of my *Americanism*, honor and veracity, I dread not the verdict of an American jury in the case now pending between me and the Jesuit bishop of Strasburg.

But before you make up your verdict, I beg to submit to you the following sketch of a debate, which took place the 5th of last March, in the Swiss Diet in Switzerland, on the subject of Jesuits in that country. It is taken from a speech of the Hon. Mr. Neuhaus, a representative from Berne. The debate commenced by the chancellor laying before the assembly *petitions from the people of Switzerland*.

signed by 120,000 persons, praying that the Jesuits might be expelled from that country.

“ M. Neuhaus said that the question of the Jesuits, which was raised last year, had made great progress since that time, and its importance might be estimated by the impression which it had produced on the population, the anxiety with which the result of the deliberations of the diet was looked forward to, and the care taken by all the great councils of the cantons to have their opinions duly represented. \* \* According to the eighth article of the federal compact, the diet took all the measures necessary for the internal and external safety of Switzerland. That right on the part of the diet was incontestable, and had been put in force on former occasions within memory. The question, therefore, was not whether the diet had a right to take steps against the Jesuits, but whether the Jesuits had compromised and were compromising the safety of Switzerland. It was therefore the question of fact only that he would approach. Were the Jesuits dangerous or not? Were they particularly dangerous as respected Switzerland? Yes, the Jesuits were dangerous.

1. Because of their morality. They taught the people to commit, without remorse of conscience, the most culpable actions. Their morality necessarily exercised on those exposed to their influence a deleterious effect; and a writer of the eighteenth century had said, with great truth, that he detested the Jesuits because they were an order *aboutissant*. But in republics morality was wanted above all things.
2. The Jesuits were dangerous because they made use of the ecclesiastical character to carry disorder

into families, and to divide the members of them, in order the more easily to govern them. Examples abounded, and, if necessary, he could cite many. 3. They were dangerous because the order required of all its members a blind obedience, an absolute submission. He who was a member of the society, whether he were a Jesuit properly so called, or merely belonged to the order under another denomination, could no longer have either opinions or will. As soon as the leaders gave orders, those who were enrolled in that militia were obliged to obey, without examination; and if the chief ordered the members and their associates to work in secret to subvert republican governments, they were obliged to obey, without examination, whether they thought it right or wrong. But what was necessary to the people of Switzerland, if they wished to maintain their independence, was the sentiment of liberty and moral force, and that sentiment the Jesuits annihilated. 4. The Jesuits were dangerous because they had neither family nor country. As soon as a Swiss citizen entered the order of the Jesuits, he only belonged to that body. On this account the governments of the cantons would do well to make a law that any one entering the order of the Jesuits should lose his natural rights. When a man was obliged to lay aside his feelings of family, to disown his cantonal as well as federal country, he was no longer a Swiss; he was nothing but a Jesuit and a stranger to every country. 5. The Jesuits were dangerous because they endeavored everywhere to seize upon power. In despotic and monarchical governments, where the head was invested with extended authority, they



might be tempted to make use of the Jesuits as auxiliaries. As long as the Jesuits did not dominate, they would consent to serve a master; but when they had attained their end, they took advantage of services which they had rendered to establish their domination over those who had recourse to them. This was what made all the governments of Europe banish them from their states. They were dangerous to monarchies, and still more to republics, where the authorities did not possess the elements necessary to counterbalance their pernicious influence. 6. They were especially dangerous to Switzerland, because one of the principal ends of the order was to extirpate Protestantism. Without doubt, the Swiss Catholics had a right that their Protestant brethren should respect their religious convictions; but the Protestants had also rights which should be respected by the Catholics; and the deputies of the canton of Berne would demand, if those Catholic cantons which tolerated, and even invited into their bosoms an order, the object of which is the extirpation of Protestantism, conducted themselves like good confederates towards the reformed cantons; if they fulfilled the federal duties, and if those states had not the right to say to the states which received the Jesuits, 'We have no congregation which labors for the extirpation of Catholicism, and we ask of you not to tolerate a corporation so hostile to us as the Society of Jesus.' These were the principal reasons which made the canton of Berne consider the Jesuits as dangerous; but there were many others which he could state, and among others, the recent events in the country were a strong proof of the danger of the

**Jesuits.** The only legal way to settle the question was, by taking the opinions of the cantons in the diet, and if twelve of the cantons voted that the Jesuits were dangerous, the others must submit. M. Neuhaus concluded by reading his instructions from his canton, which were to demand a decree for the expulsion of the Jesuits from every part of Switzerland.

“The action of the diet is already known.”

The reader may see from the above, proofs almost positive of the truth of every crime with which I have charged Popish Jesuits. The Hon. M. Neuhaus, a representative from a people proverbially generous, distinguished as a nation for honesty and simple integrity. Switzerland and chivalry are almost synonymous since the days of William Tell. Switzerland, honesty, virtue and piety are understood to be almost one and the same thing. Even among ourselves, in the United States, a Swiss Protestant emigrant needs no recommendation but a certificate of his nativity. We trust him; we confide in him, because he is honest; we believe him because he is truth himself. All the finer qualities of uncorrupted humanity seem to be his by birth-right. One hundred and twenty thousand of these honorable men petitioned their Legislature to pass a law for the *expulsion* of Jesuits from their country, and their representative, M. Neuhaus, the embodiment of their virtue and integrity, supports the prayer of their petition, charging those Jesuits to their teeth, proving from the history of their past and present lives, that they are collectively and individually *immoral and treacherous* men, the sworn enemies of

freedom and disturbers of the peace. He accuses them of being leagued together, and bound by the most awful oaths, to overthrow the government and exterminate the Protestants of Germany. He accuses them of maintaining spies in Protestant families, of tampering with their children, and introducing disobedience and disorder amongst them.

I regret extremely that I have not his whole speech, but if there is a file of the Swiss papers in the city, it will be found in those of last March.

I am ready now, fellow-citizens, for your verdict. I submit the case between the Jesuit Bishop of Strasburg and myself, to you without further argument.

If I am correct in my charges against Jesuits; if the various crimes, with which Eugene Sue charges them, be well founded,—and I declare, on the *honor of an American citizen and a member of the American bar, that they are*,—I ask my fellow-citizens of the United States for a verdict in my favor.

But it will be said, for the hundreth time, that the constitution of this country protects our people against dangers from Jesuits, or any other foreign source; and that our representatives will never betray the trust which the people repose in them; or even if they did betray it, the constitution provides for such a contingency. True, it does. But let me observe, that our constitution never supposed nor made any provision for such a contingency as that the people would betray themselves; and still this case is as plain to me as the noon-day. It is not only possible that the people of this country could betray themselves, but they are actually doing it at the present moment.

I will admit that a courageous people, such as our citizens are, can be neither cozened nor bullied out of their liberty; but it must be also admitted, that an intelligent and generous people may cease to be such; they may abet and admit amongst them the sworn enemies of their constitution, under false ideas of *toleration* and liberty: they may want the wisdom and judgment necessary to discern their danger in time; and in the necessarily downward progress of degeneracy, it is not even impossible,—such things have been before now,—that they may want courage to ward off the evil when it stares them in the face.

Look back, Americans, to the history of by-gone days. The Tarquins were expelled, and Rome resumed her liberty. Cæsar was murdered, and his whole race exterminated; but Rome remained in bondage. In the days of Tarquin, the Roman people were not entirely corrupt; in the days of Cæsar, they were thoroughly so. You, Americans, may be betrayed, though perhaps you may never betray yourselves voluntarily. But take heed, I entreat you, of Jesuits. Our constitution makes it difficult, if not impossible, to destroy our liberty by any sudden outbreak of popular fury, or even by the treachery of a few. But if you, as a people, or the majority of you, will concur with the *few*; if you will deliberately suffer them to acquire a majority, your constitution is nothing better than “a piece of parchment, with a bit of red sealing-wax dangling from it.” It ceases to be yours; it becomes the constitution of foreigners; it is the property of Jesuits and Popish priests, the moment they get the major-

ty of voters; you, Americans, have nothing to do with it. It secures no rights for you, nor should it be longer called the *American* constitution. Recollect that ten or fifteen years will give Papists a majority of voters in the United States, nor should I be surprised if, within half a century, the Pope of Rome was seen in New York or the city of Boston, as he is now in Rome, on Palm Sunday, mounted upon an ass, in blasphemous imitation of the Saviour entering Jerusalem, with thousands and tens of thousands of Papists spreading palms upon the streets, and shouting Hosanna to "our Lord God, the Pope."

This subject, Americans, is worthy of your serious consideration, to say the least of it. You are jealous of your charters and your privileges; perhaps sufficiently so. But you seem indifferent to the peril with which your liberty is threatened by Romish priests, inculcating treason in their confessionals, up to your very beards. What avail your laws against treason, implied treason and constructive treason? What avail your bills of rights, either national or state, when a priest, at your very door, aye, under your very roofs, is insidiously instilling into the ears of his PENITENTS at the confessional, treachery to your government, to your laws, to your religion, and even to each other? What avails your trial by jury, when oaths lose their sanctity, and a Jesuit teaches his *penitent that no faith is to be held with Protestants*; while there are amongst you nearly three millions of people, who are taught to disregard your laws, whose rulers,—the priests,—connive at its *infringement*, and refuse themselves to be amenable to

your civil or criminal courts? Do not be startled at my telling you that they refuse to be amenable to your courts. This is probably new to many of you; but as I make no statement which I cannot prove, I refer you to the case of the Romish priest, Carbury, in New York. It occurred some years ago, and is duly reported.

This priest, Carbury, peremptorily refused answering, while on the stand as a witness, any questions put to him by the court, in a case of great importance affecting the government of the State of New York. He defied the judge on the bench, the sheriff, and all other officers of the court. He contended that the constitution of the United States guarantied to him the free exercise of his religion, and, by implication, the right of hearing *confession*, and giving and receiving in the confessional such *counsel* and advice as his church required of him to give. And such was the sway which foreign Papists had in New York at that time, that the court did not and dare not commit him to prison for *contempt*; though, under similar circumstances, the officers of the court would drag an American citizen to jail, as they would a common felon. But the priest Carbury did no more than he was ordered to do by his church.

The Popish council of Lateran declares "it unlawful for a civil magistrate to require any oath from a Roman Catholic priest." A work, called the *Corpus Juris Canonici*, containing all the revised statutes of the Council of Trent, the last held in the Popish church, has issued the following proclamation to all <sup>MC</sup> monks, priests, bishops, and Jesuits: "We declare it unlawful for civil magistrates to require

any oath of the clergy, and *we forbid* all priests from taking any such oath." The Council of Lateran declares and announces to the Popish priesthood, as well as to the whole world, "that all magistrates, who interpose against priests in any criminal cause, whether it be for *murder* or *high treason*, shall be excommunicated; and if he condemn any priest for *murder*, or any other crime, he shall be excommunicated."

Thus we see that in our very midst, a Romish priest has but to go into his confessional, and there he may become accessory before or after the fact, to treason, arson, murder, or other crimes, and hold our laws and our magistrates in utter contempt and utter defiance. This they have done before, in the neighboring city of New York, and this they will do again, whenever it suits their plans and purposes.

Pour in amongst us a few more millions of a people who believe and sanction this doctrine; flood our country with a population subject to a priesthood maintaining such doctrine as this, and what must be the consequence? Vice, ignorance and laziness; just what it is in every country where Romish priests are permitted to exist and exercise their pernicious principles. There is a defect of moral principle and moral honesty wherever the Popish confessional is to be found. I know the reverse of this is believed by Americans, and not without some apparent reason. Here I do not blame them. They are deceived, and often have I wished, often and often have I resolved to undeceive them in this particular. Many and many a time have I resolved to be no longer a party to this shameful imposition

upon Americans. Many and many a time, have I determined to shake off from my soul any participation, directly or indirectly, in fastening upon the minds of American Protestants that the Romish confessional was the means of making Roman Catholic laborers and servants more honest than they otherwise would be. It is not so. Protestants know not the plans or schemes of Popish priests, in anything. Fraud and imposition are reduced to a science in the Romish church. Let me explain how the impression has got among Protestants, that *confessing sins to the priests* is a very good thing "for the ignorant Irish." "*It keeps them honest.*" I can scarcely refrain from laughing, when I hear this observation. It has been made to me by some of the most amiable, benevolent, and charitable ladies and gentlemen in this city of Boston, and elsewhere; and though I understood the deception played upon them, I felt almost unwilling to remove so charitable but delusive a dream. There is an old proverb, "it is better late than never." Let me do so now. Justice to Protestants, and even to the Roman Catholic laborers and domestics themselves, requires this at my hands.

The *modus operandi* of Romish priests is as follows: When a Popish or Jesuit priest settles in a city or town, he looks about him and ascertains what the character, circumstances, politics and religion of the different families are. If he discovers that any particular Protestant family is wealthy, entirely unacquainted with Popery, and liberally disposed, he takes a note of the fact, and determines, by some means, to form an acquaintance with the



head of that family. This is sometimes not easily done. It is not often that men of wealth are desirous of the personal acquaintance of clergymen of any denomination. They know that, pretty generally speaking, there is little to be gained, so far as worldly goods are concerned, from a personal intimacy with them. Of this Romish priests are well aware, and act accordingly. When one of them desires an acquaintance with the head of a family, he unceremoniously calls upon him, hands him some money,—more or less according to circumstances,—and without any explanation tells him it is his, and seems no way desirous of further conversation. The gentleman or lady, who receives the money, of course, detains the priest or Jesuit, and asks what he wishes him or her to do with this money; whether he deposited it for safe-keeping, or whether he wished it paid over to some one. The answer of the Jesuit is, sir, or madam, “the money is yours. I received it in the discharge of my duty as a priest,” and he departs.

The result of this piece of Jesuit acting is obvious. The gentleman mentions the circumstance to his family, the merchant to his neighboring merchants, the mother mentions it to her children, and to every mother on her list of visitors, and all finally come to the conclusion that the money has been received in the *confessional*; that some poor Roman Catholic in their employment had stolen it, and that the priest in the *confessional* caused restitution to be made; that, after all, this “going to *confessional* was a good thing,—it kept the Catholic servants honest; and if *it were not for it, there would be no safety in giving*

trient employment." The husband tells his wife to throw no obstacles in the way of her domestics going to confession, as he believed it was a check upon their dishonesty, and makes up his mind that it is at least good policy to sustain Popery and Popish priests. He calls upon the Jesuit bishop or priest, touches his hat for him should he meet him upon the streets, tells him he would be happy to see him at his house; and thus, by this tedious, though sure process, does a reverend Jesuit priest gain his end. The family is now at his mercy; and the best recommendation a domestic can bring to this family, or any of their acquaintances, is that of a scheming deceitful Popish priest or bishop, with whom, if properly known, no respectable man would be seen walking the streets. Often have I done this while a Romish priest.

This process, by which Popish priests and Jesuits often insinuate themselves into the confidence of some of our most respectable Protestant families, has in it something ineffably mean, contemptible and wicked. There is something worm-like and vampire-like in the whole process. The bold robber is an honorable man, compared with a skulking Jesuit priest. The robber runs some risk in gaining possession of his booty; he has, at least, the redeeming quality of personal bravery. The eagle, which takes his prey to the very pinnacle of the loftiest rock, though that prey should be the infant of the fondest mother, and there devours it before the eyes of its agonized parent, must claim more or less admiration for its boldness. There is a majesty in its flight which diminishes the atrocity of the act; by

one bound the noble bird gains his point. But the Jesuit, like the worm, like the loathsome reptile, gains his by beginning at the root, at the base of domestic happiness and virtue, and creeps and gnaws his way until he reaches its summit, and then laughs as he sees it mouldering under his feet:

But this is not all. The Protestant family with whom he forms an acquaintance by these dishonorable means, are not the only sufferers. Injustice is done to the Catholic domestics in Protestant families. A palpable imputation of dishonesty is thrown upon the whole body of them. An implied impression is left upon the minds of Protestants that they are all dishonest,—that they would all rob, pilfer and steal, if they were not forbidden and compelled to make restitution in the *confessional*. But what signifies it to a Jesuit priest, what Protestants think of poor Roman Catholics? If they only believe that priest- and Jesuits are *saints*, that is all they care for. If priests can only manage to cause Protestants to attribute the honesty of Papists to themselves, and can cause the Catholics to hate and despise Protestants for suspecting them of dishonesty, their point is gained, though at the expense of injustice both to Protestant and Catholic. It is peculiarly unjust towards Catholic domestics, who are really as honest as other people, if their priests will let them be, and who might be as good citizens as others, were it not for priests and Jesuits. Do away with the supremacy of the Pope and *auricular confession*, and the foreigners who come among us from Ireland and other Catholic countries, would be as peaceable, as industrious and as worthy citizens as any we have, but never

can these poor people enjoy the blessings of freedom here or elsewhere, while they have any connection with priests, confessionals, or popes. Americans are not inimical to foreigners who conduct themselves with propriety, and pay a due respect to the laws of their country; but they are inimical,—and it is their duty to be so,—to all who traitorously interfere with their civil rights; and it is not a little singular, that among the millions of foreigners which have fled to this land of freedom, none but Papists have interfered with their laws, their institutions, or their customs. I have resided in the United States for thirty years or thereabouts, and never have I heard a Protestant say that he has been ill-treated or unkindly dealt with by Americans, on account of his foreign birth; and I can declare, with equal sincerity, that I have never known a Roman Catholic satisfied with our republican form of government, and who did not avow,—when he could do so without being heard by Protestants,—that he *wished a Roman Catholic government* established in its place.

It is a strange circumstance, but nevertheless true, that Americans have no difficulties with any foreigners amongst them except the Roman Catholics. There are various denominations of foreigners in the United States, but all others enjoy the blessings of liberty, quietly and thankfully. Papists alone are dissatisfied; they alone refuse to hear to reason, and seem inclined to govern by force. No Protestant priest in the United States has ever been known to be controlled in the discharge of his duty by a foreign potentate. None of them were ever known to harangue their flocks and march them through

American cities, with banners bearing the treasonable motto, written in conspicuous letters, "*Americans shan't rule us.*" Popish bishops and Papists alone, have dared to do this.

I have always been, and I trust I am now, the advocate of peace; but I will confess, that I am at a loss to know whether there is to be found in any code of political, or even moral ethics, a single passage which can justify Americans in permitting this outrage upon their laws and upon their national character. It may be a *salutary inconsistency*, a *laudable apostasy*, on the part of Americans, to permit this insult to their country and to the memory of their noble and patriotic ancestors; but if these ancestors, who now sleep in their graves, were living, and saw this *Popish flag* with this *Popish motto*, paraded by foreign Papists over their graves, I will only say, the insult should never be repeated; there would be no one left to bear the standard.

I do not believe, that, from the days of Cain to the days of Bishop Hughs, of New York, there has ever been witnessed so insolent, or so inflated a condensation of treason, as was contained in that solitary Popish motto, "*AMERICANS SHAN'T RULE US;*" and if Americans were not a people of singular forbearance, they would have levelled to the ground every Popish church, and put to the sword every Popish priest and bishop in the country.

The poor Irish Papists who marched through our cities, waving in the very face of Americans, the flag which bore this treasonable motto to which I have alluded, are not so much to be blamed; a *majority* of them are but the children of impulse, whose

passions are played upon by designing priests. I repeat it,—and again and again I have repeated it,—the Irish are naturally a well-disposed people. They would be true to this country, and faithful to its laws and constitution, if their priests and church would let them. This is evident in the contrast which is visible between the Papists and Protestants of Ireland. There are not in this country better men or more faithful citizens than the Protestants of Ireland. Where can we find a man who values *character* more highly than an Irish Protestant? Where is there to be found a man, who contributes more, by his own example and that of his family, to the preservation of virtue and morality, than a Protestant Irishman, in the United States? I can say, from my own knowledge of Protestant Irishmen in particular, that they are temperate, frugal, industrious, and eminently sincere in their professions and attachments. I mean not any invidious comparison, when I say there is no finer character than a Protestant Irishman. He is in earnest in everything, in his words and in his actions.

Americans, give him the hand of friendship; give him your confidence; he will not betray you. In the hour of danger, he will stand by yourselves, your laws, and your constitution. He will defend them with his strong arm and brave heart; his religion teaches him to do so. But not so the Irish Papist. Trust him not at least until he renounces his religion, which tells him that you are *heretics*, and should be *extirpated*, and that your constitution shall *not rule him*.

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I am little inclined to moralize, but it is to me a



sad reflection, to see this contrast between the Protestant and Roman Catholic Irish; all occasioned by that accursed thing called Popery.

Even the Christian League, so grossly abused by Papists, seem to entertain no other feelings than those of hospitality towards them; but in truth, nothing is to be feared by Papists from that association. As far as I know them by reputation, they are men of zeal, piety, and fine talents; but they are no match for the trained bands of the Popish army. They want discipline. It is true I know nothing of them but through their speeches, some of which have been published in our leading religious journals. These I have read, and the *League* itself could not give me credit for taste or judgment, did I not pronounce them pointless, pithless, powerless, almost useless. They evidently overrate themselves or undervalue the force of their opponents. The latter I have reason to know is the fact.

It is true his holiness has condescended to *curse* them. He sent recently a bull formally excommunicating them as a set of *damned heretics*. I am glad of this. It may arouse them to a greater concert of action.

But what if this League should succeed in that which seems to be after all their leading object, the circulation of the Bible in Italy? Suppose they even succeeded in suppressing Jesuitism altogether in that country, what then? Would Popery cease to exist? Or has the *Christian League* counted the cost at which this may be done? Have they reflected that while they are mowing down the withered weeds of *Popery* in the morally barren fields of Italy, that

Jesuits are carefully collecting its seeds and roots, and planting them in the new and rich fields of their own country, where, in the homely but expressive language of our farmers, one acre will produce more than ten in Italy? The whole course of this League, as far as I am able to judge, is injudicious, and for the one moral good that will be the consequence, fifty evil ones must follow. Not a single member of this learned association would apply their rule of action, in relation to Italy, to the management of any other transaction in life. What farmer, for instance, would waste his time in cultivating a sandy barren field on his farm, and leave uncultivated a rich, loamy and productive one? Or would he try to cultivate both without sufficient hands to do either well? Assuredly, no judicious man would do so; or if he did, a failure and poverty would be the necessary consequence. If the *League* desire success, they must strike at the root of the evil of which they complain. Who, for instance, that had a tree in his garden, whose fruit and blossoms were poisonous, would spend his time, every spring and autumn, in plucking off those blossoms and gathering up this fruit, with a view of getting rid of this troublesome and destructive tree? Would you, gentlemen of the Christian *League*, not smile at the individual whom you saw thus employed? Would you not, in charity, say to him,—sir, you should root out that tree altogether from your garden; but especially should you take care that if any of its seeds has found its way into a richer garden or more valuable soil of yours, to extirpate the latter first, as the poison which that

will emit will be much more rank, subtle and in greater quantity.

If Jesuitism were now confined to Italy alone, the members of the *Christian alliance* may, perhaps, be right. If there was but one tree in the farmer's garden, and its seeds had not taken root in any of his more valuable domains, he might take his own time in removing the tree, either by cutting it down, or by gathering up its fruits and blossoms to suit his taste, fancy or eccentricity. But when the seed of this tree has taken root and begins to flourish luxuriantly, in the only spot of land from which he expected support for himself and family, he is a thriftless farmer that would not extirpate this tree root and branch, fruit and blossom, from this valuable spot on which his own support and that of a numerous family depended.

Let this rule be applied to the individual members of the Christian alliance, or rather let each member apply it to himself. He cannot but see that the poisonous seed of Popery has found its way to this country, and taken deep root in some of its most verdant fields. I am aware that these gentlemen will pay but little attention to my remonstrances or warnings. Men entrenched behind the pride of opinion will seldom yield to the summons of reason. For more than twenty years I have warned Protestants, but to no effect, of an approaching inundation of Popish priests and Jesuit principles. Suppose a fire should rage through one of our most populous cities; suppose it should have extended to the very middle of its lengthiest streets; would it be wise to go and try to check its progress by seeking for the

spot where it began? The whole force of the fire companies and citizens should be concentrated at the extreme point at which it extended; every effort should be made to prevent its progressing farther. Palaces, houses, hovels, goods, all should be pulled down at every risk of individual property to stop the conflagration. Suppose a prairie were on fire; suppose that prairie belonged to the *Christian alliance*; suppose the loss of it involved their own ruin and the ruin of their posterity,—would they, or any one of them, go to look for the spot where the fire originated? Not they. It would be madness to do so. Each and every one of them would turn up their sleeves and never cease to labor until they cut a ditch deep and wide enough to prevent the progress of the flames.

Why do they not pursue the same course in relation to Popery? They see Popery burning, blazing, whizzing, and devastating this whole land, and in place of cutting a ditch, or throwing up such a barrier as will check its further advance, they go by a sort of retro-progressive movement, back to Italy, to begin this work. Pardon me, fellow-citizens. Though I disapprove of the course of your proceedings in trying to prevent the further spread of Popery, I am willing to acknowledge that in talents, zeal, piety, and general learning, you infinitely excel me; but I believe I am not vain in saying that in the knowledge of Popery and Jesuit intrigue, I am not inferior to you. You are evidently in the dark in practical acquaintance with Popery, and I hesitate not to tell you now, that until you unite with me heart and hand in my efforts to extirpate it from this country,

you will be laughed at by every Romish priest and bishop in the United States; well knowing, as they do, that while you are converting one Italian to Protestantism, they are converting five hundred Americans to Popery; and that while you are distributing one little tract, which one Italian in a thousand,—even if he could, would not read,—they are building one hundred colleges, nunneries, and monk houses, in your very midst, and at your very doors. You will find, by-and-by, that this very country of yours, this very land of freedom, will supply even Italy with Jesuits and priests enough to drive you, your Bibles and tracts, beyond their boundaries. Stand upon your own soil; let Americans never engage in any foreign religious or political war. You have not now the moral power to wage an offensive religious war; that day is gone by. I warned you of it twenty-five years ago, but you heeded me not; you were deaf. You have quite enough to do now to defend your own soil, and much more, I fear, than you will be able to accomplish, with all your zeal and talents.

One of the members of the *Christian League*, at its late convention in Boston, has stated, if I am not mistaken, that the *Pope read one of its tracts, and looked very sad*. For the word *sad*, should be substituted *glad*. If he read the tract at all, which I doubt, it must have been extremely gratifying to him. It showed him clearly that he had succeeded in humbugging Americans even farther than he expected; and with due deference to each and every member of the *League*, I must say, that this is the *only inference* which any man, versed in a knowl-

edge of Popery, or even of human nature, would or could draw from that circumstance.

The Romish church has a vast interest in this country; an interest so deep that no line can sound it; an interest of such magnitude, that the power of numbers can scarcely calculate it, and of such altitude, that it scarcely admits of a measurement; and the Pope's object is to divert the attention of the *Christian League*, and all other American Protestants, from this country to Italy, which, if given to us with all its *relics*, Jesuits, monks and nuns, would not enrich us much in a pecuniary point of view, and would be only the means of flooding us with infidelity and immorality.

It is sound policy in the Pope, to attract the attention of American Protestants to Italy. He knows well, that the citadel of our liberties can never be taken, without this or some other similar plot. Let him but succeed in turning the eyes of Americans from the altar of our own liberty, on which the God of freedom sits enthroned, to Italy, and pour in upon us his vassals at the rate of two thousand in *forty-eight hours*,—as we are told was done in New York, last week,—and freedom's God will soon be dishonored, and the image of some Popish vagabond, called *saint*, will be seated in its place.

The whole country must form itself into one Protestant alliance, and swear upon the altar of freedom, that no man shall be admitted to the rights of an American citizen, until he forswears *all allegiance, spiritual and temporal, civil and religious*, without mental reservation or equivocation, to the Pope of Rome. Every appeal to the Pope of Rome, from the

citizens of this country, or from any man living within its limits, for the purpose of settling any difficulties between them about church rights, civil rights, or any other rights whatever, should be considered treason; and the individual or individuals who shall make such appeals, whether a Popish archbishop, bishop, priests, Jesuits, or laymen, should be prosecuted as *felons*, and subjected to the most ignominious punishment known to our laws.

This, and this alone, can effectually arrest the progress of Popery in these United States. No Papists can complain of this, and no honest man will object to it. Such a law is not at variance with our constitution; it prevents no man from worshipping God according to the dictates of his own conscience. On the contrary, it only guaranties even to the Papist, in still stronger terms than our constitution now does, the right of worshipping God as he pleases, and relieves him from the degrading obligation of being obliged to worship him according to the dictates of the conscience of a foreign tyrant, the Pope of Rome, and his insolent minions in this country.

I believe there is not even an Irish Catholic in this country who will not support such a law. A little reflection will satisfy them that nearly all the evils they suffer, and have borne patiently for centuries back, have been brought upon them by the Church of Rome. They will soon perceive, if they only take the trouble of examining the question, that there is not, and never was, such a system of general, permanent, and unlimited slavery, as that to which the Romish church has reduced them. It is *irreconcilable* with happiness, good order, public and

private tranquillity; and there cannot possibly exist a more singular anomaly, than to see a whole people willing to submit to such a system, and preferring it to the rational freedom which they enjoy in this country.

Far be it from me, and foreign indeed is it from my thoughts, to say, or do, or write anything that may injure the true welfare of the poor Irish Catholics. I would serve them, and, in the full flow of my affection for them, I would beg of them to pause and look seriously into their condition. The year before last, 1843, the Irish people paid to O'Connell twenty-eight thousand pounds. This was called the O'Connell tribute. In the same year, they paid *repeal rent*, amounting to the enormous sum of seventy-eight thousand five hundred pounds sterling; amounting in all, to one hundred and six thousand five hundred pounds British money. The above, I take from the accounts and estimates of the repeal journals. Let us add to the above sum the amount which the Irish in the United States have sent over to Ireland; and some idea may be formed of the grinding tyranny which the Romish church and her agents exercise over their deluded victims here and elsewhere.

Under these circumstances, is it not my duty, is it not the duty of every friend of humanity, to appeal to the good sense of the Irish, to their "sober second thought," and ask them, why submit to such imposition as this? Why not resist these tyrannical exactions of the Church of Rome? For they know well, that it is not *Irish repeal* or American *repeal*, that the Pope and his priests have in view;

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but *church* repeal. What have the Irish received in exchange for the vast sums which they have given, and the blood which they have shed, to effect this Irish, or rather *church* repeal, and the loss of that confidence and esteem, which they might otherwise have from Americans? Nothing. Emphatically nothing. Suppose they succeeded in overthrowing the constitution; suppose they reduced to sad reality the words of their daring and treasonable motto, "*Americans shan't rule us*," and the American constitution were trampled under their feet; suppose the "Protestant *heretics* of the United States" were extirpated and exterminated, *qui bono*, whose advantage would it be? Would it be yours, poor, warm-hearted, but deluded Irish Catholics? Would your new Popish rulers give you a better constitution? Would your new Popish *signers* to your constitution be men of more piety, liberality, or patriotism, than the signers of the Declaration of the Independence of these United States? Let the civilized world answer the question. I shall not record it. It should be registered only in heaven.

Poor Papists! You are not only slaves, but you are denied the privilege of choosing your own master. Your task-master, the Pope, and his *overseers* the bishops, will not even allow you to choose your own teachers, or have priests of your choice. They will not even give you a voice in the choice of your pastors. Do you call this freedom of conscience? A bishop, some insolent tool of the pope, tells you to build a church; puts his hand in your pockets, takes out the last dollar some of you have, builds a *magnificent* chapel, and when you want a priest, whom

you believe most competent to instruct yourselves and your children, you cannot have him; and if you insist upon your just right to choose him, you are told by your tyrant *overseer*, the bishop, to be silent, or he will lock up the church, and *curse* you, and every one belonging to you. Call you this freedom of conscience? Call you this the right of worshipping God according to the dictates of your own conscience? Yes. Such is your infatuation. I ask you, Irish Papists, whether I am exaggerating or even discolored the truth, in what I here state?

ABOUT the year 1818, the Roman Catholics of Norfolk, Virginia, had for their priest a man supposed by them to be among the best of the order. They wished him continued among them; but their bishop would not allow it; and when they murmured, he threatened to *curse* them; they sent a remonstrance to the Pope of Rome, but he did not deign to notice it; they had to submit. Here was liberty of conscience with a vengeance! The Roman Catholics of Philadelphia, New Orleans, Charleston, and New York, sent similar remonstrances to his *royal holiness*, the Pope; but in place of redress, he reprimanded them for their insolence, and threatened to *curse* them, if they exhibited any further symptoms of *contumacy*; and they crouched like so many whipped spaniels, perfectly content with the *privilege* of paying out their money and building magnificent churches for the Pope's agents.

A similar case occurred in this city of Boston, if I am correctly informed, only a short time ago. A large majority of one of the most respectable Roman Catholic congregations in this city, wished to have

for their pastor, a priest whom they believed to be a man of talents; but their Bishop, Fenwick,—a practical Jesuit, with talents below mediocrity, but possessing all the craft, cunning and intrigue of his order,—had the unparalleled assurance to tell them that *they should not have the pastor of their choice; that they had no voice in the matter*; that he was the church within the limits of his diocese; that they who did not *hear* the church “were worse than heathens and publicans;” and that if they did not shut up their mouths, he would shut up their church at once, and *curse* them if they became *contumacious*. Is this freedom of conscience? And yet we hear this very majority,—this insulted, down-trodden majority,—talk of the right of worshipping God according to the dictates of their own conscience. Shameful proceedings these, in a free country! Base tyranny over a generous people! Why not say to this would-be despot, Fenwick, we acknowledge you our bishop; we will hear to any objections which you have to make against the pastor of our choice; but if you have none to make, we shall have him; the church is *our property*; and you and your interdicts, *curses* and all such “raw-heads and bloody-bones,” may go to Rome; we want you not in a free country. No longer shall we submit in blind obedience to you, or to a foreign Pope.

The great mass of Irish Catholics, on whom the arts of delusion and chicanery are chiefly practised, do not understand the meaning of the word freedom. They are taught by priest and Jesuits in the confessional, to misapply that term altogether. Freedom or liberty means in its true sense, a faithful and conscientious adherence to law and the constitution of

the country in which we live, and of which we are members. It is the obedience of duty, and anticipates compulsion. It is not a blind obedience, such as that taught by Popish priests, and which favors the extension of their power. Priests and bishops would, if they could, limit the comprehensive term, liberty, to the privilege of bowing to his *holiness* the Pope, and building churches for him. But even Papists are beginning to doubt the legitimacy of this application of the term, and I am much mistaken if there are not, even now, thousands of them in the city of Boston, New York, and elsewhere, who will unite with Americans in petitioning Congress to pass a law, making it treason, in any man in the United States, whether native or foreigner, to hold any correspondence, or to avow any allegiance of any kind or under any name or title, spiritual or temporal, with the Pope of Rome, knowing as they do that he is a temporal potentate. Let the whole people, Christian League, Natives, Odd-fellows, Freemasons, Whigs, Democrats, Conservatives, and all unite in one great national petition to the Congress of the United States, and in one fervent and loud prayer to the God of mercy, that he may give the said Congress a correct view of their duty, and cause them to hear and grant our prayer. This, with such improvements as wiser heads may suggest, is the course I would advise to be pursued in the present posture of our national and moral condition. The time seems propitious; our executive is said to be a Christian. God send he may prove so, and that the blandishments of office may not blind him to a sense of his duty to God and his country!



## DESTRUCTION OF THE INQUISITION IN SPAIN.

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IN 1809, Col. Lehmanowsky was attached to the part of Napoleon's army which was stationed in Madrid. And while in that city, said Col. L., I used to speak freely among the people what I thought of the Priests and Jesuits, and of the Inquisition. It had been decreed by the Emperor Napoleon that the Inquisition and Monasteries should be suppressed, but the decree, he said, like some of the laws enacted in this country, was not executed. Months had passed away, and the prisons of the Inquisition had not been opened. One night, about 10 or 11 o'clock, as he was walking one of the streets of Madrid, two armed men sprang upon him from an alley, and made a furious attack. He instantly drew his sword, put himself in a posture of defence, and while struggling with them, he saw at a distance, the lights of the patroles,—French soldiers mounted, who carried lanterns, and who rode through the streets of the city at all hours of the night, to preserve order. He called to them in French, and, as they hastened to his assistance, the assailants took to their heels and escaped, not however before he saw by their dress that they belonged to the guards of the Inquisition.

He went immediately to Marshal Soult, then Governor of Madrid, told him what had taken place, and reminded him of the decree to suppress this institution. Marshal Soult replied that he might go and destroy it. Col. L. told him that his regiment (the 9th of the Polish Lancers) was not sufficient for such a service, but if he would give him two additional regiments,—the 117th, and another, which he named, he would undertake the work. The 117th regiment was under the command of Col. De Lile, who is now, like Col. L., a minister of the gospel, and pastor of an evangelical church in Marseilles, France. The troops required were granted, and I proceeded (said Col. L.) to the Inquisition, which was situated about five miles from the city. It was surrounded with a wall of great strength, and defended by a company of soldiers. When we arrived at the walls, I addressed one of the sentinels, and summoned the holy fathers to surrender to the imperial army, and open the gates of the Inquisition. The sentinel, who was standing on the wall, appeared to enter into conversation for a moment with some one within, at the close of which he presented his musket, and shot one of my men. This was the signal of attack, and I ordered my troops to fire upon those who appeared on the walls.

It was soon obvious that it was an unequal warfare. The walls of the Inquisition were covered with the soldiers of the holy office; there was also a breast work upon the wall, behind which they partially exposed themselves as they discharged their muskets. Our troops were in the open plain, *and exposed to a destructive fire.* We had no can-

non, nor could we scale the walls, and the gates successfully resisted all attempts at forcing them. I could not retire and send for cannon to break through the walls without giving them time to lay a train for blowing us up. I saw that it was necessary to change the mode of attack, and directed some trees to be cut down and trimmed, to be used as battering rams. Two of these were taken up by detachments of men, as numerous as could work to advantage, and brought to bear upon the walls with all the power which they could exert, while the troops kept up a fire to protect them from the fire poured upon them from the walls. Presently the walls began to tremble, a breach was made, and the imperial troops rushed into the Inquisition. Here we met with an incident, which nothing but Jesuitical effrontery is equal to. The inquisitor general, followed by the father confessors in their priestly robes, all came out of their rooms, as we were making our way into the interior of the Inquisition, and with long faces, and their arms crossed over their breasts, their fingers resting on their shoulders, as though they had been deaf to all the noise of the attack and defence, and had just learned what was going on, they addressed themselves in the language of rebuke to their own soldiers, saying, "*Why do you fight our friends, the French?*" !

Their intention, no doubt, was to make us think that this defence was wholly unauthorized by them, hoping, if they could make us believe that they were friendly, they should have a better opportunity, in the confusion of the moment, to escape. Their artifice was too shallow, and did not succeed. I caused



them to be placed under guard, and all the soldiers of the Inquisition to be secured as prisoners. We then proceeded to examine all the rooms of the stately edifice. We passed through room after room; found all perfectly in order, richly furnished, with altars and crucifixes, and wax candles in abundance, but could discover no evidences of iniquity being practised there, nothing of those peculiar features which we expected to find in an Inquisition. We found splendid paintings, and a rich and extensive library. Here was beauty and splendor, and the most perfect order on which my eyes had ever rested. The architecture, the proportions were perfect. The ceiling and floors of wood were scoured and highly polished. The marble floors were arranged with a strict regard to order. There was everything to please the eye and gratify a cultivated taste; but where were those horrid instruments of torture of which we had been told, and where those dungeons in which human beings were said to be buried alive? We searched in vain. The holy father assured us that they had been belied; that we had seen all; and I was prepared to give up the search, convinced that this Inquisition was different from others of which I had heard.

But Col. De Lile was not so ready as myself to give up the search, and said to me, "Colonel, you are commander to-day, and as you say, so it must be; but if you will be advised by me, let this marble floor be examined. Let water be brought and poured upon it, and we will watch and see if there is any place through which it passes more freely than others." I replied to him, "Do as you please, colo-

nel,' and ordered water to be brought accordingly. The slabs of marble were large and beautifully polished. When the water had been poured over the floor, much to the dissatisfaction of the inquisitors, a careful examination was made of every seam in the floor, to see if the water passed through. Presently Col. De Lile exclaimed that he had found it. By the side of one of these marble slabs the water passed through fast, as though there was an opening beneath. All hands were now at work for further discovery; the officers with their swords, and the soldiers with their bayonets, seeking to clear out the seam and pry up the slab; others with the butts of their muskets striking the slab with all their might to break it, while the priests remonstrated against our desecrating their holy and beautiful house. While thus engaged, a soldier, who was striking with the butt of his musket, struck a spring, and the marble slab flew up. Then the faces of the inquisitors grew pale as Belshazzar, when the handwriting appeared on the wall; they trembled all over. Beneath the marble slab, now partly up, there was a stair-case. I stepped to the altar, and took from the candlestick one of the candles four feet in length, which was burning, that I might explore the room below. As I was doing this, I was arrested by one of the inquisitors, who laid his hand gently on my arm, and with a very demure and holy look said, "My son, you must not take those lights with your bloody hands, they are holy."—"Well," I said, "I will take a holy thing to shed light on iniquity; I will bear the responsibility!" I took the candle, and proceeded down the staircase. As we reached

the foot of the stairs we entered a large square room, which was called the Hall of Judgment. In the centre of it was a large block, and a chain fastened to it. On this they had been accustomed to place the accused, chained to his seat. On one side of the room was one elevated seat called the Throne of Judgment. This the Inquisitor General occupied, and on either side were seats less elevated, for the holy fathers when engaged in the solemn business of the Holy Inquisition.

From this room we proceeded to the right, and obtained access to small cells, extending the entire length of the edifice; and here such sights were presented as we hoped never to see again.

These cells were places of solitary confinement, where the wretched objects of inquisitorial hate were confined year after year, till death released them from their sufferings, and there their bodies were suffered to remain until they were entirely decayed, and the rooms had become fit for others to occupy. To prevent this being offensive to those who occupied the inquisition, there were flues or tubes extending to the open air, sufficiently capacious to carry off the odor. In these cells we found the remains of some who had paid the debt of nature; some of them had been dead apparently but a short time, while of others nothing remained but their bones, still chained to the floor of their dungeon.

In other cells we found living sufferers of both sexes and of every age, from three score years and ten down to fourteen or fifteen years—all naked as when born into the world! and all in chains! Here were old men and aged women, who had been shut

up for many years. Here, too, were the middle aged, and the young man and the maiden, of fourteen years old. The soldiers immediately went to work to release these captives from their chains, and took from their knapsacks their overcoats and other clothing, which they gave to cover their nakedness. They were exceedingly anxious to bring them out to the light of day; but Col. L., aware of the danger, had food given them, and then brought them gradually to the light, as they were able to bear it.

We then proceeded, said Col. L., to explore another room on the left. Here we found the instruments of torture, of every kind which the ingenuity of men or devils could invent. Col. L. here described four of these horrid instruments. The first was a machine by which the victim was confined, and then, beginning with the fingers, every joint in the hands, arms, and body, were broken or drawn one after another, until the victim died. The second was a box, in which the head and neck of the victim were so closely confined by a screw that he could not move in any way. Over the box was a vessel, from which one drop of water a second fell upon the head of the victim—every successive drop falling upon precisely the same place on the head, suspended the circulation in a few moments, and put the sufferer in the most excruciating agony. The third was an infernal machine, laid horizontally, to which the victim was bound; the machine then being placed between two beams, in which were scores of knives so fixed that, by turning the machine with a crank, the flesh of the sufferer was torn from his limbs all in small pieces. The fourth surpassed

the others in fiendish ingenuity. Its exterior was a beautiful woman, or large doll, richly dressed, with arms extended, ready to embrace its victim. Around her feet a semi-circle was drawn. The victim who passed over this fatal mark, touched a spring, which caused the diabolical engine to open; its arms clasped him, and a thousand knives cut him into as many pieces in the deadly embrace.

Col. L. said that the sight of these engines of infernal cruelty kindled the rage of the soldiers to fury. They declared that every inquisitor and soldier of the inquisition should be put to the torture. Their rage was ungovernable. Col. L. did not oppose them; they might have turned their arms against him, if he had attempted to arrest their work. They began with the holy fathers. The first they put to death in the machine for breaking joints. The torture of the inquisitor put to death by the dropping of water on his head was most excruciating. The poor man cried out in agony to be taken from the fatal machine. The inquisitor general was brought before the infernal engine called "The Virgin." He begs to be excused. "No," said they "you have caused others to kiss her, and now you must do it." They interlocked their bayonets so as to form large forks, and with these pushed him over the deadly circle. The beautiful image instantly prepared for the embrace, clasped him in its arms, and he was cut into innumerable pieces. Col. L. said, that he witnessed the torture of four of them—his heart sickened at the awful scene—and he left the soldiers to wreak their vengeance on the last guilty inmate of that prison-house of hell.

In the mean time it was reported through Madrid that the prisons of the Inquisition were broken open, and multitudes hastened to the fatal spot. And oh, what a meeting was there! It was like a resurrection! About a hundred who had been buried for many years were now restored to life. There were fathers who found their long lost daughters; wives were restored to their husbands, sisters to their brothers, and parents to their children; and there were some who could recognize no friend among the multitude. The scene was such as no tongue can describe.

When the multitude had retired, Col. L. caused the library, paintings, furniture, &c., to be removed, and having sent to the city for a wagon load of powder, he deposited a large quantity in the vaults beneath the building, and placed a slow match in connection with it. All had withdrawn at a distance, and in a few moments there was a most joyful sight to thousands. The walls and turrets of the massive structure rose majestically towards the heavens, impelled by the tremendous explosion, and fell back to the earth an immense heap of ruins. The Inquisition was no more!—*Phil. Christ. Obs.*



**AURICULAR CONFESSION**

**AND**

**POPISH NUNNERIES.**

**BY**

**WILLIAM HOGAN,**

**FORMERLY A ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST, AND AUTHOR OF  
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# P R E F A C E

## TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

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A CLOSE observer of the past and present religious and political condition of this country, cannot fail to see an evident and manifest change in both, especially during the last ten or twenty years. It may not appear as plain to those who have always resided upon the soil, as it does to others, who have only been naturalized or incorporated amongst them. This is not to be wondered at. It is almost natural that it should be so. A parent, who is accustomed to see his child every day, and perhaps every hour in the day, cannot always perceive how fast he grows in height and size. A stranger, who only sees him at distant intervals, will perceive the change much sooner. The child will grow, and acquire almost the attitudes and proportions of manhood, before *the parents can realize the fact that he is no*

# OLIVER H. WUNDERLICH

WILHELM H. WUNDERLICH

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WILHELM H. WUNDERLICH, born 1871, died 1941.



longer a child, but a full grown man. It is undoubtedly upon some similar principle, we can account for the fact that Americans do not see, as soon as others among them, the fatal change which is progressively, but steadily and surely, taking place in the political and religious condition of this country.

If I am correct in my own observations upon events as they whirl past me with almost dazzling rapidity, there is something wrong amongst us, — something is “rotten in Denmark,” — some cogs are out of place, or out of proportion, in the machinery of our moral and political systems. Some foreign elements must have been surreptitiously thrown in and mixed up with them, which have deranged all their operations.

It is, in my apprehension, the duty of every man who values freedom of thought, freedom of speech, and the free exercise of religion, to examine and see what is the cause of this derangement, which retards and disturbs our happiness, as Christians and as citizens. What has swelled and rendered turgent and muddy those sweet and gently-flowing streams of peace and brotherly love, on the banks of which, the early settlers of this country used to sit for days undisturbed, singing praises and hallelujahs to

Jehovah, who delivered them, in his great mercy, from lands of bondage, tyranny, and idolatry.

I have looked into the subject; I have examined, with all the care and diligence in my power, the reasons and causes why free-born Americans were not advancing more rapidly both in political science and practical piety; and the result of my most anxious, diligent, and impartial inquiry is, that it is attributable solely to the introduction of Popery among them, and the consequent direct and indirect interference of the Court of Rome with our government. The royal Pope of Rome, (as I have heretofore demonstrated to the satisfaction of every man whose eyes and ears were not closed against truth,) claims jurisdiction, spiritual and temporal, over the kingdoms of this world; and his untiring and obstinate efforts to obtain an universal acknowledgment of this mad and presumptuous claim, has occasioned, and is now producing, (even in this country,) more strife, and contributes more to the decay of religious and even political ethics, than any other circumstance recorded in the history of the human race.

There have been but few, if any, on the long list of Popes and Anti-Popes, who were not

themselves dabblers and traffickers in politics; and there is scarcely one among them whose private history does not show him to be an abettor and an accomplice in the vilest crimes and immoralities; so much and so deeply so, that we are astounded at the single inquiry how such characters could ever have obtained influence over any portion of their fellow-beings. This, however, is not a matter of surprise to me, nor does such an inquiry form any considerable portion of the following pages; but what more than astounds me, is, how Romish Popes and priests could, by any species of jugglery or legerdemain, deceive and impose upon the cool, reflecting, and calculating citizens of the United States: but reflection might have taught me better.

So expert and versed in moral and political jugglery are Popes, bishops, and priests, that they must be closely watched, otherwise their artful practices will deceive the most intelligent spectators; unless there may be amongst them, perchance, some individual who has been trained himself to a knowledge of their arts. A Popish juggler cannot deceive me. I understand the whole of his operations, as well as he does himself. He may *astonish the natives* by his "wonderful feats," but with all his leger-

demain he cannot deceive me in any of his movements.

Under these circumstances, I felt it my duty to raise the curtain behind which I knew were concealed those secret springs by which the machinery of Popery is moved in these United States. The most complicated part of the whole machine, — and the part most difficult to be understood, — is that which is called *Auricular Confession*. His Royal Holiness of Rome has obtained a patent, or something like it, for this particular wheel within a wheel of the machine. In almost all Catholic countries, no one dare examine or take a model from it. If he does, he incurs the penalty of being *cursed* by the Pope. An *awful* excommunication is immediately issued against him. Every thing the Pope does is *awful*. If he gives his blessing, it is *awful*; his curse is *awful*; his person is *awful*; he cannot be approached unless with profound reverence. His big toe is *awful*; no one can kiss it, unless on bended knees, and after the performance of sundry *puerilities*, as Bishop Eastburn, of Boston, very properly calls all such fooleries.

It does not appear as yet, that his Holiness has taken out any patent for *Auricular Confession* in this country; and as I know not how



soon he may *gull American heretics* to grant him one, I have taken the liberty of exhibiting a *model* of it, for public inspection. There are parts of this *model* which may appear revolting to the delicate sensibilities of my readers; but let them reflect that the *original* is formed and put together by the *sacred* hands of His Holiness the Pope and his *pious priests*. I act only in the capacity of an artist, or a sculptor, who is permitted, even by the rules of good taste and delicacy, to give likenesses, in painting and statuary, of the most deformed and unsightly objects. They are only required to be true and faithful to nature and the originals from which the likenesses are taken. I have done no more than this, in the *model* or picture which I have drawn of *Auricular Confession*; and those who do not choose to examine it, are, of course, at perfect liberty to pass it by unnoticed. The day is not far distant when it will be found in every family in the United States.

I have the honor to remain

the public's humble servant,

WILLIAM HOGAN.

## AURICULAR CONFESSION AND POPISH NUNNERIES.

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It has been observed by an eminent writer, that "book-making is something like pouring water from one vessel into another, and then pouring it back again." There is much truth in the observation; this is obvious to every general reader. There is scarcely a work issued from the press, which is not substantially a copy of something that has been written before upon the same subject. The old water-casks, which have been as it were fixtures for centuries, are now being dug out of their places, and the waters contained in them are changed into new casks, having a more sightly appearance, and a more polished exterior. This, however, is more apt to be the case in the writings of theologians, than in those of any other body of men. Limited as my own reading has been, I do not recollect ever having perused a volume upon theology, especially from the pen of an American theologian, which I had not seen or read (at least in part) before. How to account for this I know not. Assuredly this land of freedom has among its theologians and con-

troversialists men of the finest minds—minds like their own rivers, overflowing with the deepest, the clearest, most limpid and purest streams of thought—minds in which the ever-rolling ocean of time has had, as yet, scarcely an opportunity of depositing much of its accumulated impurities—minds which, if their great powers were evolved and brought to bear on the moral and civil condition of our fellow citizens, would give us a new era or a new world of thought and morals—strong, permanent, diffusive, progressive—and as different from those of olden times, as our new and beautiful republic is from some of the aged, faded, sickly and consumptive governments of former days.

It is difficult, I own, to form a new system of any kind, especially a new system of thought or morals; but still such a thing is not impossible. There never was, and never will be, a system constructed without having to encounter great and almost insuperable obstacles; first, in its formation, and secondly, in its application and various bearings.

It was difficult, for instance, to form our own system of civil government. Its very conception was for some time looked upon as a wild theory. Such a thing was not dreamed of in any work upon political ethics taught in our seminaries or schools, in the days of its founders, yet the system was established, and has hitherto fully answered all the expectations of its friends; but even if our comparatively new form or system of government did not entirely succeed—if it even failed and tumbled to atoms, that would not be a sufficient argument against making the experiment, for even in its ruins, fragments may be found which may

useful to posterity. Yes, as the poet beautifully presses it,

“You may break — you may ruin the vase, if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.”

The failure of any system, as I have observed, is not a sufficient argument against its practicability, or ultimate usefulness; and hence it appears to me strange that American minds, so fertile in all expedients to advance the temporal interests of man, should be so barren and unproductive of any system of right or morals exclusively their own, and entirely dependent of the corrupt and vitiated systems which have bewildered Europe and its moral philosophers for so many centuries. It is passing strange that the theologians and professors of moral theology in this new World of ours — if they can do no better — do not unite upon some plan to exclude from among them institutions which all admit to be calculated to demoralize the rising generation.

I am happy to find that there is now a system of right and morals, or something like it, to be found amongst us, which is peculiarly American; it is denominated or called the *Christian League*. Let me be understood, when I use the term system. By system I mean an arrangement of objects or purposes so as to make them agree and unite. The Christian League I believe may be called a system; its members are united in the accomplishment of given objects. But if not strictly speaking a system itself, it has within it materials out of which a noble one of thought and morals can be formed. It is yet in its chrysalis, but the

sun of righteousness, which I trust the dark clouds of superstition that now portentously hang over us shall never be permitted to hide from our view, will soon warm it into maturity, and give it wings to fly and carry with it wherever it goeth, glad tidings of salvation. I do not agree with the leading members of the Christian League, in their *modus operandi*. I have taken the liberty of suggesting to them a different course of action from that which they have been pleased to adopt; but I am with them, heart and soul. I shall support their measures, as far as I find them calculated to check the progress of Popery in the United States. If I cannot agree with them in their plan to effect this, I shall only say — and I say it with the utmost respect to each and every member of the Christian League —

“If a better system thine,  
Impart it frankly, or make use of mine.”

I have suggested to the members of the *Christian League*, to throw away from amongst them all appearance of sectarianism; but I know not that they have done so; the name or the society would indicate that they had; but do facts warrant such an inference? The very reverse is the case. Their prominent speakers all belong to one denomination; there may be a few exceptions, but there are not many; the public presses which advocate the proceedings of the League, are generally supported by those of a particular creed. What is the inference? It is this: either other presses and other denominations of Christians are indifferent about the success of the League, or the members of the *League* are unwilling to hold any communion with

them. The former cannot be the case; the latter must be, of course. This is not right, and if persevered in, must ultimately neutralize all the measures of an association which, if properly conducted, might evolve and mature one of the finest systems of thought and moral government that has ever been discovered. I have suggested to the members of the Christian League, that they should have but one base, or one great moral trunk. I have advised them to partition this trunk, and divide it into branches, to be spread equally among all the followers of the law of God, and all the friends of civil rights. Then let every man do his duty; let no man fancy that because of his elevation in the Church, or higher salary, his nature has been metamorphosed, or refined by any chemical process; let him not suppose himself sublimated by the sunshine of personal popularity, which is fleeting as the wind; let each individual suppose—and history, as well as my own personal experience, enables me to assure him that he may do so without injustice—that the cause of morals and civil rights has one common enemy in the United States, which must be not only defeated, but annihilated—yes, annihilated. While that enemy lives, the cause of morality cannot flourish, and the civil rights of man are in danger. Need I tell the reader who or what that enemy is? It is **POPERY**. A healthy state of morals, and Popery cannot exist in any country, any kingdom, or any clime; the air which gives vitality to Popery, and sustains its existence, is death to morality—aye, that very morality which, as Americans, we boast of, and consider to be the very incarnation even of our civil rights. It is true, that

under the guidance of reason, several forms of government have been established, but all have been imperfect and unsatisfactory to man in the various stages and mutations of the social system. If we look back and examine the history, the nature and character of those improvements which have been made in society ever since its genesis, we shall find that the finger of religion, ever true to its purpose, invariably pointed and invited the attention of man to them; we shall find also that whenever or wherever this has not been the case, the people have not prospered; we find in every thing truly valuable to man, whether in his social or individual capacity, the hand of religion, and the almost omnipotency of moral principle. This is eminently conspicuous at the present day, and perhaps as much so in this as any country in the world, and hence it is that we should be peculiarly grateful and vigilant in removing from among us any and every cause which may directly or indirectly have a tendency to injure the morals of our people; for amid the ruin of our morals shall surely be found the elements of our national downfall.

I have alluded to this subject heretofore, in my books on Popery. I did not expect that all would approve of those books. I was aware that many, even among Protestants, would find fault with several of the expressions used in the small volume which I have recently written, entitled *Auricular Confession*, to which these pages are a sequel. That Papists should find fault with all that I have written, does not at all surprise me; but that Protestants should find any — though *I am happy* to find that very few have found any — is

a matter of some surprise to me. It must be owing to the fact that they know not and understand not what *auricular confession* is, or how it is made. That Americans in general should know nothing upon this subject, and be horrified at the bare relation of its iniquitous details, is a fact which can be easily understood and explained. They have never made *auricular confession* the subject of their study, and hence the horror they feel at its iniquitous and private abominations. I must frankly confess, however, that it is a matter of surprise that American theologians should be so entirely unacquainted with the writings of popish doctors and popish priests, as not to find all the apparently objectionable expressions in my books in common use among them. There is not to be found a single volume among the writers of the Popish Church, on the subject of auricular confession, in which my statements are not corroborated, and that in language far more objectionable than mine—language so gross and indelicate that I could not in justice to public taste and delicacy introduce it into my books. Those who have read my book on auricular confession, may recollect the questions which I have accused Popish bishops and priests of putting to their young female penitents, and which some *liberal* Protestants say could not have been the case. I now assert, without any qualification whatever, and without any mental reservation or equivocation, that there is not in the United States a priest nor bishop, who has heard the confessions of married or single women, without asking them such questions as I have given in my book. I ask Bishop Fenwick of this city, or any other Roman Catholic priest or bishop



living, to contradict me if he can. I challenge those females, young or old, who have ever been in the habit of confessing their sins to priests, to come forward and say, We have been at confession, and such questions as those contained in Hogan's book have never been put to us.

The charges I have made against Romish priests are of a serious character. If false they can be refuted. I am alone; there are nearly three millions of Roman Catholics in the United States, and if there is among this vast multitude, an individual who can say and give such evidence of the truth of his statement, as will satisfy any Court of Equity, that I have done injustice to popes, priests or bishops, in charging them with tampering with their female penitents in the confessional, in order the more easily to debauch them, I will publicly acknowledge that I am guilty of slander, and have wronged them. I trust that after this, Protestant theologians will take more pains in reading the works of Popish moralists, with which, as far as I have the honor of their acquaintance, they are lamentably unacquainted. I saw a strong instance of this the other evening. I chanced to meet at the house of a mutual friend, with one of the most learned and pious theologians of the Presbyterian Church in this or any other country in the world. He very courteously observed that he did not question my veracity, but that it appeared incredible to him that Popish priests or bishops, would put such questions to married or single women while confessing to them as I have accused them of. I listened in silent wonder to this great and good man; for the moment I knew not what to say

Here was a venerable American theologian — himself a living, moving theological library — the embodiment of American Protestant theology, doubting, or at least hesitating to credit the fact, that Romish bishops and priests put to their female penitents the gross, licentious, libidinous questions contained in my book on confession. The past, the present and the future, seemed to rise and rush before me in imagination, and I could not help exclaiming in my own mind, woe be to this land of my adoption, woe be to its generous and hospitable people, if even its patriarchs and wise men, such as he who now stands before me, and whose life has been a beautiful comment upon the purity and simplicity of the Christian religion, cannot fully understand, even at this late period, the corruptions which the drag nets of Popery are bringing amongst us and strewing on the paths of our hitherto virtuous mothers and chaste daughters.

It is impossible to find a work on confession written by a Popish priest in full communion with his church, which does not contain almost the very language I have used. I finally satisfied my learned friend that I was correct in all my statements; I explained to him the position of a Romish priest in the confessional, and that of a young lady confessing to him, and never shall I forget the remarks of the venerable gentleman on that occasion. "If," said he, "my wife or daughter were dressed in the finest silk, and then put into a hogshead of mud and rolled down a hill, I should as soon expect to find their dresses without a stain, as find their minds and morals pure and chaste, after going any length of time to confession to a Romish

priest." And he was right; the principles of popery, as taught in Romish confessional, and those of purity, are antagonist principles.

We are supposed to have about thirty-six millions of papists—as I have heretofore stated—in the world. Look, American Protestants, at the condition of these your bretheren, and tremble lest their present condition be yours at some future period; look over the world, boundless almost as it is, and great, and glorious, and moral as its inhabitants might be; what is it now, when it seems to be undergoing, as it were, a process of self regeneration,—when its hitherto hidden treasures, almost impatient of restraint, seem to leap and bound into existence, to offer themselves to the uses and purposes of man, at the mere bid and beck of science? What is the condition of man in this glorious world of ours, under the influence of popery? The largest, the widest, and most fertile portion of the globe is under Popish influence; the soil of these countries which Papists inhabit is rich, their fields are fair, and their valleys beautiful; all the products of nature thrive in them; the sun of heaven shines over them in all its luminous magnificence; every thing seems to be sent from heaven, for man's use; every thing seems to aspire to heaven and to be happy. Man alone decays in these Popish countries; man alone is unhappy; the longings and heavenward aspirations of his immortal soul are checked, and he withers and degenerates into a being less happy than the beast of the field, and far more degraded, because acquired and superinduced inferiority, is much more degrading than that which is native and *original*. The moral degeneracy which we see in

those countries where Popery, with its confessions, extreme unctions, and other debasing fooleries, prevail, is not to be attributed to any decay in the natural vigor of the human mind. We have no reason to suppose that the mind was created in a less vigorous state in countries where Popery prevails, than in others where it does not. I have frequently conversed with anatomists of distinguished eminence, who have visited all the countries inhabited by Catholics, as well as those inhabited by Protestants, and I have learned from all that there is no difference in the anatomical construction of their hearts and brains; still, it is evident to all, at least to every man of science and observation, that there is a difference in the mental faculties of those who are born and live under Popish domination, and those who are born and live under a free government of civil rights. Let us, for instance, take a Papist fresh from Italy, Spain, Mexico, or even Ireland; place him in the same condition with a free-born American Protestant, and see the difference between them; the latter is active, quick, intelligent, full of thought, full of life and enterprise; the former in nine cases out of ten, is inactive, of sluggish mind, and rarely aspires to excellence in any thing really useful. See, for instance, a Papist when he lands upon our shores; so tame and so accustomed to Popish tyranny has he been, that he crouches beneath the nod or frown of a priest the moment he sees him. Fear, of course, must become the predominant passion of all people and countries where Popery prevails, and yet, unaccountable as it may appear, this new world of ours is not only admitting but inviting Popery and

its adherents into it, and offers them the rights of freemen, with a full knowledge of the fact that they are the subjects of a foreign king,—the Pope of Rome. Popery—that sink of the universe, as an elegant writer, who is himself a Roman Catholic, expresses it,—is invited into the United States, and its votaries cherished by a free, generous, but unsuspecting people.

I have often conversed with American Protestants of distinction upon this subject, and regret finding that many of them—especially those of the Unitarian creed—are strong advocates of Popery, and in favor of its introduction among our people. Their arguments are plausible, and no doubt appear to the superficial reader worthy of all consideration. Whatever, say Unitarians, or *liberal Christians*, have been the vices, profligacies, or ambition, of Popes and Papists in former ages, they should be overlooked, in consideration of the great and grand objects which they had in view, and the vast and mighty interests which were then at stake. Religion—the Christian religion—say the *liberals* of the present day, was then in its infancy, without any other protection save that which its own god-like purity threw around it; it was committed to the care of early *fathers* or *papas*—from which the word Pope takes its origin—of the church; the struggle between them and the priests of Paganism was fierce; it was terrible; and well did the former do their duty—nobly and faithfully did they struggle for the ascendancy of Christianity, and its establishment among the nations of the north. To do this effectually, and to establish a hierarchy exclusively *their own*, independent of any other, was indispen-

sable. 'To effect this, was one of the most momentous and grandest projects that ever entered the mind of man at that early period of society. We all know from history, the difficulties which the early *Papas* or *Popes* — not of the Romish church, but of the Christian church — had to encounter, in their contest with Paganism. We also know — and no man who believes in the Christian religion doubts it — that great credit is due to them, for what they have done against the Turks. They have left on record many evidences of their ardent zeal, sincere piety, and deep humility. But does it follow, that because the fathers of the Christian church have done so much for Christianity, by being the depositories of its principles, and active defenders of its faith — does it follow, I say, that Romish Popes or Romish Papas, are equally entitled to our respect, support, and confidence?

Do these *liberal* Christians know that there is as wide a difference between the *Papas* of the early Christian church, and those of the modern Romish church, as there is between the notorious Himes, of the Millerite church, and the learned Dr. Gannett, of the Unitarian society? Is it sound logic to infer that because the fathers of the Christian church were good men, and should be welcomed wherever they went, that the present fathers of the Romish Church are also good men and must be received into this country, with their interminable retinue of monks, nuns, friars, and other mock reverend and semi-reverend male and female vagabonds, who precede and follow them? *Liberal Christians* will pardon me when I say, that nothing but a total unacquaintance with history, with

man's nature, with man's rights, and unacquaintance with all that tends to promote human happiness, and to elevate man in the scale of creation, could force them to such a conclusion.

The inference is not to be found in the premises; It is bad logic; it is not warranted by facts, or by history, sacred or profane; indeed, I much fear, that he who knows any thing of the history of Popery in ancient or modern times, and yet encourages its growth in this country, might without uncharitableness, or any sectarian prejudice, be classed with infidels and traitors. The man who, with the pages of history open before him, can encourage a system nicknamed religion, and embodying within its fundamental articles of faith, the duty of *auricular* confession as essential to salvation, has no claim to the name of Christian; nor can he who would cheer on the mad followers of Popery to rend this union to pieces, and substitute in its stead a Popish monarchy, be a true patriot. He is a traitor, in the broadest, fullest, and most unqualified sense of the word.

I have shown, in the first volume of this book, that Popery does those things to which I have just alluded; the accusations which I have brought against Popery, have been of such serious magnitude and traitorous character, that Americans could scarcely credit them, and some have looked upon them as only ebullitions of anger, which reflection would mitigate; and that reason, the legitimate monarch of all the intellectual faculties, would in due time restrain them within proper bounds; but I again reiterate the charges, and assure my readers that all I have said against Popery, as a

corrupt system of policy and morals, is not only true, as we see in history, but falls short of what I know of my own knowledge, and which I believe with the certainty of faith.

I have patiently, laboriously, and diligently, examined the doctrines and practices of the Popish Church, especially since the days of Hildebrand, and the result of my serious inquiries has been, that the church and its bishops have been, up to this day, abusing the credulity of mankind, and trying how they could best play upon the passions and degrade the human intellect.

History hands down to us the names of about three hundred popes and anti-popes, and I would challenge even that morbid liberalism, which seems to be gaining ground, and is now ycleped philosophy, whether Paganism in its darkest days, or its history in its vilest pages, ever exhibited to its followers any system of religion or morals so revolting as that which each of those Popes has in succession endeavored to enforce and impose upon mankind. It will be said by some of those *philosophers* to whom I allude, that I have gone too far in my writings against the Popish church and Popish priests—that I proved too much, and, according to that well received action —“*quod nimis probat nihil probat*,” —proved nothing; that I have colored my landscape too highly, &c. The reverse is the case; I have not seen Popery at a distance, as these *liberalists* have, nor as a traveller might see a landscape. The latter may be deceived, he may see or fancy that he sees a brilliant hue upon the summit of a distant mountain, just as the liberalists see Popery at a distance;



but upon a nearer approach and closer examination, he will find that no such thing exists, but that it is produced perhaps by the reflection of the sun, which gives it some unreal appearance. That mountain top, which at a distance may seem to the traveller so sublimely beautiful, often on examination is found to be but a vast crater, frightful to look at, emitting nothing but some disgusting substance which carries with it death, destruction, and sorrow, wherever it goes. Will the *liberalists, philosophers*,—or whatever else they must be called—please to recollect, in their comments upon my books, that I have not viewed Popery at a distance; I have seen it in its roseate as well as in its darkest colors; the former I found unreal and transient as that with which a beautiful setting sun invests the mountain's cold snow-top; the latter I found to be true in every color, even to the minute touch. Will these *philosophers* examine Popery as I have done: let them stand upon its summit as I have done, and then look into that unfathomable crater, the court of Rome, from which it vomits and spews forth its corruptions, its confessions, its indulgences, its penances, its masses, its purgatories, its pilgrimages, its transubstantiations, its beads, its jesuits, its treasons, its poisons, its recipes for compounding the *best* and *most subtle* poisons, its modes of procuring abortion and checking female fecundity—let him keep a close watch on the movements of Popish bishops in this country, especially Hughes of New York, and Fenwick of Boston, and others, as I have done for years, and they shall find that, frightful as is the picture *which* I have given of Popery, it falls short—far short

of the reality. I have scarcely touched upon those features of Romanism, which are most abhorrent to the morals, and dangerous to the civil rights of our citizens; but it is not too late; it can be done yet; I owe them much, and if God spares me I will pay them by instalments; I have enlisted without bounty or service money into the ranks of the Christian opponents of Popery—not for any given time, but *during the war*, or for life. While I live, Popery has in me an opponent, who can neither be bribed nor intimidated; but I regret to see that there are many who call themselves Protestant Christians, exhibiting a wavering and craven spirit, in this general war against Popery which has at length commenced—afrail to come out openly against Popish doctrines, and yet feeling it their duty to do so. I pity such men—from my soul I pity them; church honors and church distinctions seem to be more sought for now, than those of heaven. Hundreds of Protestant clergymen are daily bedizening themselves with D. D.'s and other such fooleries, while the great enemy of religion and civil rights is surrounding them, and ready, when the Pope of Rome gives the word of command, to fall upon them with destructive slaughter.

Already I find myself (*sicut meus est mos*) imperceptibly drifting from the point I set sail for, nor have I the least doubt that I shall find myself out of my *reckoning* frequently, before I arrive at the end of my voyage. This, however, will only have the effect of rendering it more tedious, but I trust it will add some value to my observations and discoveries during my voyage.

I commenced this second volume with the single view of defining more clearly, the iniquities practised in the Romish church, under cover of *auricular confession*, and within the walls of Popish nunneries. I would now resume the subject, and show my fellow citizens, that the crimes and profligacies which I have imputed to the Romish church, have not been peculiar to any epoch or age of its existence—that it has been always corrupt—is now while I write corrupt, that its very elements are founded on corruption, and that any contact with it, or between itself and our citizens, cannot fail to be ruinous to the morals and interests of our people. I have a double object in pursuing this course. The first is this: Papists admit that there have been corruptions in the Romish church, but say that they were only local, and never sanctioned by the church *authoritatively*; secondly, they assert that my books on Popery are all *old lies*, culled from ancient heretical writers, and that such deeds as I have imputed to their holy and *infallible* church, and *immaculate* bishops and priests in this country, have never taken place.

I will here show, in a few words, that the evil deeds and corruptions, with which I have charged the Popish church, were not local, but general; and secondly, I propose to show that they were not peculiar to any age in the church, but have always existed and do exist at the present moment, not only in Europe and elsewhere, but in these United States.

That Papists and myself may understand each other clearly, and that the public may understand *both of us*, I propose to the Papist to name any age

of the Church he pleases, or any Pope he pleases, and I will show him that in that very age, and under that very Pope, nearly all the iniquities of which I have accused his Church, were justly charged, and sanctioned *authoritatively* by her then ruling *executive*, or infallible head, just as she pleased to call it, whether that infallible head was a Pope or a General Council I say *Pope*, or *General Council*, because the question is not yet settled between Popish theologians, whether their boasted infallibility be invested in the Pope, speaking *ex cathedra*, or in a General Council legitimately — according to their understanding of the term — convened.

Come on, Mr. Popish Bishop or Priest; advance, Mr. Bishop Hughes, of Jesuit and intrigue notoriety; hold up your head, thou demure, plotting dunce, Bishop Fenwick, of Boston. Let us select the latter end of the eleventh, and beginning of the twelfth centuries. This is as favorable an epoch in the Infallible Church as you can possibly choose, to show the purity, loveliness, morality, and chastity, of her Popes and bishops.

You recollect, right reverend and immaculate gentlemen, that Lothair Conti, afterwards called Innocent III., was then Pope; now, gentlemen, I ask you, and I pray you may answer me fairly and honestly, whether your infallible church was, even in that age, exempt from the abominations of which I have accused her? Be honest, for once in your life; let me be able to record, in my future writings, one instance of truth being found among Jesuits and Popish priests, when speaking upon church affairs.

Are you prepared to deny the fact that your church was then filled with the grossest abominations, and that every one of those abominations were sanctioned by Pope Innocent III.? If you are prepared to deny this fact, I am prepared to brand upon the forehead of each of you, in letters which can never be erased, the words *wilful* and *deliberate liar*. You both, right reverend gentlemen, already know that I do nothing by halves; and if I convict you of falsehood, you may rely upon it, that the iron with which I will brand you with the above letters, shall be heated to the very point of fusion, so that you shall be known as the sworn enemies of truth, religion, and the rights of man. Innocent III. is looked upon in the Roman Church, and by you, of course, as a perfect model of what a Popish bishop or priest ought to be; any deviation from the faith which he professed, or example which he gave, in morals or politics, would be, and is now considered, by every true son of the Infallible Church, as heresy and treason against Popery. Let us now see what the faith of this inimitable model was; we can best judge of it by his works; "the tree is known by its fruits." A very beautiful modern writer gives us the true character of Innocent III. It is fair to judge of all the Popes as this man has been judged; he is a correct model of the whole, and I doubt not but, taking him all and all, he is the best model that has been given of a Romish Pope. His greatest admirers admit its correctness; the picture is true to the life, and if that ancient axiom, "*ex uno disce omnes*," be true, that is, if we can judge of all by one, a precious model of morals and policy is this Pope Innocent III.

I call the attention of my readers to the character of this man, or if Papists will have it so, of this god Pope, as given by an elegant writer of the present age:

“ In his actions, principles, and the effects produced by both, we scarcely recognize a human being. He takes a stand wholly above that class of figures which form the ordinary pattern of history. The circumstances of his time, and the faculties of his nature, make us seek rather for his resemblance in one of those wanderers from some higher star, or spirit dropped by accident among us, and in the garb of a man allowed to follow his original propensities, and to do evil which throws human malignity into the shade, by some power which in all cases exceeds the dimensions of human nature. *Without charging the Pope with being altogether a devil*, it must be acknowledged, that in many of his actions he nearly resembles that character.”

The pontificate of Innocent III., which we can find, upon examination, closely resembles that of all other Popes, is worthy the serious attention of statesmen of this country. Here our presidents, cabinets, senators, representatives, and governors, may learn how temporal power and Popish functions may be united together; they will see the nature, and understand better what is meant by that *spiritual allegiance* which Papists, even in this country, swear to the Pope of Rome, and which for twenty odd years I have been appealing to Americans to crush; or deprive of the rights of citizenship, or punish as traitors every man who avowed such allegiance to a foreign king, which the Pope of Rome is acknowledged to be. Will Americans hear to the definition which Pope Innocent III. gives of a *Romish*

*Pope?* It is admitted to be a correct definition, by every Roman Catholic, whether bishop, priest, or layman, in the United States. Hear you, then, Americans! listen, you republicans — whigs, democrats, and all — and know ye henceforth, that a Pope is defined to be the *vicegerent of Christ*. If less than God, he is greater than man; the luminary of day; the civil authority being only the pale orb of night. How would you, Americans, like to have such a man at your head? Take heed — there are three millions now of *his subjects* amongst you, and about thirty-three millions besides all over the world. Ask yourselves whether it is not at least *possible* that they may gain an ascendancy in these United States, and wrest from you and your posterity the inheritance which your forefathers left you? Do not forget — I entreat of you never to forget — the alarming fact that during the last sixteen years, 731,380 foreigners have arrived at the port of New York alone. Three-fourths of these may be presumed to be Papists, and sworn to maintain the supremacy of their king, the Pope.

Let it not be forgotten by American statesmen, that Papists have been at the bottom of every crusade that has ever been formed against the civil rights of men. Was it not a Pope, and that Pope no less a personage than Innocent III., that tried to dethrone King John of England? Was it not a Pope that fomented a crusade against the Hungarians, and endeavored to overthrow the King of Norway? And finally, was it not a Pope, and that Pope the infallible Innocent III. — whom Bishops Hughes, Fenwick, and myself, have *agreed* upon as a fair sample from about three hundred

Popes, who preceded and succeeded him — that waged a war of extermination against the unoffending and blameless Waldenses? Was it not a Pope, and that Pope Innocent III., who in one year, by virtue of his divine authority, gave away three royal crowns? This Innocent III. employed the infernal inquisition against the Albigenses. Will Americans take all these historical truths into consideration. Let them read my books again, and then say whether I have done the Pope, bishops, and priests of the Romish Church any injustice. I declare, in the language of another, that there is not to be found in the whole range of history, any body of men, who have inflicted upon humanity a greater amount of evil, than the Popes of Rome and their allies: and the grand instrument which enabled them to accomplish all this with impunity, and without detection, was the infamous and diabolical practice of *auricular confession*. “To rivet the chains of slavery,” as another expresses it, “on souls as well as the bodies of men, too firmly to be thrown off, private, or as it is called, auricular confession of sins to a priest, was made an imperative duty of all Papists, at certain seasons of the year.” “Of all the practices of the Romish Church,” says the same writer, “this is the one which has proved most injurious; and if it be regarded in connection with the celibacy of the clergy, will explain why the cause of morals is always worse in Popish than in Protestant countries. The uses of conscience were at an end, when given for safe keeping to a Romish confessor; actions were no longer measured by the standard of right and wrong, but by a casuistry and a pernicious process of reasoning, by



which it was intended to make man satisfied with himself. The result of this has been, and is at the present moment, even in these United States, that law is the only restraint upon a Papist; he is taught to believe that by confessing his crimes to a Romish priest, he can obtain pardon. The blackest murderer, if he can escape the hangman or the penitentiary, is no farther concerned about the deed; he believes his priest can forgive him, and all is at rest."

This was a doctrine which Pope Innocent tried with all his might to enforce upon his people. The reader has now a fair specimen of a Romish Pope. "*Voila mounnicle.*" Look, Americans, and examine this faultless picture of a Pope, and perfect model of a Romish priest! Do you desire that an engraving should be made of it, and scattered through the land? Do you desire to establish in your midst, colleges and schools for the purpose of bringing up your children in the faith and practices of Pope Innocent? I tell you, if you do, the rising generation will be without religion or morals, and this glorious republic will die in the arms of despotism. I am aware that Americans will say—at least it will be said by a portion of them, who are not Christians indeed—that such a man as Innocent III. could not live in this country; that he would be plunged into the next river, if he dared to interfere in the administration of our laws. Facts do not warrant Americans in jumping at this conclusion. Who, at least in Boston, forgets the destruction of the Ursuline Convent? Did not Bishop Fenwick and his nuns publicly boast that they had "twenty thousand stout *Papists* ready at their beck, to reek their vengeance on

the peaceable citizens of Boston?" Might not the Pope's agent—had he not crouched before a superior force—have said to this twenty thousand madmen, as Innocent III. said to his French followers, when they landed in England, "Sword, sword, leap from thy scabbard! sword, whet thyself for vengeance!" and would not those men have obeyed him, had he not had the prudence to see their comparative weakness, and advise them to keep the peace, under pain of being *cursed* by him? Had there been force enough upon the spot to have put to the torture and to death every Protestant in Boston, it would have been done. And why, or for what? Merely because the people thought proper to pull down a legalized house of prostitution, surreptitiously erected in their midst! Will it be said that I am also incorrect in my charges against the Ursuline nuns of Charlestown, Massachusetts?

Bishop Fenwick represents them as models of *purity* and *chastity*, and recently assures his *Holiness* the Pope, that he is making converts from *the first families of Boston* to the religion and pure faith of these nuns. I have something to say of two, at least, of those *nuns*, who were in that convent when an indignant people leveled it to the ground. I knew two of those nuns *personally*, and I knew them both far advanced in the family way, in their own country, when I left it. They were both seduced, and their *seducer was their confessor*,—a Roman Catholic priest of the order of St. Augustine. That priest is *now living*, and those ladies whom he seduced, and who fled from their native country to the Ursuline Convent in

Charlestown, are now living, I believe, in Quebec. Do those sympathizing ladies in Boston, some of whom have been educated by these two sisters — not of *charity*, but of *crime* — wilful, constant, persevering crimes — wish to hear their names? I am tempted to give them, and I would do so, if I thought it might have the effect of opening the eyes of Protestant mothers, and prove a warning to them not to send their daughters, in future, to be educated in a Popish nunnery, or to confession to a Popish priest. But to return: Protestants have no mercy to expect from Papists. A *true* Catholic is not allowed to hold any communion with a Protestant, nor will his bishop or priest permit him to be buried in the same ground with a Protestant. He is not allowed to go to the funeral of a Protestant: and if he does go, he commits a sin which the priest is not allowed to forgive him, without a *special license* from the Church. In the technical language of the Romish Church, the case of a man who attends a Protestant funeral is a *reserved case*; that is, a case or a crime which no ordinary priest can forgive, without a particular license to do so. Going into a Protestant church, and hearing a Protestant minister preach, is another *reserved case*. Saluting or speaking to a Protestant, or heretic, is also among the *reserved cases*. Speaking, for instance, to Eugene Sue, the author of the Wandering Jew, whom — “*horribile dictu*” — the Roman Catholic Bishop of Lyons, in France, has excommunicated, is another *reserved case*, which no one except the aforesaid Bishop of Lyons, or some person delegated by him, can pardon or forgive. Speaking to any member of

the *Christian League*—that arch heretic, Rev. Mr. Kirk, for instance—is a *reserved case*, which no priest in Boston, except Bishop Fenwick, or some one delegated by him, can pardon or forgive: for he it known to all the inhabitants of the world, that he, and his brother colleagues of the *Christian League*, have been excommunicated by the present Pope. It is a reserved case to speak to me. Speaking to me is a crime of peculiar atrocity, and can be forgiven by no power, save the Pope of the Infallible Church. I have accused the Pope of sin, of folly, and depravity. This is altogether inadmissible, and deserves eternal damnation; the idea that a Pope of Rome can commit sin, or can do wrong, is inconsistent and incompatible with *true religion*, as Papists understand that term.

The Pope of Rome, according to Papists, *cannot sin*; he is not only *infallible*, as the most eminent Popish writers assert, but *impeccable*; see Belarmine, a standard writer in the Popish Church. But I will no longer detain the reader on this particular subject of *reserved cases*, and Popish follies of ancient times. Bishop Fenwick, and the rest of the right reverend brethren of the Popish Church, will say that my statements are all "*old lies*;" that the holy Roman Catholic Church never did, nor does it now, prevent her subjects from speaking to heretics, or those who differ from her in their belief. I will venture the assertion, that if any Protestant theologian call upon any Roman Catholic bishop in the United States, he will deny this fact, or give an equivocal answer, though there is not to be found a solitary work on Popery in any library in the *United States*, or elsewhere, which does not

sustain me in the assertions I have made. But we will not go to ancient times for authority. I will state to the reader a case to the point, which occurred about the year 1822, and to the truth of which thousands of our fellow citizens in Philadelphia can bear testimony. When I first opposed Popery in that city, by recommending that the Bible should be circulated among the people, and that the children of the poor Catholic Irish should be sent to school to be educated in its pure and unsullied doctrines, the Roman Catholic Bishop of that city, a poor, little, irritable Irishman, by the name of Conwell, prohibited *his* people, or his *subjects*, as he called them, from speaking to me, the *heretic Hogan*, or *his followers, Hoganites*; and the most amusing part of it was, that by way of giving his *subjects* good example, whenever we passed each other, even on opposite sides of the street, his *lordship* took off his hat and crossed himself, repeating the AVE MARIA! This he never failed to do, wherever we passed, much to the amusement of the Protestant inhabitants of that city, and to the great edification of the Papists. It may appear exceedingly strange or amusing to Bostonians, should I tell them that a similar belief in the criminality of speaking to heretics is taught in Boston, the capital of New England; but this is a fact, and if Papists term it a *new* "lie," it cannot be helped, for what I am about to state occurred only the other day. I chanced to meet, in a book store in Washington street, a convert to Popery, just fresh from the hand of Bishop Fenwick. I had never seen the *gentleman* but once before, and he was *then*, as well as during most of his previous life, one of

those men in whose faith I had not the least confidence. I did not know that he was present when I entered the store, and was in the act of inquiring for a vile thing, called Brownson's Quarterly Review, which he published in the month of July, 1840. During my inquiries for this Review, the author, Brownson, addressed me, as nearly as I can recollect, in the following words: "I know you, sir; you once owned a whig press in Savannah; you criticized my Review. I marked you—but I am not allowed by my Church to speak to a heretic." I looked around me in some astonishment. I did not expect to hear such language on the land of the Puritans; but sure enough, there stood Brownson, a Roman Catholic, fresh from the anvil of Popery! There he stood, *totus teres adque rotundus*, full-blooded and fully developed; the very Brownson himself, who has been consistent in nothing but infidelity and unbelief, now a good Roman Catholic; the very Brownson who has never been true to either his Maker or to his church, now a good Roman Catholic, whose church and whose conscience would not allow him to speak to a heretic! I never noticed the man much before, but now I fixed my eye upon him, and I shall not easily forget his countenance. On first intuition, I could scarcely imagine it was the *Rev. Mr. Brownson* who stood before me. My imagination presented to me a different character. I could not suppose that one who was once a clergyman would entertain the sentiments which I had the misfortune of subsequently hearing him utter. I was, however, mistaken. It was the *Rev. gentleman*. He strongly reminded me of characters between whom

and himself there existed a strange similitude; but comparisons might offend the delicate sensibilities of some of my readers.

I looked at him a second time, and I could not restrain the involuntary exclamation — Popery, thou child of sin, treachery, and intrigue, bad as thou art, is it come to this — that thou must take by the hand as thine advocate and supporter this wretched being, who for thirty years has been sporting with the attributes of the great God, alternately extolling and ridiculing them, as best suited the ungovernable bent of his unstable mind, which thou mightest read in the demoniac-looking face of this man? But this is one of the secrets by which Popery spreads itself all over the United States. The Popish Church will admit any men or women, be they saints or devils, into full communion with them, if they swear *allegiance* to the Pope of Rome. This is one of the grand causes of the success of Jesuitism in this country. How different is it in some of the Protestant Churches! It requires some tact and church generalship in any man who has not been brought up a Protestant, to obtain admission into them upon any terms. Far be it from me to insinuate that Protestants should follow the example of the Papists, in admitting such things as Brownson into communion with their Churches: Nor should I mention the fact of the admission of Brownson at all, into the Romish Church, if I did not look upon this circumstance as a prominent instance of the corrupt evils of its infamous practices, and an irrefragible argument against its *alleged* good. But Brownson has been purified from *all his sins* by some Popish chemical process; he has *gone to confession*, is no longer a sinner, and therefore

he is too pure, too immaculate, and too strong in the faith of the Popish Church, to render it otherwise than sinful in him to speak to a *heretic*! It is said that the Pope has recently given his *subjects* in the United States a dispensation, by which they are allowed to transact business with *heretics*, and speak to them *in case of necessity*. Wonderful condescension this!

Such statements as I here make, must appear incredible to American Protestants. Many will suppose that I am dealing in fables — that such rigmarole and such silly pretences as I have charged the Papists with, have never been countenanced in any age or among any people, much less American freemen; but let us see what are the facts in the case. I would not ask the reader to take my word for it. In 1555, Pope Paul IV, in his famous *bull* against *heretics*, supports me in every assertion I make; charging Papists with deeming it unlawful and criminal, to hold any intercourse with Protestants. Will the reader be pleased to attend to what this *infallible* Pope says, and that, only between three and four hundred years ago? I call upon our civil authorities to ponder and weigh well the import of his words, and never to forget, that there is no Catholic in this country or elsewhere, who will dare to say that the decretals and commands of Paul IV., are of less force or less binding upon them than those of the present Pope. "All heretics, viz. Protestants, be they kings or subjects, are accursed." Mind *that*, Mr. Polk, President of the United States! attend to it, you Governors and Magistrates! you are each and every one of you *accursed*, and none of our citizens are allowed to speak to you



without a dispensation from the present Pope. That identical Pope, Innocent III.,—of whom I have just been speaking, and who has, without any objection from either party, been selected, by Bishops Hughes, and Fenwick, and myself, out of about three hundred Popes, as a fair sample of a good Pope,—has declared it to be unlawful for any Protestant Executive, whether King or President, to require any allegiance from a Roman Catholic. Take heed, Mr. President Polk! it is said you are a Presbyterian; ask no allegiance from a Roman Catholic; he is not allowed by the present Pope,—who of course follows in the footsteps of *his illustrious predecessors*, Paul IV. and Innocent III.,—even to speak to you without a dispensation. It is utterly useless to multiply cases of this kind. No article of the Romish faith is better established, than that which teaches them to hold no communion with *heretics*, and try by every means in their power to overthrow all Protestant governments. Will this statement too be called an *old lie*? If it is a lie, it is assuredly a very old one, and a very *new* one too. Will the reader go back with me, to the history of ancient times? It will afford me pleasure if he does. The source of truth is as open and accessible to him as to me, and if he thirsts for it sincerely and honestly, he can slake it to his heart's content at its very fountain.

The general reader knows that at a very early period of Christianity, a considerable number of native Christians was found in the Peninsula of India; I believe they were first discovered by the Portuguese. They have been represented as harmless, *guileless*, and gentle in the extreme. They professed the

pure doctrines of the bible. Even the Portuguese who discovered them, admitted that their lives were blameless, and that they were true Christians in every respect, except that they did not believe in the infallibility of the Pope and the supremacy of the Romish church. Here was an opportunity for the Romish church, of showing her charity, if she or her pioneers had any. These native Indians never did them any harm; they never before heard of a Pope or a Romish church; they believed in the Lord Jesus Christ and in the all-sufficiency of his atonement for the sins of man, but never heard of a Pope; such a word was not found in their simple, native vocabulary; this was a crime not to be forgiven by their ignorant Popish discoverers; and how were these simple people treated by them? I refer the reader to that admirable work, written by Lacroze, for a full account of the manner in which they were treated by these jackals who discovered them. Suffice it to say that they were at once reduced to obedience to the Pope of Rome, to acknowledge the Pope's church as infallible, and compelled to worship the images of a set of vagabonds called saints and virgins, who if living now-a-days amongst us, should be considered fit subjects for our penitentiaries and work houses. The reader will also see an account of the condition and character of this people in Buchanan's Researches.

I refer to the case of those primitive Christians as corroborative of my charges against Popery, and to show that her corrupt and persecuting spirit has always been the same, and that nothing better could be expected from the great changeling, Brownson, or

any other convert to her dogmas, than a compliance with all her injunctions. *Unfortunate Brownson!* while you tried to support yourself and family, by alternately lecturing and publishing your sceptical and unintelligible theories, the community in which you lived, and who knew your circumstances, felt a kind and deep sympathy for you. They knew—and every man knows—that theoretical scepticism, and some sentiments of honor, are not always incompatible. A man may be a sceptic and not entirely destitute of honor. A man may be a sceptic and yet an honest man. Your fellow citizens imagined that you might have been among that class of people; but now they know you. They know that for twenty or thirty years, you have not only been a sceptic in theory, but a practical doubter, saying *yes* to one thing, and again *yes* to the contrary. You must not, of course, be surprised at seeing yourself sink in morals and principles, until you lose all claims to the sympathies of society. If any individual should think it an object worth his notice or time, to satirize or lampoon you, the best and bitterest way would be, to bind up into one volume, all the twattle you have written upon religion, morals and metaphysics, and send it to you. I could with sincerity reproach myself for having thus deviated from the subject of these pages, to notice this unhappy individual, Brownson, for I believe there is not a well-informed gentleman in the United States, who does not know that there never was a period in the history of Popery, when the Pope and Papists were not the implacable enemies of Protestants. Even Papists *themselves* offer no defence against this charge, but that

stale and hackneyed falsehood, *Popery is not now what it was in old times*; this seems plausible to Americans, but let us see what are the facts in the case. Let us inquire whether Popery is at all different now, from what it was in the days of Paul IV. and Innocent III. Is its persecuting spirit the same? Are its tenets more liberal, its doctrines more mild, and its Popes, from the last century up to the present moment, less ambitious and more tolerant? Papists say they are; Bishop Hughes of New York, and Bishop Fenwick of Boston, say they are; and their *Corporal Trim*, *Brownson* of Boston, touches his hat and nods his head. I say they are not. We are now at issue. The question between us is one of veracity. The Bishops and Trim are liars, or I am one, in this matter. How are the public to know which? There is but one mode of ascertaining this. Let us appeal to history, and to facts. One of the best and I believe the most recent authorities to which we both can appeal, is a work recently written by Wm. S. Gilli, D. D., and published in London. I call it one of the best authorities, because many of the truths which he gives us, confirm my assertion, and are matters of profane history, and connected, indirectly, with national treaties, with which we are all more or less acquainted. This connexion throws an additional light on, and gives more force to the statements of Dr. Gilli; besides, it gives a strength and momentum to my charges against Popery, which no Popish casuistry can check. The work which I allude to, is entitled "*The Waldensian Researches.*" This excellent work commands great and deserved popularity among all parties, religious and political, in

Europe. It is a matter of historical truth, that as early as 1690, and on the 20th of October of that year, a treaty was made between Holland and England,—then the two great Protestant powers of Europe,—securing to the Vaudois, or Waldenses, the free exercise of their religion and safe enjoyment of their property. This treaty was assented to by all the powers of Europe. The Vaudois were a small community of Christians, living in the valleys at the foot of the Alps, whose origin is involved in some obscurity. They give us, themselves, no record of their antiquity, prior to the ninth century, but are supposed by antiquarians to have been the descendants of a band of Apostolic Christians, who fled from Italy to escape the fury of barbarians, which had overrun that country during the decline of the Roman empire, and who sought for shelter in the secluded valleys of the Alps, in the western part of Piedmont; though, as far as we know, they have in a measure escaped the mad and bloody fury of the northern barbarian, in their lonely valleys, they had not been able to escape that of a still more bloody barbarian, the Pope of Rome. All Europe, who had any knowledge of this people in their lonely valleys, felt great sympathy for them. They were comparatively few in number, their wants few and easily supplied by their own industry; their valleys were to them a second paradise, but they were not long so, when the great serpent of Rome entered it, and brought upon them such an amount of misery, hardships and persecutions, as probably never were heard of before in the annals of history. I will refer to this hereafter. Let us first see what becomes of the

treaty to which I have alluded. It was solemnly made and formally sanctioned; they were promised full protection, by his royal holiness the Pope, only about one hundred and forty years ago. How did the Pope act? How did he keep his faith with this poor harmless people? History tells the tale. He summoned the Inquisition, and threatened Victor Amadeus, a good Roman Catholic, with excommunication, if he did not violate his treaty in favor of the Vaudois, and renounce all treaties which he had ever made with the heretics; and he called upon his subjects, that is, upon all Catholics, Bishops and Inquisitors, to proceed against heretics, and look upon all compacts and treaties made with heretics as null and void. Passing over, for the present, the sufferings of the Waldenses in former times, let us see what their condition is now. This will satisfy the reader that the church still persecutes heretics, and refuses to hold any communion with them. It proves also that Popish bishops, who assert that Popery is different now from what it was formerly, and that Hughes and Fenwick, of New York and Boston, together with their Corporal Trim, Brownson, have deliberately misstated facts. Hear to what Mr. Gilli says of the spirit of Popery as it existed the other day.

“The son of a Waldensean soldier, who served under the conscription of Napoleon, being born in a garrison where there was no Protestant minister, was baptized by a Roman Catholic Priest. He was shortly afterwards brought home to the valleys, was educated as a Protestant, in the communion of his forefathers, attended Protestant worship and received

the sacrament in a Waldensean church. He was married to a Waldensean woman, by a Waldensean pastor, but this marriage is now called a mixed marriage, under the allegation that he is an apostate Roman Catholic, and a process with all its penalties hangs over the family." (*Grievances*, p. 13.) Now Messrs. Bishops Hughes and Fenwick, do you approve of the manner in which your Popish church has treated this Waldensean soldier? Do you see any difference manifested here towards heretics, and that which the Popes have always shown towards them? Would you not, if you could, persecute every heretic in the United States? Do you not believe that every marriage between Catholics and Protestants in the United States and elsewhere, is invalid and not binding in the sight of God? Does not your Pope, your church, and do you not, yourselves, teach that the parties in such marriages are living in a state of adultery? Do you not teach that if a Catholic lady marries a Protestant, without a dispensation from your church, she is an adulteress and ought to be treated accordingly by your church, which, in the plenitude of her mildness, consigns her body to the holy inquisition, to be broken on the rack, and her soul to hell to perish everlastingly. Do I state the truth, reverend gentlemen? Will either of you contradict me? If you do, I will lay before you Antoine's Moral Theology, *De Matrimonio*, which some of your priests and myself studied in the same class, in the college of Maynooth, Ireland. Is this persecuting heretics or not? Did Paul IV., or Innocent III., ever show an instance of greater intolerance than you do, under your present

Pope, even in these United States? But what would you do had you the power? The past history of your predecessors can best answer this question. Look at yourselves, you impostors of the present day; view yourselves in the mirror of truth, and if you are not *too* far gone in falsehood and hypocrisy, you must blush at the deceptions and impositions which you are trying to practise upon the citizens and government in this country. You will perhaps say that in 1794, all the edicts in force against the Vaudois, or Waldenses, were repealed by the king of Sardinia. It is more than probable that the soft-headed and brainless minister now at that court from the United States, may inform you, if you have not the fact from any other source, that the Vaudois have full liberty of conscience in the full exercise of their religion and the education of their children.

Our present minister, Wm. H. Stiles, Georgia, at that court, who is nothing better than a living libel upon diplomacy, was elected to Congress by the votes of Irish Papists. He had just tact enough — no *fool* is without more or less of it — to ingratiate himself with President Polk, and obtain the appointment of Charge to Sardinia. In him you have a pliant tool, who will tell you the king of Sardinia has issued orders to prevent the taking away children, with a view of obliging them to embrace the Catholic religion, and requiring also, that those children which have been taken away, shall be restored. This proves two important facts which cannot be doubted, as the King of Sardinia cannot even be suspected of any want of allegiance or respect for his royal brother, the



Pope of Rome. It proves, in the first place, that the Romish church has authorized its members to go into the Alpine valleys, and steal from their Protestant brethren their beloved children, with a view of proselytizing them to the infamous doctrines of Popery. It shows, in the second place, that the cries of their bereaved parents for their restoration, have been disregarded by those Popish robbers, otherwise the royal order for their restoration need not have been issued.

In spite of these edicts, children are now taken away, as Gilli informs us, under pretence of their being illegitimate. Two lamentable and heart-rending cases occurred in the year, 1828. Mind, take notice, Messrs. Bishops, of the date. This is not an old lie, as you have been pleased to call many of the statements in my books. If it be a lie at all, it is a new one. The case I refer to is this. A Popish priest demanded from a poor Protestant woman, her infant child, in order that it might be brought up in the faith of the infallible church. She refused, of course, to do so, but clung to it the more closely, pressing it to her bosom with a fondness such as a mother only can feel or describe, and fled to the mountains, preferring to perish with it there, rather than to have it brought up in the idolatries of Popery. And what was the consequence? I blush to relate it, for the honor of humanity. This Popish priest, in obedience to the commands of his holy church, did precisely what any Popish priest in the United States would do under similar circumstances. He ordered a small guard of carabinieri to pursue her, and bring her, that she might be dealt with according to Popish laws. For many

weeks she lived a miserable life, flying from place to place, until the sufferings of the mother and child excited the pity of the Popish monsters who issued the order for her apprehension. The order was withdrawn, but not revoked, and the woman's fears and anxieties continue, while she remains exposed to the same severity. Will you, Messrs. Bishops, after this, presume to say that the Popish church does not sanction the persecution of heretics? will you dare assert that she does not sanction their total extirpation? You *cannot* do so, and I risk nothing in saying, that you, Messrs. Fenwick and Hughes, would be the first to strike the blow, should a favorable opportunity offer.

In 1840, as Gilli tells us, a fraternity of eight missionaries, of the order of St. Morris and St. Lazare, was instituted at Latorre, one of the largest towns of the Vaudois. The object of this institution is to go about making proselytes. To this, as the London Review very properly remarks, there can be no objection. We admit missionaries into the United States. The Popish jackals are among our own valleys, as well as on the tops of our mountains. No American citizen can go many miles from his home, without finding himself in the vicinity of one of those Popish dens called monk-houses, or nunneries. This we cannot, nor are we disposed to prevent; our Constitution allows it; we recognize the right of Papists to send missionaries among us; but it might be questioned still, whether we ourselves are right, or whether the framers of our Constitution have not committed a great error, in the mode of wording that part of our Constitution,

granting any right or privilege to any nation, or people, or government, or religion, which was not founded on strict reciprocity. Did it ever occur to Jefferson, Washington, Madison, or the other eminent men who framed our Constitution, that in giving to a Roman Catholic sovereign, king, or potentate, the right of sending missionaries into the United States, they forgot the securing to the United States a reciprocal right? The Papist is allowed to invade our country; but are we allowed to invade Papal States, and build churches there for divine worship, as the Papists are in the United States? The Catholic priest can come here from Rome and build a church, teach a school, and preach whatever and whenever he pleases; but if an American citizen and Protestant freeman go to the city of Rome, or any strictly Catholic country, he is under a legal disability to build his church, or teach or preach. Is this fair? Is there any thing reciprocal in this? Is it not rather a disgrace, and a lasting lampoon upon American freedom, to tolerate this violation of the first principles of reciprocal rights? Let our people take this matter into their own hands; let them call upon their representatives, and demand from them an immediate redress for this national humiliation, which has been entailed upon us by some unaccountable want of foresight on the part of the framers of our Constitution. But, say the Popish bishops in this country, our church never persecutes, she never disturbs heretics, she loves Protestants as brethren, and is willing to pay the most implicit obedience to their laws and institutions. This is the language of that notorious demagogue and disturber of the peace, Bishop Hughes of New York;

This is the language of Bishop Fenwick, of Boston, to which Brownson, his Corporal Trim, invariably says *yes*. These are the men whom I have accused of falsehood—wilful and deliberate falsehood. Have I satisfied my readers that I have stated the truth, and, though not the whole truth,—nothing but the truth? Have I satisfied them that the Popish Church and Papists have ever been the sworn enemies of Protestants? They admit themselves, that great cruelties have, in ancient times, been inflicted by Roman Catholics upon Protestants; but in order to deceive Americans, they very blandly assert that those times have gone by, and that such cruelties do not now exist. Is the reader satisfied yet that this is not correct, and that the only object of these men is further deceit and deeper treachery? Let me again call the reader's attention to another passage from Gilli; it will show more clearly, if possible, than it has hitherto been done, that the malignant hatred of Popery towards Protestants burns now as brightly as it did at any period of Christian history. "They are," says Gilli, speaking of the Protestant Waldenses, "absolutely forbidden by Roman Catholics to exert their parental authority over their own children, if these children, (girls above ten, and boys above twelve years,) are tempted to forsake their faith. In 1836, a child was taken from a family at Lucerne, and in 1842, another from a family at St. Germain, upon the pretext of an inclination expressed by those children to turn Roman Catholics, there being no difficulty in tempting a poor, half-starved boy of twelve, or a girl of ten, to receive instruction offered with a crucifix in one hand, and a

loaf or a fish in the other. Thus the parent's heart is to be doubly pierced; first, by encouraging a pretended exercise of judgment on the part of his child, before the understanding is matured; and secondly, by a legalized abduction of the child so tampered with. On the 2d of May, 1839, the child of Jaques Dalmais de David, and Margarite his wife, having been torn from them on the pretence of being illegitimate, was sent to the foundling hospital at Pignerol, although the parents were both natives of Vaudois, born in the commune and parish of Villar Bobi, and lawfully married in that parish, by the pastor thereof. Upon the first abduction, the father took away the infant from the nurse to whose charge it had been committed previously to its being carried to the hospital; and for his refusal to attend the summons of the commandant of the province, he and his wife were thrown into prison, and there remained several days. The child, however, was restored to its parents, after an investigation which lasted many months; the legitimacy of its birth having been fully proved.

"In the month of August, 1842, the Prefect of Pignerol ordered a Bible lecture and prayer meeting which was held in a school room at Latour, on Sunday afternoon, to be discontinued.

"On the 18th of January, of the following year, a similar order had been issued by the Intendent of the province. The order appeared in the following words: 'The Royal Secretary of State for the Interior, having been informed that every Sunday some Waldenses, Protestants, held congregations in a school house, and that many persons of every age and sex met together

to sing psalms aloud, the said Royal Secretary of State has communicated to me that the places being appointed wherein the Waldenses shall worship, no innovation, or increase of the number of the same, can be admitted, and they must be enjoined to discontinue those meetings, or in case of contumacy, the government will adopt measures to prevent them.' Accordingly the Sunday services were discontinued. This is a cruel state of things; and it may well be asked, whether Protestant communities were, or ought to be, considered the friends of civil rights? Ought they not to interfere in correcting such a state of things? And is it not the duty of this country in particular, to be the very first to do so? Shall it be said by any future historian, that republican America shall be outdone in philanthropy and sympathy for the oppressed, by the despots of Europe? Shall it be said that England, in almost every reign, has done more for the advancement of free principles and religious toleration, than republican America? Even Cromwell, despot as he is represented to have been, interfered in behalf of the persecuted Protestants of Vaudois. George I. of England also interfered in their behalf. Cromwell told the Pope, through his ambassador at Rome, that if he did not silence his canons in the valleys of Piedmont, against the Protestant inhabitants thereof, he would silence them himself by his own brass cannons at the gates of the Vatican. And shall it be said that the freemen of America shall witness the oppressions of their Protestant brethren without a word or a threat in their behalf?

The following petition or memorial, in behalf of the Protestants, the Vaudois, was sent, in 1842, by

a committee appointed in London, for their relief. The Archbishop of Canterbury has immortalized his name by being at the head of this committee. It reads in the following words:

To the Earl of Aberdeen, Her Majesty's principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

*Winchester House, St. James Square,*

*April 9th, 1842.*

MY LORD,

We the undersigned, members of the London Committee, instituted in 1825, for the relief of the Vaudois of Piedmont, earnestly entreat your Lordship to submit to Her Majesty the Queen our humble entreaty that Her Majesty will be graciously pleased to intercede in behalf of that ancient community, with their sovereign, the King of Sardinia. The sufferings of Vaudois have often excited the sympathy of this nation, and our sovereigns have, from time to time, been pleased to exercise their beneficent offices in the privileges and rights of the Vaudois Church, which have been threatened; and this they have done out of compassion for the afflicted.

Among other aggrivances, it has been represented to us that the Vaudois have now to complain that children are taken from their parents by the priests and local authorities, when one of the parents is said to be a Roman Catholic, under pretence of their being illegitimate; that their religious services are interrupted; that their intercourse and traffic with their fellow countrymen, beyond certain limits, are placed under grievous restrictions; that some of them are

deprived of the means of their subsistence, being forbidden to purchase, to farm, or to cultivate lands, except within boundaries too narrow for their population; and that others, to their great disadvantage and detriment, have been ordered to sell property which they have legally acquired beyond the territories to which they are confined.

If these alleged severities were inflicted on the Vaudois for acts of turbulence or dangerous fanaticism, we should not presume to entreat Her Majesty's gracious interposition. But it does not appear that any thing can be laid to their charge, *except the profession of religion differing from that of the Roman Catholic Church*, and similar, in many particulars of faith and discipline, to the reformed churches in Europe, &c.

This petition has been signed by the following gentlemen:

W. CANTUAR,	W. R. HAMILTON,
C. J. LONDON,	WM. COTTON,
C. R. WINTON,	T. D. ACLAND,
GEO. H. ROSE,	W. S. GILLY.
R. H. INGLIS,	

England, as a Christian nation and a Christian people, has done well on this occasion. She has given the world evidence that whatever may have been the crimes or errors of her former rulers, she still retains within the breasts of her people some sense of that great commandment, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." What have we, American citizens, done for our Protestant brethren in the Alpine valleys? We see and know them to be oppressed and ground to the dust—for what? Because they are Protest-



ants. Is there any thing else laid to their charge? Nothing. Was there *ever* any thing else laid to their charge, in justification of the cruelties which, century after century, the Pope of Rome and the blood-hounds of his church have inflicted upon them? I have diligently examined the history of this people. I was induced to do so at an early age, believing it almost impossible that humanity was capable of enduring such sufferings as history informs us were inflicted upon them by the Romish Church; and I am compelled to say, in truth and honesty, that I cannot discover any reason or any cause for their persecution by Roman Catholics, except that they did not believe in the supremacy of the Pope; and the abominations of the Romish Church. And why, under these circumstances, are not Protestant Americans doing something for these their brethren? It is in the power of this country to do much in any just cause. Such an advocate as this government might prove itself to be against the spirit of Popery, even in the Piedmont valleys, would carry gladness to the hearts of many an oppressed brother among them. We have money, which we are throwing away in charity to those who have but few claims upon us; we have genius, which we are scattering all over the country in rantings and ravings and metaphysical discussions, unproductive of any thing useful to man. Why not employ this in espousing the cause of liberty and of our oppressed brethren the Vaudois,—a poor people, who have no standing armies, no treasury,—nothing but their Protestant religion and a good cause to support *them*. Why is not the genius of our people—why have not their fine minds and fine talents been em-

employed in holding up before the broad light of heaven the villanies, iniquities, abominations and corruptions of the Romish Church? Why are not such impostors and deceivers of the public as the Roman Catholic Bishops of New York and Boston, together with their man Trim—Brownson—singled out from among our people? Why does not public opinion write in Italics on the countenance of each of these men, the words *deceiver* and *traitor*, that our children may avoid them when they see them in the streets? Why do we not teach even our little ones to pray that the Lord may rescue our brethren the Vaudois from the cruelties of Popery? Why does not every Christian teach his child to exclaim, in the beautiful language of the immortal poet of England, who was himself a true friend of the Vaudois,

“Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones  
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;—  
Even them who kept thy truth so pure, of old,  
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,  
Forget not.”

Why do Americans allow their children to go to the schools, kept professedly for the propagation of such doctrines as those taught and practised by the Romish church? I myself tremble lest there may be something wrong in the construction of the social system in our republican government. Assuredly, nothing else could induce us to violate the first law of nature, which is self-preservation. Our natural affections, and sympathy with each other, are the sweetest ingredients—and perhaps the only sweet ones which

Providence has thrown into the cup of life, undoubtedly for the holy purpose of rendering it at all palatable. Take them away and life would be bitter indeed.

A state of society, such as the Popish church, through her agents in this country, desires to introduce amongst us, tends to no better purpose, than to divest man of humanity itself. It would harden his heart and swell him with the morbid humors of vanity, ambition, bigotry, and persecution. It would increase our natural misery, and leave us no anodyne, but the filthy and abominable one, auricular confession and Popish pardons. Does not this deserve the execration of the virtuous and pious of all denominations? And are you prepared, fellow citizens, for such a state of things? I am aware that there are some amongst us, ready to tear from their bosoms, for base and selfish purposes, every thing good, which the God of glory through the merits of his Son, has planted there. There is nothing so absurd that pride and selfishness will not adopt and maintain it. It is said that Alexander did really believe himself to be a god. The vilest and most profligate of the Cæsars demanded Divine honors. Some of the Popes of the Romish church, even when rotting and dropping to pieces, from the effects of disease, brought upon them by licentiousness and dissipation, would have the world believe that they were *infallible*, and even *impeccable*; so says Balarmino, an authority not to be disregarded by Papists.

Bishop Hughes tells us that in this country, we cannot prosper as a people, unless we adopt the religion of the Pope, and encourage the Pope's subjects

overthrow this government, and not to be ruled by  
 laws or its people. *Americans shant rule us*, is a  
 popish motto now borne aloft by Papists through the  
 streets of New York, and other cities in the Union.  
 Such language as the above resembles rather the rav-  
 ings of some poor lunatic, than that of a sober, honest  
 publican, and appears to be more like that of a  
 maniac, sitting in some desolate cell, with a crown of  
 saw, swaying a sceptre of the same material, and  
 styling himself an Emperor, than any thing else ;  
 yet to me there is nothing inconsistent and strange in  
 such language or such conduct ; I know the pride of  
 Popish Bishop. I have been too long among them,  
 not to understand well their vanity and arrogant pre-  
 tensions ; and though their conduct may not be such  
 as to fit them for a lunatic asylum, still it never fails to  
 unfit them for all the uses and purposes of civil life,  
 and renders them dangerous citizens. There is nothing  
 extraordinary in this ; it seems to be the natural con-  
 sequence even of the physical organization of man.  
 Inordinate ambition and false pride, are said by anat-  
 omists to have a powerful effect in turning the brains of  
 man ; but it is truly strange that, shocking as madness  
 is in itself, and terrible as are its consequences, it  
 sometimes affects people in such a manner as to turn  
 our pity into laughter. We have an instance of this,  
 -and a very prominent one,—in the case of the un-  
 fortunate *changeling*, Brownson, who, but the other  
 day, was admitted by Bishop Fenwick into full com-  
 munion with the Popish church. But nothing else  
 could be expected by those who understand Popery,  
 and see the broad difference between its system

of morality, and that of pure Christianity. Modern Popery is made up from the philosophy of the ancient Pagans, and some German writers. It has many attractions in the eyes of superficial Christians; it has many aspects, and some of them of an attractive character. Unsophisticated people, such as many American theologians are, see, in the morality of Popery, apparently, much philanthropy and practical Christianity, and these so judiciously blended together by Popish cunning and jesuitical craft, that its true character—nay even the deeds themselves—are entirely forgotten, in their admiration of the brilliant though false light, in which they appear.

For instance, to take that miserable man, Brownson, by the hand, and raise him from a state of utter destitution, to which his own follies and imprudence reduced him, had in it much apparent philanthropy and practical Christianity; the Popish Fenwick found him in great want, every religious society shunned him, as if the brand of Cain were upon him. There was not even to be found a political party that would have any thing to do with him; he betrayed and left them all in rapid succession, and they in turn left him alone and unaided. All the powers of his mind (it is said that he once possessed some) were broken and crushed; there was no peace, no resting place for him. Both theologians and politicians raised their hands and pointed at him the finger of scorn—the former, as a rebel against the King of Glory—the latter, as a traitor to the puny king of their respective parties.

Such was the condition in which the jesuit Bishop,

Fenwick, found him here in Boston; and what, to all appearance, could be more philanthropic, what more practically Christian — what more benevolent deed could the Pope's agent do, *for effect*, — than take this man by the hand and supply him with the necessaries of life. And what, under these circumstances, could be expected from the *changeling*, Brownson, than that he would devote all his mind to the justification of any falsehood or any errors, which his benefactors might desire to propagate. I find no fault with Bishop Fenwick for relieving the temporal wants of Brownson; on the contrary, I freely admit, that the act is, in itself, and abstractedly considered, an act of benevolence and charity. We are bound to recognize in every human creature and every human face, the features of a brother and a neighbor. I would not, willingly, even question the motives of the Bishop; they are known only to his God. It would not be fair nor judicious in a physician, to take a body apparently sound and in health, and dissect it, for the purpose of ascertaining whether there were any hidden disease in it. He should take it for granted — as a general rule — that when all appearances were good and healthy, there existed no physical defect; and I think and believe it the duty of Christians to take it for granted, that, generally speaking, the motives of a brother are good, when his actions bear upon their face no indication of being otherwise. But when any man or any church, holds up to the view of a whole people or nation, one who has been for years and years an advocate of moral evil, as an object not only of pity and pardon, but of admiration — as Bishop Fenwick does

the infidel, Brownson—every true Christian must tremble, and every true lover of civil rights must shudder, lest each sound that he hears should prove to be the death-knell of our religion and the civil rights of man.

• Unfortunate Brownson! why prostitute thyself to the base purposes of Popery? Thou mightest have been in want; Protestants might have neglected thee; but what of that? What of the sufferings of this transitory and fleeting world? Let me tell you, and let the sound of my words ring forever in your ears, that,

“Life can but little more supply  
Than just to look about us and to die.”

The above beautiful sentiment of the poet, has, I fear, but seldom occurred to you; assuredly it has made no lasting impression on your mind. It is probable that the following stanza, part of a famous monkish ditty, has in it beauties and *substantial* sentiments, far more congenial to your *tastes* and thoughts:

“Hang up sorrow, banish care;  
The Pope is bound to find me.”

• But a truce with poor Brownson, for a moment; his days will soon be over. Like the great Mr. Shandy, he has been so long “dancing his white bear forward, that he must soon commence dancing him back again.” He has already professed all the religious creeds in this country, and it is fairly to be presumed that he will profess all of them back again; and thus afford himself fresh and full room, for displaying, in connection with them, any additional political or *religious* vagaries which may spring up in his moon-

stricken imagination. He may address himself to his patron, parson Fenwick, as Mr. Shandy did Parson Yorrick. "Yorrick, said Mr. Shandy, you see that by this means—that is by going backwards and forwards—every thesis and hypothesis have an offspring of propositions—and each proposition has its consequences and conclusions; every one of which leads the mind back again, into fresh tracks of inquiries and doubtings. The force of this engine—observed Mr. Shandy, in great triumph—is incredible, in opening heads. Brother Shandy, said my Uncle Toby, it is enough to burst them into splinters."

Had Brownson, in the Jesuit parson, Fenwick, a guide, simple, sinless, and guileless, as Parson Yorrick or my uncle Toby, there might be some hopes that he could yet be brought to see and feel the full force of truth. But Brownson will stick to the Jesuit as long as he gives him bread, and the Jesuit appreciates his value too highly not to supply him plentifully. The Jesuit knows well, that the little smattering of theology, which Brownson possesses, can be made useful to him. It is of the German School. The Germans are wild in their theories upon morals and theology, and yet they carry with them the appearance of much honest and persevering research, and never fail—unless in very unskilful hands—to make a strong and terrible impression wherever they are preached or inculcated. Brownson, though, in truth and reality, no scholar, knows enough of this theology, and of Popish *Quietism*, such as was taught by raving monks and nuns in the sixteenth century, to see that by working them up together, and declaiming this undigested and



acid mass, before an audience unprepared to analyze it, that he can produce just such an effect upon the public mind as Popish priests desire. It helps to create infidelity, and, of course, adds to the number of Papists in our country.

There is a great similitude between the modern German, and the Popish moral philosophy. A popular writer very truly and very beautifully says, "in each we find the same senseless, useless, and aimless encouragement of the mixed produce of the natural mind—the same indiscriminate worship of the good and bad it may please to throw up—every lawless thought, every idle dream, every dangerous imagination suffered to run their unhealthy course, to end in folly and in impurity—piety professed without religion, and virtue without principle—the dictates of their respective creeds, their theory; and the dictates of their hearts, their practice; and wild work between them."

Brownson has some vague notion of this compound philosophy; he has, beside, taken great pains to make himself acquainted with those *sesquipedalia*, or *long-legged* words—if I may use such a term—which most mixed audiences mistake for learning. The Jesuit, Hughes, soon measured Brownson; he looked into his past life and soon found him treacherous to every party and to every principle. This is the man for me, says the Jesuit—the Holy Church must have him, though we should be obliged to feed and clothe him for life. The infidel soon closed with the Jesuit,—a bargain was instantly made; but my observations upon human nature have been very unprofitable to me, if the Jesuit does not soon find that he has made a

had *trade*, as a Yankee would express it; that Brownson is not the man he took him for, nor the scholar he took him for; that he is but an unprincipled infidel, and a kind of monomaniac rhapsodist on subjects which he does not understand himself; in a word, he will find out in time that he can make nothing of him. Can the Jesuit, Hughes, "make any thing else than what it is?" can he "make the lily a rose, or the rose a lily?" can he "make the oak a vine, or the vine an oak?" When he can do those things, and not a second before, can he make a hardened infidel an humble Christian, or a treacherous politician a safe citizen.

I find myself, once more, not only drifting from my destined port, but, it would seem, that I had turned from it altogether. I intended to devote these pages, almost exclusively, to giving an expose of the abominations of auricular confessions and Popish nunneries, but having by some accident or another, come athwart the great changeling, Brownson, who now acts as trumpeter to Bishop Fenwick of Boston, and is recognized by him and the Popish Church of the United States, as an authorized expounder of their sentiments and doctrines, I felt it my duty to notice him briefly. This man, Brownson, is now sent as a Popish missionary or lecturer throughout the United States; and speaks upon all subjects connected with Popery, *ex autoritate*.

I find in the January number of Brownson's Review, of the present year, the following effusion, which, for effrontery and shameless falsehood, equals any thing I have ever seen. "We dare affirm," says Brownson, in his Review, January, 1845, page 12, "that *no period in the history of our race, of equal length,*

can be pointed out, so remarkable for its intellectual and literary activity, as the thousand years, dating from the beginning of the sixth century, and extending to the commencement of the sixteenth. Now," continues Brownson, "in order to judge fairly, what the church has done for the human race; whether in reference to religion, morals, literature, or science, we must ascertain what it actually effected. She (that is the church) at the beginning of the sixth century, sets to work to establish schools, the great monasterial schools, cathedral or episcopal schools. In the beginning of the sixth century, arose the cathedral schools, in Spain. All the great, renowned universities, were founded prior to the Reformation. Nearly all the monasteries were graced and enriched by valuable libraries. In each monastery was a *scriptorium*, and a number of monks employed in copying and binding manuscripts." There is much plausibility in the language of Brownson, now the jackal of Popery in the United States. I am willing to admit that a vast number of colleges and *renowned universities*, were established before the Reformation, in Rome, Italy and even England. I would also admit that there were *scriptoria*s, and that monks were employed in copying manuscripts and binding books; but has the illustrious *changeling*, Brownson, told us for what purposes these great universities were established, prior to the Reformation? Far be it from me to deny their existence, that would indeed show that I was but a poor historian, and that I knew but very little of the corruptions of the Romish Church. Sixtus IV., one of the *infallible Popes* of Rome, established whole colleges

at once, and much as I have said against Popery and its corruptions, I have not, as yet, exhibited so flagrant an instance of Popish turpitude, baseness and avarice, as Pope Sixtus IV. leaves on record, by the single act of building these universities. He established offices and titles in each college, which were put up for sale by him, and were sold for sums, varying from one hundred, to one thousand and twenty thousand ducats. It was this illustrious and *infallible* Pope, Sixtus IV.,—and I pray you will bear it in mind, thou great changeling,—that established a college of a hundred janizaries, and nominated these janizaries for the *trifling* sum of one hundred thousand ducats. And how, think you, reader, did he pay them their salaries? Was it out of the *bonus* of a hundred thousand ducats, which he received for chartering or sanctioning the college? Far from it. He paid them some trifling compensation, derived from the proceeds of the sales of bulls. These janizaries were subsequently suppressed. Innocent III.,—and you will recollect, Mr. Brownson, that he was Pope of Rome between the sixth and sixteenth centuries,—founded a university for a *bonus* of sixty thousand scudi; (a scudi, I believe, is a fraction less than a dollar.) The reader may form some idea of the magnitude and splendor of this university, when I inform him, that this college had twenty-six secretaries, and a proportionable number of other officers; every one of whom paid in proportion to his means, for the office he held.

Pope Alexander VI., who, as you know, was born between the sixth and sixteenth centuries, and whom the *changeling's friend*, Daniel O'Connell, would call

a *broth of a boy*, established a university, and to show his zeal for the great cause of learning and advancement of morals, he nominated eighty writers of Popish briefs, each of whom had to pay eight hundred and fifty scudi for his appointment. This very Pope, Alexander VI., was one of the greatest debauchees of his age, and died by poison administered by the hand of his own son. Pope Julius II., who also lived between the sixth and sixteenth centuries, added to these offices one hundred writers or copyists of archives, each of whom had also to pay seven hundred and fifty scudi. I have taken Brownson at his word. He affirms that no period in the history of our race, of equal length, can be pointed out, so remarkable for *intellectual activity*, as that which occurred between the sixth and sixteenth centuries. I have and do hereby affirm, that there has been no period, in the history of Christianity, so remarkable for intellectual depravity and Popish ignorance, as that very self-same period. I have appealed to history and proved my assertion by facts, not taken from prejudiced writers, but facts recorded and gloried in by Popes themselves and Popish writers.

It is said by Papists and *authoritatively* asserted by their mouth-piece in the United States, that the colleges and universities built by Papists, in the interval between the sixth and sixteenth centuries, were pulled down by the Protestants, *Goths* and *Vandals*, who have lived since that period. Admitting that they have been, what then, Mr. Brownson? What man or what people, in their sober senses, would tolerate the colleges established by Pope Sixtus in 1482, where

offices were put up at auction, and that under the sacred name of religion ; where nothing was taught but the grossest idolatry, and nothing practised but simony and immorality, almost as bad as that of the heathens. Would any man at the present day, with the fear of God before his eyes, or who duly appreciated the blessings of civil liberty, tolerate amongst ourselves, a university such as one of those over which Popes Paul and Sixtus presided, even in the palmiest days of Christianity? According to Brownson, himself, assuredly not. We should pull it down were it amongst us ; we should scatter to the winds these Popish *briefs, decretals* and *bulls*, which thousands of monks were employed in copying and binding. We should vest in some factory, those thousands and hundreds of thousands of scudi, which were given to Popes for chartering universities of *learning*—do n't laugh, reader—yes, reader, they were called universities of *learning*—and we would send the lazy, crazy monks, who were by thousands employed in them, to work on our fields or in our factories.

It was between the sixth and sixteenth centuries, that Alexander III., presiding in his official capacity over a synod held at Tours, in 1167, pronounced the Protestant religion of the Vaudois “*a damnable heresy of long standing.*” Do you call this any evidence of the *great mental activity* which the Popish Church displayed, and for which she and her members were so *remarkable*, prior to the sixteenth century? There was another synod at Lavoux, in the same year, where the Pope gives another instance of the *remarkable intellectual and literary activity* of the thousand years

between the sixth and sixteenth centuries. The Popish Senate at Lavoux sent a memorial to the reigning Pope, to exterminate the Vaudois, "*an heretical pest, generated in olden times, of enormous growth and great antiquity.*" I believe it was in 1536 — recollect, Mr. Brownson, it is within your period of that *thousand years*, when, according to yourself, Popery flourished in the full blaze of her glory and love of literature — that the poor Protestants, the Vaudois, sent a number of petitions to Francis I., praying that he would *tolerate* them, and allow them to worship God as they pleased. Francis I. consulted the Pope's legate, who was then at his court, and immediately returned for answer to these poor Protestants, "I am not burning heretics in France, to foster them among the Alps." *Remarkable* instance of the literary activity of the Popish Church! We have another strong instance of that *intellectual and literary activity* of which Brownson speaks, in Philip II. of Spain, who, to show his zeal for the *holy Catholic* faith, determined — with a view, I presume, of leaving some evidence of his Popish *literary activity* of mind — to despatch an army, under the command of one D'Oppede, with instructions to put to the sword every Protestant man, woman and child whom he might find in the Vaudois valley; and faithfully did he discharge his duty. He has left us, as the *changeling* Brownson would term it, a *remarkable instance* of Popish *intellectual activity*. Not a man, woman, or child, was spared by this Popish army. Anquetil, a Roman Catholic himself, and in full communion with the Popish Church, gives us a vivid picture of the *remarkable intellectual activity*

of this D'Oppede, and his Popish army. The reader will pardon me for quoting the passage in the writings of Anquetil, containing this picture; it certainly shows a *remarkable intellectual and literary activity* of Popish minds, during Brownson's thousand years of their unsullied fame as scholars. "After the King of France granted permission to his Roman Catholic General D'Oppede, and his soldiers, to take arms against the Vaudois," says Anquetil, "twenty-two towns and villages were burned or pillaged, with an inhumanity of which the history of the most barbarous nations scarcely affords an example. The wretched inhabitants, surprised in the night, and hunted from rock to rock by the light of the flames which were consuming their habitations, frequently escaped one snare only to fall into another.

The pitiful cries of the aged, the women and the children, instead of softening the hearts of the soldiers, — maddened with rage, like their leaders, — only served to guide them in the pursuit of the fugitives, and to indicate the points against which to direct their fury. Voluntary surrender did not exempt the men from slaughter, nor the women from brutal outrages at which nature revolts.

It was forbidden under pain of death to afford them harbor or succor. In one town alone, more than seven hundred men were butchered in cold blood; and the women who had remained in their houses, were shut up in a barn containing a great quantity of straw, which was set on fire, and those who endeavored to escape from the windows, were driven back by swords and pikes. According to orders, these speci-



mens of Popish *intellectual literary activity* demolished all the houses, cut down the wood, uprooted the fruit-trees, and left nothing behind them but an uninhabited waste. The war-cry of the Papists, as this Roman Catholic writer, whose authority no Papist will question, asserts, was, "Kill! kill!" Dr. Gilli relates an instance of great heroism in one of those poor Protestants, who was among the persecuted. One Aymond De La Voye went through the villages, exhorting his brethren to stand firm in the faith of their forefathers. He was soon discovered by the members of the Inquisition. The first question put to him was, "Who are your associates?" "My associates," he answered, "are those who know and do the will of my Heavenly Father, whether they be nobles, merchants, peasants, or in any other condition." Let it not be forgotten, that this occurred before the sixteenth century, and before the *Goths* and *Vandals* of the Reformation, as Brownson calls them, had any existence. One of the Councillors of the Holy Inquisition asked this intrepid man and pious Christian Protestant, "Who is the head of the Church?" He answered, "Jesus Christ." "Is not the Pope the head of the church?" inquired the inquisitor. "No," was the answer. "Is not the Pope the successor of St. Peter?" "Yes," answered La Voye, "if he is like St. Peter, but not else." But such was the *remarkable intellectual activity* of the infallible Church, that no other questions were deemed necessary, and he was immediately consigned to a tormenting death. But the persecutions of these Protestant Christians did not stop here. *So remarkable* was the *intellectual and literary activity* of Papists, between

the sixth and sixteenth centuries, — that golden age of Popery, — in dispensing its blessing all over the world, that while enormities like those I have related were being perpetrated on the western side of the Alps, a fresh storm was brewing over their brethren of Piedmont.

Will the reader think me tedious, if I give him a more explicit account, taken from Moreland's history of those people, than I myself can give? I take it from Gilli's appendix.

“ There is a certain valley in the county of Piedmont, within five or six miles of Mount Vesulo, which, from the town of Lucerna, is called the valley of Lucerna; and in it there is a little valley, which, from Angrogna, a small river running through it, is called the valley Angrogna. Next adjoining to this are two other valleys; that is to say, the valley of Perosa, so called from the town of that name, and the valley of S. Martino. In these there lie divers little towns and villages, whose inhabitants, assisted by the ministers of God's word, do make open profession of the gospel.

“ Moreover, I suppose that there are near eight thousand faithful souls inhabiting in this place. But among the men, who are bred up to endure labor, seeing they have from their childhood been inured to husbandry, you will find very few who know how to engage in combat. From hence it comes to pass that very few of them are ready upon any urgent occasion to defend themselves against public injuries. Yea, and the valleys themselves lie so remote from each other, that they cannot help one another till it be too late. And although these towns and villages have

their counts or lords, yet the Duke of Savoy is lord over them all.

“This duke, before he came from Nice into Piedmont, diligently took order with those counts and lords of places, that they should admonish the inhabitants to submit to him and the Pope; that is, that, casting off their ministers, they should admit Popish preachers and the abominable mass. Whereupon our people sent petitions unto the prince, beseeching him that he would take it in good part if they were resolved rather to die than to lose the true religion of Jesus Christ . . . . but they shall be ready to amend their errors, if any there were, in case it should be manifested to them out of the word of God, to which alone they are to submit in this business; and as to what concerneth them in matters of behavior and tributes, and other things due both to him and their other lords, that he would send and make diligent inquiry whether they have at any time committed any offence, that so due punishment may be inflicted on them, because he should assuredly know they are willing to approve themselves with due reverence most obedient to him in all things.

“These petitions came to the hand of the prince, but availed nothing with him, who was become a sworn enemy with Antichrist against Christ. Thereupon he sent forth edicts, declaring that those who should be present at the sermons of the ministers of the valleys, if but once, should be fined at one hundred crowns, and if a second time, then they should be condemned to the galleys forever. Orders also were given to a certain judge to ride circuit up and down to

put the penalties in execution, and to bind Christians and imprison them. The lords also and magistrates of places had the same power given them, and at length the godly were by this most impotent prince utterly given up to be plundered by all sorts of villains, and afflicted with most grievous calamities.

“ He sent also a certain collateral judge of his own, first to Carignan, there to act inhuman butchery upon the faithful ones of Christ; whereupon he caused one Marcellinus, and Joan his wife, he being a Frenchman, but she a woman of Carignan, to be burnt alive with fire, four days after they had been apprehended. But in this woman God was pleased to manifest an admirable example of constancy; for, as she was led to execution, she exhorted her husband, saying, ‘ Well done, my brother, be of good courage; this day doubtless we shall enter together into the joys of heaven.’ Some few days after this, there was apprehended also one John Carthignan, an honest, plain man, and truly religious, who, after three days of imprisonment, endured the torments of fire with very great constancy. Who is able to reckon up the several incursions, slaughters, plunders and innumerable miseries, where-with this most savage generation of men did daily afflict all pious men, because, being exhorted by their ministers to patience, they took no course to defend themselves against injuries! Not long after also they apprehended one John, a Frenchman, and a minister, at a town called St. Germano, and, carrying him to a certain abbey near Pinerolo, there burnt him alive, who left a noble example of Christian constancy. The like was done also to the minister of the town of

Maine, who was put to death at Susa by a slow fire, while he in the mean time stood as it were immovable, and not being touched with any sense of so incredible a cruelty, having his eyes fixed upon heaven, breathed out his happy soul.

“Therefore, when things were come to this pass, and these miseries were increased every day more and more, and seeing that the patience and extreme misery of our people could not in any measure allay the fury and rage of these most merciless brutes, they at length resolved by force, as well as they could, to free themselves and their wives and children from that barbarous usage. And although some of our ministers declared it was not well done, yet no admonitions could keep the people from resolving to defend themselves by arms. Hereupon it came to pass that, several encounters falling out, there fell within a few days about sixty of the plunderers. When news hereof was brought to the tyrant, he commanded his men to forbear, and sent two of his noblemen that so they might bring matters to an accommodation with our people; but when it was perceived that all their drift was that our ministers might be cast out and the Pope received, the people would by no means yield to it. Wherefore, when the prince came into Piedmont, and resided at Versello, about the kalends of November, 1560, with intent to destroy all in the valleys by fire and sword, he sent an army of about four thousand foot and two hundred horse, under the command of the duke [count] de la Trinité.”

The writer then relates the submissions made by *certain* deputies whom the Vaudois sent to the duke.

“ These false brethren, in design to serve their own private ends, persuaded the people, though almost all the ministers cried out against it, that too easily giving credit to the most false promises of their enemies, laying down their arms, and sending deputies to the prince to promise obedience, they might, for sixteen thousand crowns, redeem both themselves and their religion. As soon as all these things were yielded to and promised by the too credulous people, through a vain hope of obtaining peace and religion, and when our deputies arrived at Versello, they were thence carried by the Lord de la Trinité to a certain cloister, there to abide for two months’ space, (to the end there might be time for collecting the moneys,) and at length, casting themselves down at the feet of the prince and of the Pope’s legate, (who were both there, attended by a great number of the nobility, and men of inferior rank,) they were constrained to supplicate the prince first, then the Pope’s legate, that they would take pity on the people from whom they were sent, and to promise them, by an oath, that they would be ready to do all things that should be commanded by them.

“ The prince therefore growing confident upon this most solemn promise, immediately sent persons to command our people to receive and embrace that horrid idol of the mass; whereupon, considering the inconstancy of their deputies, and the deceit or rather extreme perfidiousness of the tyrants being discovered, they plainly refused to yield that those things should be ratified which their deputies had unadvisedly transacted, through their own levity, not with the consent of

people. . . . . Then the tyrant, as soon as he came to understand this, was much more inflamed than ever before with anger, or rather outrageous fury, against our people; and, collecting a rabble of an army, he gave command to the Lord de la Trinité to waste and destroy all by fire and sword, without any regard of sex or age. Hereupon houses were every where set on fire, nor is there any kind of mischief which was not acted by those most wretched villains; by which means they forced our people, with their wives and children, to have recourse to the more craggy places of the mountains; a thing very lamentable to be seen. For, at the very first assault, they were in a manner astonished, because, being spoiled both of their arms and goods, living in extreme want of all things, they did not see by what means they might be able to undergo so great and troublesome a war.

“But at length, taking heart and trusting in the mercy and help of God, of the goodness of their cause, and being confident, because of the impiety and treachery of their adversaries, they resolved once again to defend themselves. To this end they appointed their guards and garrisons, fortified several places, blocked up passages, and were wholly resolute upon this point, to die rather than they would in any measure obey a perfidious and wicked prince in so abominable a matter. But what need many words? Things were come to such a pass, that in several fights above nine hundred of the enemy were slain, whereas, on our side, hardly fifteen were wanting.”

Such was the spirit of Popery during Brownson's thousand years of *remarkable intellectual and literary*

*activity!* Do you, Americans, wish that the next thousand years of your existence as a nation should be distinguished by a similar intellectual preeminence in *mental activity* and Christian literature? But, continues Brownson, in his Review of January, 1845, all these things were altered. What things does Brownson mean? The universities? or the *remarkable activity* of Popish minds between the sixth and sixteenth centuries? Who denies the former? No one who is acquainted with history, or who knows that the world, a large portion of which was then under Popish dominion, needed to be purified from the idolatrous and disastrous doctrines of Popery. The insolence of Brownson is assuredly unequalled. Either that, or his ignorance of history, is unpardonable.

"At the period of the English Revolution," says this consummate hypocrite, Brownson, "*the mass of the English people were buried in the grossest ignorance. Even long after, when the Wesleys first started, they talked of the ignorance even of the people of London, as they would of the South Sea Islanders.*" This, as we say up here in New Hampshire, *beats all*. Was it not about this very period that the world gave birth to the illustrious Milton? Was it not at this period that Dryden was born? Was it not at this period that the brightest lights of literature that ever illumined the world were shining in all their glory? I might here give as many names of illustrious men and illustrious minds as ever adorned humanity; men whose lives were an honor, not only to science, but to religion, to Christianity, and true piety. Did not Erasmus live before the English Reformation? Was he *grossly ig-*



*norant?* Did not Luther live before the Reformation? Neither of those were Papists, but they knew Papist doctrines so well as to break loose from them and appeal to the Christian world to rise as one man and pull down and raze to the ground Popish universities and colleges, as calculated only to cover the world with darkness, by substituting the legends of monks for true science, and the decretals of Popes for the Word of God.

"From the eleventh century," says Brownson, "down to the sixteenth, literature and science received no check." Review of 1845, Jan. No. p. 17. Hear, reader, to this modern *Esau*. According to him, literature received no check from the years 1100 to 1600. This assertion is made without any qualification or exception. Does this Brownson believe that his readers are all a parcel of ignoramuses? It cannot be so; he must be aware that he states an untruth, and no man who has ever read history can think otherwise. It would be difficult, I apprehend, to meet a school boy in the United States—I may venture the assertion, that it would be impossible to find a child in America, over the age of ten or twelve years,—who does not know that the illustrious Galileo was born during that very period, and who could not tell, that his glorious discovery of the motion of the earth, not only met with opposition from the Church of Rome, but, that the ruling Pope countenanced his incarceration in the dungeons of the inquisition. Did not the Romish Church claim and enjoy the exclusive honor of striking the first blow at a man and a mind such as the world never saw before? Did not Pope Urban VIII,

in 1623, declare and pronounce the motion of the earth to be *perverse in the highest degree*? It was about this time, as a living writer observes, that the whole Catholic Church looked upon all the earth as a *condemned world*. This absurdity was rejected by Galileo. He established an equality between heaven and earth. He showed that the latter is subject to the same laws and floats in the same splendor as the former; he put serenity and life in the place of mystical theory. For this he was opposed by Popish priests, the sworn enemies of science and literature. See, as the same writer observes, this venerable man, Galileo,—this good man, seventy years old, on his knees, barefooted and stripped to his shirt, before the officers of the holy inquisition; and for what? He tells you himself, in a letter to one of his friends. “They—the inquisitors—look upon my book as more abominable and pernicious to the Church than the writings of Luther.” Look at him! you Brownson, thou contemptible cat’s-paw of Popery, and say—if your heart has not been seared against the truth with something hotter than the hottest iron—whether literature and science did not receive a check, in the persecutions which your infallible church inflicted upon this great man? “The four hundred years which preceded the Reformation,” says Brownson, “were ages of prodigious activity. In them we meet with the great name of Abelard, under whom Heloisa studied philosophy.” Mr. Brownson forgot, I presume, to inform us that he also taught Heloisa *moral* philosophy. In this latter science she was eminently skilful, and left the world some evidence, at least, of her not being an inapt scholar in the doctrines

of genuine Popery. The great *changeling*, Brownson, could not give more illustrative examples of the beauties of Popery and of the advantages to be derived from a course of education at their schools, than that of Abelard and Heloisa; but he need not have gone so far from home for examples of this kind. There are hundreds of them to be found in the United States. We have schools, such as that which Abelard kept, and to which, Brownson tells us, "great flocks fled for education." One of these schools, my readers may recollect, recently flourished on Mount Benedict, Charlestown, Mass. Abelard, as every reader must recollect, lived in the twelfth century — at the very period, when, according to the great changeling — the Popish Church displayed her *remarkable activity* of mind in science and literature. Abelard was a learned doctor in the Church of Rome. He was, of course, a confessor; he boarded in the house of a Popish canon in Paris, whose name was Fulbert. This canon had a niece called Heloisa, whom he was anxious to send to a *fashionable* school and bring up in the doctrines of the *infallible* Church of Rome. Accordingly he sent Heloisa to attend the lectures of the pious and *God-like* Abelard, just as many of our American mothers, with the *advice* and *consent* of their lords and masters, send their children in this country to be educated, to Popish seminaries, kept by pious priests and saint-like nuns. Heloisa had not gone long to confession, when Abelard, her confessor, seduced her and prevailed upon the poor unthinking girl to become his mistress. In order to conceal this atrocious conduct and finding his dupe likely to become a mother, he

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sent her to a sister of his who lived at a considerable distance, where she was delivered of a son. It is said, that to appease Fulbert, the uncle of this victim of seduction and priestcraft, Abelard consented to marry his victim privately; but no sooner was he married and the anger of the uncle partially appeased, than he sent her to a monastery or nunnery and compelled her to take a religious habit; thus adding treachery to crime and requiting a pure and simple-minded girl's love, by additional ingratitude and villany. But the poor girl had many friends besides the uncle, who, seeing the cruel manner in which Abelard treated her, determined upon revenge, and they had it. They surrounded his chamber at night, and took from his bed this man whom Brownson would hold up to Americans as a *model* teacher of morality, and had him emasculated. All this was done in the twelfth century. This was one of the great men whom the church produced in Brownson's golden age of Popery.

But what else could be expected of this Brownson? What else could be expected from any man who would hold and profess such sentiments as the following, which we find in his Review of 1840. "For our part," says the great *changeling*, Brownson, "we yield to none, in our reverence for science and religion; but we confess that we look not for the regeneration of the race from *priests* and *pedagogues*." Very respectful language, especially from one who has been a priest and *pedagogue* himself! "They,—the priests," continues Brownson—"have had a fair trial. They,—the priests—cannot construct the temple of God. *They—the priests*—cannot conceive its plan. They

—the priests—know not how to build it. They—the priests—daub with untempered mortar, and the walls they erect tumble down if so much as a fox attempt to go up thereon. We have no faith in priests and pedagogues,” says Brownson; “they merely cry peace, when there is no peace and there can be none.” Again the same traitor to God and religion, thus spews forth his Popish hatred to pure Christianity. “*One might as well undertake to dip the ocean dry with a clam shell, as to undertake to cure the evils of the social state by converting men to Christianity.*” “For our part,” continues Brownson, in another page of his Review, “we are disposed to seek the cause of the inequality of the conditions of which we speak, in *religion*, and to charge it to the priesthood. Rarely do we find, in any age or country, a man feeling himself commissioned to labor for a social reform, who does not feel that he must begin it by making war upon the priesthood. Indeed it is felt at once, that *no reform can be effected without resisting the priests and emancipating the people from their power.* Historical research, we apprehend, will be found to justify this *instinct*, and to authorize *eternal hostility* to the priesthood. Again, when once the class—that is, the class of priests—has become somewhat numerous, it labors to secure to itself distinction, and increases them. Hence the establishment of priesthoods or sacerdotal corporations, such as the Egyptian, the Braminical, the Ethiopian, the Jewish, the Scandinavian, the Druidical, the Mexican and Peruvian.” Fie! fie! Mr. Brownson, the Mexicans belong to the Infallible Church, and like yourself, are strict members thereof. “These sacerdotal corporations,” continues Brownson, “are va

riously organized, but everywhere organized for the purpose of monopolizing power and profit. 'The real idea at the bottom of these institutions, is only to enslave the mass of the people to the priests, who, by pretending, honestly or not, to possess the secret of rendering the gods propitious, are able to reduce the people to the most wretched subjection, and keep them there, at least for a time.' At page 384, of Brownson's *Review*, of July, 1840, we find the following sweeping anathema against the Christian priesthood—not in the United States alone, but all over the world—and I would defy the most learned historian or impatient pundit upon earth, to produce any thing more blasphemous or more calculated to disturb the peace of man or the good order of society. "But, having traced the inequality we complain of, to its origin, we proceed to ask again, what is the remedy? The remedy is first to be sought in the *destruction of the priest*. The bad must be removed before the good can be introduced—conviction and repentance precede regeneration; Christianity is the sublimest protest against the priesthood ever uttered, either by God or man. In the person of Jesus, both God and man protest against the priesthood. What was the mission of Jesus but a solemn summons to judgment, and of the human race to freedom. He—Jesus—instituted himself no priesthood, no form of religious worship. He recognized no priest but a holy life, and commanded the construction of no temple but that of a pure heart." Take care, Brownson! do n't let the Pope hear you. "He—Jesus—preached no form of religion." Take heed again! Did he not preach the religion of the

Romish Church, think *you*? Have a care! you will commit yourself, unless I occasionally caution you. "He — Jesus — enjoined no creed." What, sir! not even that of the Pope of Rome? "He — Jesus — set apart no day for religious worship." Not a single one of those numerous holydays which the Infallible Church sanctions? "The priest is universally a tyrant, universally the enslaver of his brethren, and therefore it is that Christianity condemns them. Christianity could not prevent the establishment of a hierarchy, but it prepared for its ultimate destruction by insisting on the celibacy of the clergy." Really, friend Brownson, I am beginning to tremble for your safety in the Popish Church. "Again," says Brownson, in his Review of the same year, page 336, "we insist upon it" — remember, reader, that Brownson is the mouth-piece to Popery in the United States, — "that the *complete and final destruction of the priestly order in every practical sense of the word priest, is the first step to be taken towards elevating the laboring classes.*" Pray, Mr. Brownson, what shall we do with the ten thousand Romish priests which are to be found at the present time in the city of Mexico alone? Has the infallible Church concluded to ship them to our western States? "Priests," says Brownson, "are necessary enemies to freedom; all reason demonstrates this, and all history proves it." Look out, sir! you're committing yourself again. Where are all those colleges you speak of as having been established between the sixth and sixteenth centuries, and in which you say was displayed *a remarkable activity in science and literature*? *Nothing better than asylums or schools, for the education of*

men in such sciences as were calculated to overthrow the freedom of man. I told you so a while ago, and proved it too. All reason demonstrates this and all history proves it."

Again, Brownson says, in the same page of his Review, "There must be no class of men set apart and authorized, either by law or fashion, to speak to us in the name of God, or to be the interpreters of the word of God." Is it so, indeed, Mr. Brownson? I thought the Pope was authorized to do so, and that he and his church were especially empowered, to the exclusion of all, *without distinction*, to interpret the word of God. The word of God, you say again, "never drops from the priest's lips." What! do you mean to say that the word of God never drops from the Pope's lips? Rest assured, my worthy friend, that if you repeat that again to Bishop Fenwick, he will put you on short allowance. "The priests were always a let and hindrance to the spread of truth." Assuredly you cannot mean the *Romish* priests. You tell us, in your Review of this year, that the four hundred years which preceded the Reformation were ages of *prodigious* activity, and that during that time Abelard, St. Bernard, Albert the Great, and Thomas Aquinas, were remarkable men. All these were priests; yet you say that priests have always been the enemies of freedom, and a let and hindrance to the spread of truth. You thought, the other day, that these were good men and learned men, especially Abelard. What do you think of them, now that you have become a Roman Catholic? You believe all of them to be saints, and you know many of them have been canonized. We



have not your opinion of them since July, 1840. Let us hear what you thought of them then. We quote from page 387 of your Quarterly of that year. You ask the following question yourself, and you also answer it. Here are your words, viz: "What are the priests of Christendom, as they now are? Miserable panders to the prejudices of the age; loud in condemning sins nobody is guilty of, but miserable cowards when it is necessary to speak out for God. They are dumb dogs; as a body, they never preach a truth till there is no one whom it will indict; the imbecility of an organized priesthood, and its power to demoralize the people, is beginning to be seen; we have had *enough of Christianity.*" Have you, indeed, Mr. Brownson? Well, *we have not*; therein you and I differ. "Christianity," says Brownson, in the next line, "is powerless for good, but by no means powerless for evil; it now unmans us, and hinders the growth of God's kingdom." It is high time, brother Fenwick, that I should wish you joy. You have an acquisition to your church, in the great changeling Brownson, and you show a depth of wisdom rarely to be found now-a-days, except among Jesuits, in sending your convert Brownson all over this country, to preach the pure and unsullied doctrines of your Infallible Church; your apostle Brownson is assuredly a fit man for your purposes. History does not inform us that there is a solitary instance since the establishment of your church, of any government having escaped its machinations; and worse than purblind indeed must that man be, who cannot see at a glance that the primary object which Popish bishops have in commissioning this heartless,

unprincipled infidel Brownson to go abroad lecturing among the happy people of this country, is to disturb the present order of society, and finally to overthrow this government, and erect upon its ruins the Papal throne.

This Brownson is unquestionably an object of great pity, or well-merited contempt. I could turn from the bare mention of his name with nausea and disgust. It is but a few months since that he represented the whole system of Christianity as a gross imposition upon mankind, and our holy religion one of the blackest impositions that ever was practised upon our race. But now he has become a Roman Catholic. Now that he is in the pay of the Pope and his Jesuits, like another Esau he turns round, betraying everything that he ever professed, and pretends to discover that in the Church of Rome are to be found all the elements of pure Christianity; that her priests are an exception to the great body of those priests against whom he pronounced his anathema a while ago.

How many months is it, Mr. Brownson, since you became a Papist, and found out that you had been all your life a victim of delusion and Protestant priestcraft? Ten, twelve, or eighteen, is it? Well, suppose it is. Is that enough to give you a thorough knowledge of Popery, and to satisfy you that the Popish Church is composed of purer materials than any of those numerous churches in which you have believed successively and alternately for the last thirty years, and from each of which you have been successively expelled and excommunicated? For, as you tell us yourself, in your Quarterly Review, so infamous and

infidel were your principles, that even the Universalists could not tolerate you amongst them, and excommunicated you from their communion without one dissenting voice. So notoriously profligate and abandoned did they consider you, in mind, sentiment, thought, and language, that although their doctrine teaches them that Christ died for all, and that all are to be saved through him, they excepted you, and you alone, as far as I am aware. Wide as the range of that belief is, all-comprehensive as their charity is, and all-sufficient for the salvation of man as they believe the death of Christ to be, yet they could not believe that you were entitled to any benefit from it, and accordingly they formally excommunicated you. I can tell you, Mr. Brownson, that you have taken a false step, in your last move; you have plunged thoughtlessly into the labyrinth of Popery, without knowing any thing of its intricacies, certainly not enough to say much for or against. As yet you have scarcely been admitted behind the curtain of this vast theatre in which you have engaged to play a character. And believe me when I assure you that if you have undertaken any other part than that of a buffoon, you will be hissed off the boards before long. You may, perhaps, soon be let into the green room of the vast Popish theatre where you have made a *short* engagement, and there some of the machinery of Popery may be opened to your view. But mind what I tell you; when you see the hidden and concealed springs, the wheel within wheel, and the dirty workmen who set them in motion, you will behold sights and experience a stench which will strike you with an offensiveness as loathing and

disgusting as if you had put your head into a common sewer. Nothing will you see there but covetousness, the weakest vanity, and the most unrestrained indulgence of the vilest passions — one general system of artifice and intrigue for power and opportunities for debauching females. Never before could I realize the belief that man was so entirely and totally corrupt as he is, until I was admitted as a Popish priest into the theatre and great machine-shop of Popery.

I have already given to the public some of those scenes which were witnessed by me in the Romish Church. They were new to some, and — as I expected — incredible to many Americans: but Americans — at least the well-informed amongst them — ought to know that I have related nothing new, or at least very little. My revelations have had, in point of fact and substantially, full publicity many years before my birth. The very facts I have stated had long been registered in the archives of literature, and might have been found on the shelves of the libraries of our own country. Some of them have been published by me with the sole view of scattering them amid our people in such form and at such a price as may be acceptable and accessible to all. Many of my statements might have seemed dark and cloudy, but truth and justice compel me to say that they were nothing in comparison with those which are to come. They bear no more likeness to what I shall give hereafter, than the fleeting clouds which we see floating here and there, denoting the approach of a storm, bear to the storm itself. But alas! I fear that it is perfectly useless for *me to attempt to awaken the American mind to a due*

sense of the dangers to be apprehended from the introduction of Popery among us. The general answer which I receive to all my warnings is, "We care not for what Papists can do; we are a free people." It would be useless to reply to such childish argument as this, nor shall I attempt it; but I feel really humiliated at seeing such a people as the free citizens of the United States permitting themselves to be deluded, and the minds of their children poisoned by such doctrines as are preached by the infidel Brownson, now employed by the Pope of Rome, as the apostle of Popery in this country. It is also a source of deep regret to me to see Roman Catholics, especially the poor Irish, who owe this country more than any other people in the world, become its deadliest foes, and ready at the beck of their tyrant priests and bishops to trample under foot its glorious *constitution*, which guarantees to them what they never had before, freedom of speech, freedom of religion, and equal rights. "*Americans shant rule us,*" say this poor, misguided people, the Irish. This drives me, *nolens volens*, to a farther exposure of some of the deceptions practised upon them and upon mankind in general, by faithless Romish priests, trusting, in the mercy of Providence, that if I can show them that they are deceived in one way by their priests, it may put them on their guard in future against further deception.

I will now return to, or rather resume the consideration of, the doctrine of *auricular confession*, which formed in part the subject of the first volume of this work.

Before I enter on the disgusting subject of *auricular confession*, let me give the reader an idea of how it is

made. And lest it may be questioned whether the form I herein give is correct, I shall give it first in Latin, and then in English, and appeal to any Roman Catholic priest or bishop in the world, whether so far I misstate or misrepresent facts. The following is the form :

“Confiteor Deo omnipotenti beatæ Mariæ semper Virgini, beato Michaeli Archangelo, beato Johanni Baptistæ, sanctis Apostolis Petro et Paulo, omnibus sanctis et (tibi Pater) quia peccavi nimis cogitatione verbo et opere (pectus) mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa. Ideo precor beatam Mariam semper Virginem, beatum Michaelum Archangelum, beatum Johannem Baptistam, sanctos Apostolos Petrum et Paulum, omnes sanctos et (Pater) orane pro me ad Dominum Deum nostrum.”

*Translation of the Above.*

“I confess to Almighty God, to blessed Mary ever virgin, to blessed Michael the Archangel, to blessed John the Baptist, to the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, to all the saints, and to you, father, that I have sinned exceedingly, both in thought, in word, and deed, through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault. Therefore I beseech the blessed Mary ever virgin, blessed Michael the Archangel, blessed John the Baptist, the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and all the saints, and you, father, to pray to our Lord God for me.”

Such is the form of confession made by every Roman Catholic who goes into a confessional box, or *who in any other place confesses to a priest.*

It is not my intention here, to show that no such form of confession as the above was ever used in the Christian Church for more than half a century after its establishment. The whole prayer of this confession is an innovation unknown to the early Christians. It is an impure deposit in the sacred fountains of Christianity, thrown into them and mixed up with them, by the unclean hands of the Romish Popes and priests. Who or which of the primitive Christians, was ever known to pray to saints? Name him, Papists, and I will give you credit for the discovery. You contradict yourselves and some of your most fundamental doctrines in praying to saints. Even the Council of Trent, which you consider infallible, goes no farther than to say,—“It is good and profitable to invoke the prayers of the saints.” And how do you, Popish priests, justify yourselves in imposing on your deluded people, the idolatrous practice of praying to saints? Answer the question yourselves. As I stated before, it is not my intention here, to enter into the merits or demerits of your form of confession. I shall confine myself, almost exclusively, to pointing out some of the fatal consequences to society, of introducing such a practice as that of auricular confession, amongst any people. The reader will pardon me, if I quote largely from Michellet, an admirable writer of the present day, and which cannot fail to be very satisfactory to the reader, from the fact, that he is a *Roman Catholic* and, of course, entitled to credit, as it is not to be presumed that any man will bear witness against himself or against the doctrines which he avowedly professes. The language of Michellet is beautiful, as

the Protestant Quarterly Review expresses it. He gives a *graphic portraiture* of a French wife. The reader will keep in mind that Michellet is a Frenchman, that he looks upon France as the *world*, and that therefore his portraiture of a French wife, is a portraiture of any woman in the same position. The fact that Michellet's work is approved of by the *Quarterly Review*, of the *American Protestant Association*, is the highest encomium that can be passed upon it. The Review is edited by the Rev. Rufus Griswold, one of the most elegant, chaste and beautiful writers of the day, and whose commendation Michellet's work could not have, were it not eminently entitled to it. We have few such writers among our American controversialists as the Rev. Mr. Griswold, and I know not that I am hazarding truth, when I say, that we have not a more patriotic citizen, a more accomplished scholar, nor a more humble and devoted Christian. I shall here quote from Mr. Griswold's translation of Michellet, page 287 of the *Quarterly Review* of the *American Protestant Association*.

"When I think of all that is contained in the words *confession, direction*,—those little words, that great power, the most complete in the world,—when I essay to analyze all that is in it,—I am alarmed. It appears to me that I am descending by an infinite spiral line, a deep and dark mine. I have had pity heretofore for the priest; now, I dread him. We must not be alarmed, we must look it in the face. Let us frame with simplicity the language of the confessor." The reader must suppose here, a priest sitting in the confessional with a young lady kneeling by his side,



whose lips *almost* press his. I know by experience, having often myself heard confessions, that this is the exact position of the parties. The lady is supposed, by Michelet—and he supposes so correctly—to be addressed by the priest in the following words. ‘God hears thee; hears thee through me; by me. God will reply to thee; but thou tremblest, thou darest not tell to this terrible God thy weak and childish acts.’ (The reader will not forget here, that the young lady penitent and the priest are both young.) ‘Well, then, tell them to thy father, a father has a right to know the secrets of his child,—an indulgent father who wishes to know them in order to absolve them. He is a sinner, like thyself; has he the right then to be severe? Come then, child, come and speak. That which thou hast never dared to whisper in thy mother’s ear, tell me; who will ever know it?’ Then, among sighs from the swelling, throbbing breast, the fatal word mounts the lips; it escapes and is concealed. He who has heard it has acquired a great advantage, which he will preserve. God grant that he does not abuse it. He who has heard it—be careful—is not wood, the black oak of the old confessional; he is a man of flesh and blood. And this man now knows of this woman what the husband has never known in the long outpouring of the heart by night and day. That which a mother does not know—who believes that she knows her entirely, having held her so often naked on her knees—this man knows; he will know. Do not fear that he forgets; if the avowal is in good hands so much the better, for it is forever. She also knows well that she has a master over her inmost

thoughts. She will never pass before that man without lowering her eyes. The day on which this mystery was made common, he was very near her; she felt his presence. Seated above her, he weighed her down by an invisible ascendancy. A magnetic force conquered her, for she did not wish to speak, and yet she spoke in spite of herself. She was fascinated, like the bird before the serpent.

“Up to this point there was, perhaps, no art on the side of the priest. The force of things did all; that of the religious institution and that of nature. As a priest he received her at his knees, at the listening box. Then, master of her secret, of her thought,—of the thought of a woman,—he was discovered himself to be a man; and without wishing it—without perhaps knowing it—he has placed on her, feeble and disarmed, the heavy hand of a man. And the family now! the husband! who will dare to say that his situation is the same as before? Every one who reflects, knows very well, that thought is, in a person, that which most controls him. The master of the thoughts is he to whom the person belongs. The priest holds the soul as soon as he has the dangerous gauge of the first secrets, and he will hold it faster and firmer. An entire division is made between the husband and wife, for now there are two; the one has the soul, the other the body. Note, that in this division, one of the two has everything; the other, if he keeps anything, keeps it by grace. Thought, from its very nature, is dominant, absorbing. The master of the thought, in the natural progress of his sway, will go on constantly subjecting the part which remains to the other.

It will be already much, if the husband, widowed of the soul, reserves the involuntary, inert, and dead possession. Humiliating thing, only to obtain your own but by permission and indulgence! to be seen, followed into the most intimate intimacy, by an invisible witness, who regulates you, and assigns to you your part—to meet in the street a man who knows better than yourself your most secret acts and weakness,—who humbly salutes you, turns aside and laughs.”

Who can read the above extract from Michelet on auricular confession, without fancying that it is nothing more than one of those effusions with which rich fancies like his frequently abound? Men unacquainted with anything but the ordinary business of life, cannot fancy, much less realize, truth in the above. Is there even a Roman Catholic to be found, who can realize or believe the fact, that while he supposes himself the only possessor of his wife,—that she is his own—heart and soul—whole and undivided, yet is not so? It is well perhaps for those who have the misfortune to be Roman Catholics themselves, or equally unfortunate in having Roman Catholic wives, that they have no idea of the influence which a Roman Catholic *Confessor* has over woman. Could any man live in happiness or enjoy the pure blessings of matrimony, if he knew that all the intimacies and secrets, which existed between him and his wife, were far better known to the priest to whom the wife confesses, than to himself? It is well then perhaps, after all, that while such reptiles as Popish *confessors* are allowed a place in society, that the secrets of the *confessional* should be confined to themselves alone.

But there is no untruth in the beautiful extract which I have taken from Michelet. The picture which he gives is neither over-drawn or over-colored. The wife who goes to confession, is, in reality, more the wife of the priest than the wife of her married husband. Her soul is the priest's, her thoughts are the priest's, and the priest controls all her actions. How beautifully has Michelet expressed the priest's control over her "He has placed on her, feeble and disarmed, the heavy hand of a man."

Many instances of the influence which the priest exercises over married women in the confessional have come to my own knowledge, while I was a Popish confessor. The reader will bear with me while I relate one or two, from hundreds, which I have witnessed in the course of my life.

In the year 1822, and in the city of Philadelphia, an elegant carriage, with servants in livery, drove up to my door, in Fourth street, between Walnut and Spruce, where I then lived; and a lady, dressed in the extreme of fashion, unceremoniously stepped up to my door and opened it without rapping, announcing herself a *stranger who wished to see me on particular business*. I knew, almost by intuition, what this *particular business was*. I asked no questions and of course received no answers. The lady, however, said she wanted to confess and get *absolution*. My duty was plain, I was a Popish priest. But you have not the worst of it yet, reader; so far, there was nothing evil in the matter save the infatuation of the lady in believing that a man could forgive her sins, and my worse than infatuation and weakness in believing that

I had such power. The substance of this confession was the following, which fully verifies the truth of Michelet's statement. This lady had been in the habit of going to confession to a *Popish bishop*, who lived in a neighboring state, and frequently had criminal intercourse with him, going to his room whenever he directed her, under pretence of going to confession, though at the time she was a married woman. It will be asked why she came to me. The reason was this: her paramour being a bishop, was unwilling to have his crimes known to any priest in his own diocese, and directed her to come to another; and believing, as all Catholics do, that one priest can forgive sins as well as another, she selected me, as I was then comparatively a stranger in the country. But the worst of the tale is not told yet. That part of it which corroborates the statement of Michelet remains still to be heard.

Soon after the departure of this lady from my house, an English gentleman, with whom I had the pleasure of an acquaintance some years previously in London, and with whom I occasionally dined at a well-known and fashionable boarding-house, not far from my own house, called on me and insisted that I should dine with him that day, holding out as a particular inducement the pleasure of introducing me to a lady and gentleman of the highest respectability, whom I should meet at dinner. I accordingly went to dine; and the reader may imagine my surprise at finding the very *identical lady* who had been at confession with me a few hours before, and her husband—the respectable *lady* and *gentleman* to whom my friend promised an

introduction. Respectable they truly were, as far as this world is capable of appreciating respectability; and happy they were also, to all appearance; but was not Michelet right in saying of a woman who goes to confession to a priest, "*She will never pass before that man without lowering her eyes?*" Could that lady pass before me without *lowering her eyes*? or could I, if hardened in the iniquitous practice of hearing confession much longer than I was then, pass that lady without lowering mine? Did I not, as Michelet expresses it, "hold the soul" of that lady? Did I not, were I iniquitously disposed, as her bishop was, hold her body also? But when I looked at the husband of this lady—the elegant, accomplished, and gentlemanly husband—when I reflected on his *humiliating position*—when I reflected that this elegant man was *widowed*, not only of the soul, but partly of the body, of his beautiful, and as I can easily fancy, once innocent and virtuous wife, by a *Popish bishop* in the confessional, I could almost have cursed the hour that gave me birth in a land of Popery. My very soul froze within me, and I almost regretted that God in his mercy had not made me something else than a being who could have broken the cords of that pure and unmingled love between that elegant man who sat before me, and his once elegant and virtuous wife. Humiliating indeed, as Michelet said, must be the condition of that man whose wife goes to the confessional. When he walks the streets, he is met by the *confessor* of his wife, who, as Michelet properly says again, "salutes him humbly, turns aside, and laughs." O, how true this is! and would to God I could brand it upon the heart of every

man whose wife goes to confession. Is it true that God lives? is it true that the earth moves? is it true that man has a soul? is it true that mind is not matter? is it true that the sun rises and sets? O! it is still more true, if possible, that there are such things as Popish priests—saints in appearance, but demons in practice,—who laugh at the ruin and division they have made between man and wife. I do not know that I was ever so lost to every feeling of honor, when a Romish priest, as, when I passed through the streets, to *laugh* at the husband whose wife was persuaded and fascinated away from him in the confessional; but I have often walked the streets with Romish priests, in Europe especially, where Popery predominates, and there is no sort of amusement upon those occasions which they enjoy more than calling each other's attention to some of their neighbors, as they pass along, and whispering into each other's ears, "Look at that gentleman; how fond he seems of his wife. It was yesterday she was at the confessional with me; poor fool!" This chit-chat terminates in a hearty laugh, all at the expense of the husband. The reader, I trust, will not think me tedious, if I give him another instance of the evils of Popish confession. It will be borne in mind that the fact which I am about to state is not taken from history, though history abounds with similar cases. It is one within my own knowledge.

A short time previous to my coming to this country, and soon after my being installed as confessor in the Romish Church, I became intimately acquainted with a Popish family of great respectability. This family consisted of a widowed father and two daughters

and never in my life have I met two more interesting young ladies than the daughters were. These ladies lived not far from the church where I officiated, and were frequently in the habit of going to mass to my church, and calling upon me when service was over, to take breakfast with them at their father's house. This custom of having young ladies call upon Roman Catholic clergymen to accompany them home to breakfast after mass is over, is very prevalent in Europe, among the most fashionable members of the Popish Church; it is particularly so in the city of —, where I then officiated, and where the melancholy circumstance which I am about to relate took place. The father of the two young ladies to whom I have alluded, was a gentleman of about the age of fifty-five, distinguished for his charity and benevolence. He was wealthy; and whenever any object which might advance the good of his fellow beings was suggested or proposed, he was among the first to advocate and support it. His influence and his money were never wanting, when either could promote the happiness of his fellow beings. It may easily be imagined that the daughters of such a gentleman were well educated and accomplished. It may also be supposed that their home, being a home of plenty and abundance, was one of peace, happiness, charity, and domestic love. It was truly so, when I had the honor of first knowing the family. But the serpent found its way into this little garden of happiness.

In less than two months after my first visit to this family, at their peaceful and hospitable breakfast table, I observed the chair which had been usually occupied



by the elder of the two sisters, occupied by the younger, and that of the latter vacant. I inquired the cause, and was informed by the father that he had just accompanied her to the coach which left that morning for Dublin, and that she went on a visit to the sister of the Rev. B. K. I, of course, made no further observations, but I suspected that something was wrong; I also knew full well, that whatever the cause was, I should learn the particulars of it in my capacity as confessor. As time advanced, I made the usual inquiries for this young lady, who was then only about eighteen years old. The answers were such as any one acquainted with the world might expect, and entirely satisfactory to all who knew nothing of the iniquitous practices encouraged and fostered in the Romish confessional.

I will here pass over an interval of about three months. A detail of the private occurrences in any particular family can have no general interest. At or about the expiration of that period, the younger sister complained of indisposition, and it was found necessary to send her also on a visit to Dublin.

Now the whole truth broke upon me at once. I knew there was foul play somewhere, and soon enough did the fact in all its particulars come to my ear. It seems that both the daughters of whom I have spoken, went to a school attached to the Ursuline Nunnery in the city of —. The confessor, whose duty it was to hear the confessions of the pupils of this institution, was one Rev. Mr. B. K., a friar of the Franciscan order, who, as soon as his plans were properly laid, and circumstances rendered mat-

ters ripe for execution, seduced the elder lady; and finding that the fact could no longer be concealed, arranged matters with a friend in Dublin, so that the victim of his iniquity might be concealed and privately supplied with all the usual attendants which her situation required.

She was confined at the house of his friend, and her illicit offspring given to the managers of the Foundling Hospital in Dublin.

But the most horrible part of the story remains yet to be told. No sooner was this elder lady provided for, than this incarnate demon, B. K., commenced the seduction of the younger lady. He succeeded, and ruined her, too. But there was no difficulty in providing for them; both became nuns. And here, you people of Massachusetts in particular, be it known to you, fathers and mothers, who have sent your daughters to be educated in the Ursuline Convent, Charlestown, Massachusetts—I mean that which you felt it your duty to pull down, a few years ago, and which was situated upon Mount Benedict—that both these nuns held high stations in the convent which you pulled down, and that at the very period of its destruction. Fools, “dolts, double dolts,” as the Jesuit Rodin calls all who contribute to the support of Popish nunneries, are you not ashamed of yourselves? Are females who have been the prostitutes of priests in foreign countries, and who in nine cases out of ten continue to be so here, the only teachers competent to instruct your daughters? Are there no American ladies—no Protestant ladies—capable of teaching your children? Must *American parents go to Europe, and take from the*

purlieus of Popish convents, instructors for their children? A poor compliment to American Protestant ladies, and a sad commentary it is upon the total ignorance of American theologians respecting Popish morals in Europe.

Here we have a case in point. This is not an *old lie*, as Popish priests and their supporters call all accusations against them; it is a *new* one, if a *lie* at all; it is one which I know myself, and can prove. I knew these nuns personally, before they came to this country. I was acquainted with them before they became nuns. I saw them in the convent at Mount Benedict. They were great favorites of Bishop Fenwick. They were spoken of by some of the first families in the city of Boston, as *models* of piety; and to my own knowledge, two or three young ladies — and these the daughters of New England Protestants — were counselled by their mothers to take particular notice of the manners of those two nuns in particular, and imitate them, as nearly as possible. Nor can any one be surprised or scandalized, if I acknowledge my weakness in stating that I could not resist an involuntary impulse to laugh at them "*in my sleeve*." Does Bishop Fenwick desire the names of these two nuns? It is true, they might be *Magdalens*, but "*credat Judeas Apella, sed non ego*."

When these things are permitted in the very centre of New England — when they are permitted to exist in the enlightened city of Boston — the capitol of a State whose people, as a body, I may venture to say, are not equalled in the world, for intelligence and general information — what can save the people of

the United States from corruption, and from gradually declining into its very depth? When the impure waters of Popery are permitted to flow into our lakes and fresh streams, must not all be contaminated, in time? Must not the atmosphere of our freedom be impregnated with immorality, disease, and final death? What, under these circumstances, can save us? God alone may do it. He alone can do it, and he will do it; but we must ask him for his interposition; we must humbly pray that he would save us, for he has promised us nothing without asking for it. And so sure as we ask him in a proper spirit, we shall receive. He has himself made us this promise—the word of the Great I AM is pledged—He will redeem it.

It is with great reluctance that I dwell any longer on these impure subjects, but a sense of duty compels me to do so. It is useless to do otherwise; “the impurities of Popery must be known;” they have been comparatively hidden in this country—they have been long buried in the *cells*, *pits*, and *caves*, of the Romish Church—they must be dug up, even if the whole superstructure of the nation should be undermined thereby; for what is a nation without morals? Who, if he had a house partly built, and only then discovered that the foundation was not a secure one,—who, I say, under these circumstances, would not arrest the progress of the workmen thereon, and order them to undo what they had already done? No prudent man would hesitate in such a case, even at the expense of levelling to the ground what he had already accomplished. And why should a nation act differently from an individual, in many circumstances, at least?

An eminent philosopher of olden times exclaimed, and not without much indignation, "*Quid leges sine moribus?*" and might we not say with equal propriety, *Quid republica sine moribus?* If our Republic, or any part of it, is based upon a hollow or unsafe foundation, or if there be any part of that foundation defective, or likely to give way, to the imminent danger of the superstructure, should not that defect be entirely removed? Undoubtedly; prudence and economy would require it; and when worldly prudence and all temporal concerns require such a course, should not the great moral interests of the country require it at the hands of the *people* as a duty, to lay their foundation on nothing but what is sound, and to allow no substance to be introduced into any portion of the superstructure, which may be in any way defective, or in any way endanger its permanency?

Popery now seems to form an ingredient, if not a part of our national structure of morals, and until that rotten and defective part is removed, the superstructure can never be raised with safety to its proper and legitimate height. This is the only consideration which induces me to dwell longer, or even so long as I have done, upon the obscene subject of *auricular confession*. All I have said on the subject might have been comprised within a more narrow space than I have allotted to it, and thus many disgusting sights might have been hidden from the eye of the reader. There are some, I am aware, who wish to hear the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; but even among those, I find many who, though they admit the truth of my *statements*, still contend that the cases I have stated

are isolated, and endeavor to show that I draw general conclusions from particular premises. Even Popish priests admit—because they cannot do otherwise—that many of my statements cannot be questioned, but contend that though these may be true, it does not follow that Popish priests or nuns can, as a body, be accused of immorality. “*A particulari ad generale non valit conclusio*,” say these profound logicians. But suppose I admit that thus far they are right, and that there are exceptions to the sweeping accusations which I have made against them as a body; does this prove any thing for them? Is the general rule or general principle to be denied because there are exceptions to either? Surely not; were there a thousand exceptions to a general rule; were there a million of exceptions to one single and general principle, it would not falsify the rule itself, or invalidate the principle. Papists are doing much to justify their doctrines. That unfortunate Brownson, to whom I have alluded heretofore, is recognized by them as their apostle and the expounder of their faith in the United States; but the crowd of words which he uses in his discourses and lectures, in justification of Popery and on the morality of its priests and nuns, is too thick and too dense for a single idea, much less a single fact, to be dragged from it, and it so happens that he does more harm than good. Nor can it be otherwise; a net woven too thick is useless to the fishermen; a tree with too many leaves and blossoms seldom has any fruit, and is unproductive to the husbandman; so it is with the lectures and teachings of Papists and their *apostle*. They are made up of words meaning

nothing, proving nothing, and in reality aiming at nothing but deception, which ultimately must fail, for we are told upon high authority, and every man's experience adds force to the saying, "truth must prevail."

It is therefore my duty to state facts generally true, no matter how numerous the exceptions may be. I therefore hesitate not to reiterate the general charge, that Popish priests and nuns are corrupt and immoral almost beyond conception.

I must ask the reader's indulgence once more. He will, I trust, not feel fatigued or impatient, while I relate to him another instance of immorality perpetrated by a Popish priest, and sanctioned, at least, by three of the most respectable Popish bishops in the United States, and by the whole body of an order of nuns in the United States, called *sisters of charity*. The case which I am about to relate is one which I give not upon hearsay, nor even upon the positive testimony of others; it is one within my own knowledge; I know the parties to this whole transaction; I have known them for years back; they are now living, and if Bishop Hughes or Fenwick has the least curiosity upon the subject, I will furnish him with the names of the principal actors in this tragedy.

Would that I could write so that what I write should become visible to the eye, and musical to the ear! O! that I could only leave behind me a correct picture of what I have known of Popery! Could I scatter it before me, dash it around me, and fling it behind me—would Protestants aid me, so as to place it where no one could miss seeing it—Americans would shrink from it as they would from a frozen corpse.

But as I cannot do all that I should wish to do, and as Americans seem so wrapped up in their present wants as to care but little for their posterity, I must only do what I can under existing circumstances, and leave the event in the hands of Providence.

Soon after my arrival in Philadelphia, and just about the time that Papists disapproved of my endeavors to circulate the Bible among the poor, a Roman Catholic priest of the name of O. S. called on me, and showed me letters of recommendation which he had from Bishop T. of —, Ireland, and countersigned by the Roman Catholic Bishop of New York, to Bishop England, of South Carolina. He stated to me that he was in want of money and clothing, and asked me to lend him fifty dollars and pay his passage to Charleston, South Carolina, assuring me that he would immediately remit me any amount that I might expend on his account, by the first opportunity. I took him with me to my tailor's and gave him an order for such clothes as he might want, amounting, cloak and all, to one hundred and ten dollars. From that I took him down to one of the packets which then ran betwixt Philadelphia and Charleston, and commanded, I think, by Captain Crofts; paid fifty dollars for his passage, and bespoke the kind attentions of the worthy Captain, who, I understood afterwards, left nothing undone to render the voyage as comfortable as possible. He arrived in Charleston in due time, and was well received by Bishop England, who, to do him justice, possessed many of the kindest feelings of the human heart, and exhibited through life one of the strangest mixtures of



religion and infidelity, of charity and bigotry, of republicanism and toryism, of Christianity and idolatry, and of humility and intolerance, that perhaps ever existed in the Popish Church in this country. But, "*nihil de mortuis nisi bonum*," he and I have had some severe sparring at each other; we were friends in private, but enemies in public; he knew I was right, but was afraid to acknowledge it; he wished me well, but dared not avow it; he loved his mitre, but I despised it, and though I would cherish the head that wore it, I would kick in the dust the Popish gewgaw itself. But, "*adrem*," Bishop England, soon after the arrival of the priest O. S., advised him to enter on a *retreat*, in order to prepare himself for the mission on which he was about to send him. He did so; and after a due course of *instruction* upon the arduous and *delicate* duties of a *confessor*, he appointed him parish priest of —, in one of the States over which he, as he modestly termed it, had *spiritual jurisdiction*.

There lived in the parish to which this now Rev. confessor was appointed, a gentleman of respectability and wealth. Bishop England supplied this new missionary with strong letters of introduction to this gentleman, advising him to place his children under his charge, and assuring him that they should be brought up in the *fear of God* and love of *religion*. The family was large, — there were several daughters, some partly grown up, and others quite young. Those alone who know the joyous and happy life of a planter's family, in good circumstances, can form any adequate idea of the bliss and happiness that reigned among these children. I happened to leave the

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THE FATHER IN PURSUIT OF THE PRIEST.—Part III.

church soon after the departure of my *quondam* friend, and was located in business in —, through which he passed to his place of destination. His *conscience* would not permit him to call upon me. I had just renounced the Pope of Rome as the BEAST spoken of in the scriptures. I was a *heretic*, and no good Popish Christian was permitted even to pay me my just debts. He passed on, and what, think you, Americans, were the fruits of his mission? He prevailed upon the eldest daughter of the respectable gentleman to whom he was introduced, to go to *confession* to him, and the next I heard of him was, that he had been seen passing at full speed, in a light sulky, through the village where I kept my office; and what, think you, was the cause of this speed? what drove him in such haste from his parochial residence? Do you not know reader? can you not anticipate? Has not the insight which I have given you into the immorality of Popish priests, already suggested to you that this individual was a fugitive from some crime, and that its avenger was in pursuit of him? It was so, reader. This Reverend Popish wretch seduced the eldest daughter of his benefactor, and the father, becoming aware of the fact, armed himself with a case of pistols and determined to shoot the seducer. But there was in the house a good Catholic servant, who advised the seducer to fly. He did so, in the manner I have stated, with the insulted father in full pursuit of him; but the fugitive was in time to take steam and thus eluded his pursuer. He soon arrived in Charleston, the Right Reverend Bishop understood his case, advised him to go to confession, ab-

*solved him from his sin*, and having washed him white and immaculate as a snow-drop, sent him on to New York to preach *morality* to the Gothamites, who enjoy the superlative beatitude of being under the *spiritual jurisdiction* of Bishop Hughes.

But this is only the beginning of the tale, and distasteful as it must be to you, Right Reverend guardians of the morality of the Popish Church, you must sit still awhile. I am well aware of your impatience; you dislike control of any kind; so do all people of rude manners, narrow intellects, and sour tempers, such as all Popish bishops, with whom I have been acquainted, possess. One single happy recollection of the past, a single grateful feeling, has never elevated nor sweetened the life of a Popish bishop, as far as I have ever known; and it is perhaps requiring too much of you, my beloved brethren,—brethren you know we are, in spite of what *heretics* can do,—to ask you to sit down patiently and hear me out. You will have to do it though, and I trust it may be for your benefit hereafter.

As soon as your erring brother disgraced and debauched the daughter of an American citizen, and obtained remission for so doing from his *ghostly father*, in the *confessional*, his victim, after a little time, having given birth to a fine boy, goes to confession herself and sends her child of sin to the Sisters of Charity residing in —, to be taken care of as '*nullius filius*.' As soon as this child was able to walk, a Roman Catholic lady, who knew the whole transaction, adopted the child as *her own*; and states now, as she has done all along, to her acquaintances, that it was a poor unknown

orphan whom she found in the streets, without father or mother to claim it. But the very gist of the story is to come yet. The real mother of the child soon after removed to the city of —, told the whole transaction in *confession*, to the Roman Catholic Bishop of —, who, knowing that she had a handsome property, introduced her to a highly respectable Protestant gentleman, who soon after married her. Nor is this all the kind Bishop has done. He soon after introduced to this gentleman the *sister of charity* who had provided for the illicit offspring of this priest, concealing its parentage and representing it as having no father nor mother living. The gentleman was pleased with the boy, and the *holy Bishop* finally prevailed upon him and his wife to adopt the child as their own. Here is a pretty specimen of jesuitism! The boy is the child of a priest, the wife is the mother of the child, and the husband is the dupe of the Bishop, adopting as his own child that of a priest by his *own* wife. Here is a pretty specimen of a jesuit web. Would that I had the talent of a Eugene Sue to unravel it and stretch it from one end of this country to the other. Look at the affair yourselves, Americans; examine it in all its atrocious bearings, from beginning to end, and say if you have ever heard or read of a more brutal outrage upon morality and domestic happiness. A Popish bishop sends one of his priests on a mission, with the ostensible view of converting American citizens from the evil of their ways, and the errors of their Protestant doctrines. Americans receive him hospitably; he selects from among them one of their most fascinating daughters; seduces her in the *confessional*,

the *Infallible Church* makes provision for the illicit offspring of the seduction; the crime and the consequence are both concealed by the bishop. He induces a respectable man to marry this prostitute, and contrives, by the secret machinery of Popery, to dupe him still farther, by prevailing on him to adopt the offspring of his prostituted wife as his own son; and the whole of this is effected, at least so far as the adoption of the child is concerned, through the instrumentality of a *sister of charity* now living and residing in the city of —. The mother knew at the time, that the child whom her deceived husband adopted as a destitute orphan was her own. The husband is now living, a worthy and respectable man, and the scoundrel priest, who brought sorrow into the house of his father-in-law and sent him prematurely to his grave, has been frequently a guest at his table.

Do Bishops Hughes and Fenwick desire the names of the parties to this tragic and villanous outrage upon American credulity? They are known to me personally. The seduction took place about eighteen years ago, and the Reverend Popish seducer has been, not long since, and perhaps is now, located somewhere in the vicinity of Worcester, Mass.

*Dolts, double dolts*, as the Jesuit Rodin, of Eugene Seu notoriety, observed of all who are the dupes of Papists, — how long will you permit yourselves to be the dupes of Popish priests and Jesuits? You are now building a college — aye, a *Jesuit college* — in the very centre of New England, — Worcester, Mass. You do not wish, I presume, that the race of Jesuits should be extinct amongst you; and if you cannot

obtain them otherwise than by importation, you are naturally fearful that such may be the case; hence it is, perhaps, that you are liberally contributing your money to build colleges for the education of priests, and schools for *sisters of Charity*. Your great anxiety for encouraging domestic manufactures might have influenced you in this respect, and you may rest assured—or even take my word for it—that as long as you have Popish colleges and Popish nunneries side by side, your semi-annual dividends of Jesuits and nuns, amongst the States of the Union, will be entirely satisfactory to you. But, to be serious, if Popery be studied as it should be by Americans, it will prove a useful lesson to the rising generation.

For twenty years this country has been more imposed upon than any other, for the same length of time, by Popish priestcraft; so much so that the people are now become accustomed to the repetition of their enormous frauds, and are no longer surprised at them. I confess that it is the gross impostures which I saw practised upon Americans, that first prompted me to expose them. I have tried, and am now trying, to give some rational account of the extraordinary phenomenon that Popery should predominate among a people almost proverbial for their intelligence and inquiring disposition. I thought, and do now think, that nothing can be more acceptable and valuable to Americans, than a well-authenticated statement of some of the practices adopted by Papists to impose upon the Protestants of this country; nor did I see any other manner of removing the almost national insanity of our citizens, in relation to the Romish



Church, than by laying before them facts and acts, to many of which I have been myself an eye-witness. How American Protestants could continue for any length of time—even for a month or week—ignorant of the schemes of the Church of Rome, or her designs for the overthrow of this republic, has often been to me a matter of no little surprise; it can only be accounted for by a supposition almost as extravagant, viz., *that Popery has never been properly studied by Americans.* I have proposed all along, and I now repeat the proposal to Americans, to accompany me in the study of Popery. If the Romish Church be studied as it ought to be, by the young and the old of our citizens, it will prove a useful lesson to the present and coming generations,—but that lesson must be studied well. It must not be run over carelessly; its elements must be examined in order to understand the whole machinery of Popery; the whole plan of it must be remodelled; and in order to effect this, it must be taken to pieces, and every piece carefully and separately examined. It has been long hidden from the public eye; it has been a long time considered a treasure exclusively belonging to the Popish priests. They have buried it for safe keeping in the dark and dreary vaults of corrupt Rome. These vaults must be opened, the gilded columns with which they are surrounded must be torn down, and all must be laid bare to the naked eye. The divine laws or systems of morality, intended for the government of man, should be always open to his inspection, and nothing short of the steady effort of our people can effect this or rescue ourselves or our country from the

evils with which we are now threatened by the machinations of the Popish Church. The crimes and immoralities of Romish priests have long been crying to heaven for vengeance; they now cry for it from every quarter of the globe. I have said that they have been crying for vengeance, for centuries back. I have proved the fact to the satisfaction of any man who is not wilfully blind to truth. But I shall not rest here; I will give you other proofs. Cardinal Campaggio, who was sent to England to arrange the divorce of Queen Catharine, informs us—every English historian knows this fact—“that a priest, who marries, commits a greater sin than if he kept many concubines.” Here is a specimen of pure Popish morality, promulgated by a *Cardinal*, a man next in office to the Pope himself, with the full sanction of the said Pope, and the whole conclave of Cardinals of which he was a member; and yet the religion of this man, and that of Bishop Hughes, and Bishop Fenwick, is the very religion which Americans are now endeavoring to introduce into this country, and fasten upon the souls and consciences of our people.

Let us now see what St. Bernard says,—and here I entreat the reader, to keep in mind the fact, that St. Bernard lived between the *sixth and sixteenth centuries*; that very time, at which the Popish Church in the United States tells us, through its *apostle* Brownson, that it *displayed a remarkable degree of activity*. St. Bernard lived in the twelfth century, and as Bishop Hughes, Bishop Fenwick, and their mouth-piece, the infidel Brownson, inform us, was one of the *greatest and best men of the age*. There was no ap-

peal, in his day, from the opinion of St. Bernard ; he was looked up to by the whole Romish Church, as a model for the imitation of the Romish clergy, and it is not at all likely that he would calumniate, traduce, or do any injustice to a body of men of which he was himself a member. What does St. Bernard say of the priests of his day ? Hear it, Americans ! hear it, you *sympathisers* ! you who can scarcely read my accusations against the priests of the United States. Listen ! all you who bow the knee, and kiss the hands, the rings, the robes and the other gewgaws worn by these *angels*, Hughes and Fenwick ; listen ! all of you, to what St. Bernard says. “ Priests commit such acts of turpitude in secret as it would be scandalous to express.” Chamancis, a Romish priest and an orthodox writer, well known to Bishops Hughes and Fenwick — if they know any thing besides political intriguing — declares, and calls the attention of his readers to the fact, that the *adultery, impiety, and obscenity of priests* [Romish] is *beyond description*. “ *They crowd,*” says he, “ *into houses of ill fame ; in gambling and in dancing, they are seen to pass from the company of infamous women, from the altar to the mass. To veil a woman in these convents,*” continues Chamancis, “ *is synonymous with prostituting her.*” This distinguished writer, and virtuous reprover of the Popish priesthood, died about the middle of the fourteenth century, just at the period when, according to Popish writers in the United States, Popery flourished in all its glory. Mezerey, a French historian, and as good authority as Papists can desire, he being a Papist himself, assures us, that before the English Reformation, the whole body of the Romish priesthood were fornicators.

What say the *sympathisers* of Popery to this? Has Mezerey told an *old lie*? Has Chamancis told an *old lie* in telling us that it was a common practice in Popish countries, for Catholic bishops and priests to pass from houses of ill fame, and from the company of infamous women, to the altar and to the mass.

This will not be believed in the United States. "There is not a word of truth in it," says the professed infidel. "I will not believe a word of it," says the busy *Puseyite*, Prude; "it cannot be that the *dear* priests would be guilty of such things." I will frankly confess that it is difficult to believe statements so entirely abhorrent to human nature as those given by Popish priests against their own brethren, and I will not deny, that it took me a long time, before I could yield more than a reluctant assent to many of them; nor did I ever fully give them sanction until I had made a personal examination into their truth. But, now that I have made that examination, I declare most solemnly, upon the honor of a man, that, as Chamancis expresses it, it is a common practice for priests, in all the Roman Catholic countries in which I have been, to go direct from houses of ill fame to the altar and to the mass. This I have seen and witnessed myself.

But it will be asked, "how do you know? you must have been in those places yourself." I plead guilty to the charge, if charge the enemy of morality will make of it. While in the cities of Mexico and Havana, about two years ago, at considerable personal *expense*, I visited many of the dens frequented by

Popish priests, especially in the city of Mexico. I went there for the benefit and better information of my fellow beings. I did not then, neither do I now, accuse myself of any violation of the first principles of morality; I believe, on the contrary, that I am entitled to some degree of commendation from my Protestant fellow citizens, for the efforts which I have made, in Mexico and Havana, to ascertain the truth or falsehood of those complaints which we daily hear against the immoralities of Popish bishops, priests, and nuns.

How many have we seen plunging themselves into the midst of disease, contagion, and death, for the good of their fellow beings, and for the sole purpose of advancing the science of medicine! and is nothing to be done, or shall nothing be done for the science of morals? Must we stand and fold our arms while the malaria of Popery is stalking all over our land, carrying death and disease with it wherever it goes? Paralyzed be that arm which would fold itself in such a case!

I have often seen men who were ornaments to society, who were the pride, the comfort, and perhaps the sole support of their wives and children, whom they loved and almost adored, plunging themselves into the midst of yellow fever, or perhaps Asiatic Cholera, for the benefit of mankind and almost at the certain peril of their own lives; and shall a man who loves religion and the cause of morals, do nothing to exalt, to glorify the great cause of salvation? shall he not risk something, to confirm the statements which are crowding upon us day after day, in relation to the immorality of *Popish priests*?

During my residence in Mexico, the following circumstance occurred, to my own knowledge: an English gentleman, then, and I believe now residing in Mexico, met me by appointment, at my hotel, soon after dusk in the evening. The object of his calling upon me was to comply with a request, which I had previously made, that he would accompany me to one of the most fashionable houses of ill fame and gambling, where he knew the higher orders and dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church were in the habit of visiting, and making assignations, with the wives and daughters of the members of their respective congregations. He stated that an entrance to the house where he was going to carry me would cost me a doubloon, and that if I wished to become thoroughly acquainted with the mysteries of the place and obtain access to it in future, I should spend two or three more doubloons at the game of Monte, a favorite game of priests and women of loose habits in Mexico. Chamancis immediately occurred to me; I recollected the account which he had given of the priests of the Romish Church. Here was an opportunity of testing the accuracy of his statements; here was a chance of knowing, from the testimony of my own senses, whether Popish priests were or were not the incarnate demons which he and others represented them to be; and I determined to avail myself of an opportunity which might never again occur. Accordingly I accompanied my friend, and, by his advice, took notes of the transactions of that evening of my life. It will not be expected, I presume, that I should give here, *a transcript of those notes*; it would be improper to

do so ; delicacy forbids it ; it probably might do more harm than good. There is such a thing as driving a screw too far ; it may be forced so as to split the timber it was designed to secure. I shall avoid this, if possible, but there is a circumstance which it is my duty to mention, and which shows in a clearer light than any other I could adduce, the utter degradation, and worse than idolatry, of those unfortunate beings who are strictly educated in the practices of Popery, but particularly in Popish confession.

Let the reader fancy to himself one of the most splendid residences in the city of Mexico ; let him further place himself in imagination in a gorgeously furnished suit of rooms, occupied by a number of the most lascivious-looking females, most of them wearing veils. Let him further fancy a Romish priest entering those rooms, and one of those women advancing to meet him, and then prostrating herself on her knees to ask his blessing and kiss the hem of his garment. Let him further fancy this debased wretch of a priest imparting his blessing to this daughter of sin and error, and he will form a better idea of the immorality of Popish priests, and the incalculable evils which, under the mask of sanctity, they are capable of doing, than it is in my power to give him. Let the reader, if he will, fill up the space between the entrance of this solemn-looking villain into the synagogue of Satan, and his departure from it, and then say whether Chamancis exaggerated the enormities of those sins and hidden crimes committed and sanctioned by Popish priests. I kept my eye upon one of those priests, from the moment he entered this house of ill fame

until twelve o'clock at night. At the moment the clock struck twelve, he and I were drinking champagne, and I sat with him from that until four o'clock in the morning, when I accompanied him to mass. He had no idea of my being a Protestant; and believing me to be a Roman Catholic, all restraint was laid aside, and thus I enjoyed the sorrowful pleasure, if I may so say, of witnessing Popery in "*puris naturalibus*." Revolting and repugnant as the scene which I witnessed appeared to me, there was still something in it which struck at my heart a heavier blow than that which met my eye. Ignorance—Popish ignorance—was at the bottom of all this. What but ignorance—ignorance of her rights—of nature's rights—ignorance of all that tends to elevate nature, could induce those women to go and prostrate themselves before a common partner in their guilt, and ask his blessing? Oh! the sceptre which Popish ignorance sways over mankind is an iron sceptre. Popery sways it over some of the finest regions inhabited by man. Witness Mexico. Under its icy influence there can arise no generous, no daring spirit of adventure in the cause of God; subjection and fear soon become the predominant passions of humanity; all the noble faculties of man are chilled and frozen. Robe ignorance in purple, as it is in the Romish Church, and everything must wither before its march; there can be no contemplative delights or pleasures where Popery rules. There can be nothing pure, nothing intellectual, to raise man from the mire of sensuality to any degree of excellence, dignity, or honor; all must be reduced to that state in which we now find the people and



priests in Mexico. Without knowledge or the means of obtaining it, the mind of man necessarily falls into a state of weakness and imbecility. Education, and that the education of the Bible, is to the mind of man what food is to the body. Have you ever observed, reader, that a mind destitute of a Bible education invariably acquires a sort of low cunning? It is intent upon no higher purpose than something mean and selfish. Is it not so in the whole population of Mexico? and I ask the candid historian if it is not so in every country where Popery prevails?

A degradation of the understanding, and an ignorance like that which we now see in Mexico, among the poor Irish, and among the poor of all Catholic countries, is in all cases accompanied by what is worse than ignorance, if possible,—great wickedness and depravity of heart. They are not able in Mexico, or in those other countries under Popish sway, to occupy themselves in the energies of thought, in honorable action, in refined manners and conversation, in trade, in learning, in national improvements, in navigation, manufactures, canals, and railroads. No; the very reverse is the fact. I appeal to history to sustain the assertion. The dupes of Popery in Mexico, Spain, Ireland, Italy, and elsewhere, are engaged in mischievous trifles, wanton habits, and wickedness, which render them the most useless and troublesome citizens in the whole circle of society.

Fallen indeed they are, from what they ought to be. Who can recognize—notwithstanding their external configuration—in the Papists of the present day, their *lineal* descent from the Egyptians, Grecians, Romans,

and Maletians,—the glory of their times, the instructors of the world, and the benefactors of humanity. God stamped his image upon these men. He stamped it upon every created being at the hour of his birth. He created man a little less than the angels; but the glorious image seems obliterated; the divine stamp seems to have been broken, and man can scarcely now be known by his resemblance to his Maker. Popery, that curse of the earth, that scourge of mankind, that source of moral evil and fountain of death and sin, has been allowed to flow in upon us, and thus the great land-marks of humanity have been removed,—the divine stamp almost ceases to be visible.

Popery has in its spirit something malignant, something hateful and hostile to all who profess a different creed. All acquainted with the history of Popery, can bear testimony to the fact that there is an undying hope and wish in the mind of all Catholics, that the Protestant religion should be entirely extirpated. There may be, and there undoubtedly are, exceptions to this rule; so there are to every other rule; but there is no denying the general truth, that the extirpation of the Protestant religion, and of the whole Protestant race, together with the confiscation of Protestant property, and the overthrow of all Protestant governments, are among the fondest hopes of the Popish Church. This cannot be disguised, at least from those who have been educated in the doctrines of the Popish church. Many Catholics there are, I admit, who would be glad, and who even endeavor to disguise this from themselves; but they cannot do it; it is a truth as well established as any other; it is as plain as the sun in

the heavens, however they may try to conceal it. This, like other truths, will be denied in the United States; but it is perfectly useless to conceal the fact from our people. Watch the progress of Popery in a neighboring country; see the efforts which O'Connell is making in Ireland, under the immediate sanction of the Pope of Rome, to overthrow the Protestant government of England, and to reduce that country to obedience to the court of Rome; look at the proceedings of the bishops of the Romish Church in this country, and ask yourselves what they are aiming at. "Ireland for the Irish," says O'Connell, the Pope's agent at the other side of the Channel. "Americans shant rule us," say the Pope's agents in the United States. Can language be plainer than this? Can treason be expressed in stronger or more emphatic language? O'Connell means Ireland for the Pope. Bishop Hughes of New York, and the other Popish agents in this country, clearly mean, and wish to be understood so — *the United States for the Pope*. I ask any man whether the language of O'Connell and the Pope's agents in this country, is even susceptible of any other interpretation? What meaning can we attach to the words of Bishop Hughes, who is the Pope's organ in the Empire State of New York, except that which is plain and obvious — *Americans shant rule us*. Who, then, does this Popish agent want to rule them? Obviously the Pope of Rome. I can scarcely suppose him or his brother bishops subject to such lunacy as to fancy for a moment that he could bring this great nation into subjection to the Pope of Rome; but must we not admit, at the same

time, that his language, and the entire political course of his Popish brethren, during the last year or two, have looked very much like it. Have not Papists all over the world, during the last few years, assumed a more daring and menacing attitude? Have not their language and measures, even in this country, become more turbulent and insurrectional? Let Americans ponder well upon this. It is not long since O'Connell, the Pope's mouth-piece for this country, as well as Ireland, addressed the deluded Irish in the following language; and remember, Americans, that I tell you Bishop Hughes of New York, and every other Popish bishop in the United States, will soon make use of similar words to their respective flocks in this country: "Force and violence are not to be used. If the time for using them were to come, there is one here will tell you that the time has come." You will also recollect, Americans, that I tell you that they will receive for answer that which the Pope's agent received in Ireland — "*we will follow.*" Popish bishops and priests will preach peace to their people, but let not Americans forget that they have confessionals, where they can infuse into their minds the poison of rebellion and treason. When a Popish bishop preaches peace, he means it not; he means war to the knife with heretics and heresy. Robespierre, shortly before the French Revolution, delivered a series of lectures against capital punishment; and sooner should I trust him for sincerity, than I would a Popish priest when he cries peace with heretics. That blood-thirsty and sanguinary villain, Robespierre, exhorted his followers not to confiscate the property of those who might be found

guilty of opposition to the people; but much safer should I consider the property or estate of him who incurred the displeasure of Robespierre, than I should that of an American Protestant citizen who fell into the hands of the Pope's agent and executioner in the United States.

Murat, a character well known to the readers of the history of the French Revolution, lectured loudly against capital punishment; but what was his conduct? He consigned more to the guillotine than any other man in France. His hands were stained with blood; but bloody as his hands were, and thirsty for more blood as his heart was, much sooner would I have trusted myself to him, and much safer should a Protestant feel himself in such hands, than in those of a Popish bishop or priest. But it is not my present purpose to expatiate upon the cruelties of Popery; I will only state incidentally that the Protestant citizens of this country have much to fear from the influx of Papists amongst them, not only in a moral, but a political point of view. Nearly the whole body of Irish Roman Catholics have resolved to migrate to this country. They will do so, if that treacherous disturber of their peace and happiness, Daniel O'Connell, does not succeed in overthrowing the Protestant government in England. Extensive preparations are already being made in this country for their reception, together with their leader, if they can effect his escape from the gallows. The Catholic population of Ireland is at present 6,620,000. This immense body are united, to a man, in that abominable belief. *Heretici destraindi sunt.* This is a fundamental article of Popish faith.

No faith is to be kept with heretics. It is firmly believed by the six millions and upward of Irish Roman Catholics, that the Pope is the lawful head of their church. Disguise this as they may, entangle it as they can, in Popish sophistry, the fact is not the less true. Assuming it to be so, Americans can easily fancy the inevitable danger of admitting Catholics among them without strong and safe restrictions.

Many there are, and those, too, men of great moral worth, who do not deem it necessary or proper to impose any restrictions whatever on the admission of Papists amongst us; they seem to think, and maintain their opinion with some show of reason, that Popery may now, as in former times, prove advantageous to society. These philanthropists evidently mistake Popery for Christianity. I have had occasionally many interesting conversations with some of my fellow citizens, on the subject, and have found that not a few of them have taken up the strange idea, that because Popery, or rather Christianity, was greatly instrumental in checking the first inroads of martial power and barbarity upon civil society and Christian peace, its progress in this country, comparatively new, must be accompanied by similar blessings. Papists frequently and tauntingly ask Protestants "Where would be your Bible, were it not for our Church?" and let it be understood, that they invariably mean, by *our Church*, the Church of Christ. Many of the poor followers of the Pope are sincere in asking this question; and so totally ignorant are they of the very elements of Christianity, that they really believe the Bible could not exist, if their church were overthrown.

It is questioned by statesmen, and by many political philosophers, whether it is good policy to disturb this delusion. European statesmen contend that it is not, and it is much to be regretted that many of our American statesmen seem to incline to the same opinion. The French philosophers—at least their political philosophers—seem all of one mind upon the subject, and contend, with great plausibility, that opinions which have stood the test of time for a given number of years, had better be left undisturbed.

Many have gone even so far as to say that “ignorance is bliss;” but this sentiment, and such philosophy, is too stale for the present generation. It has had its day; Popery lent to it its powerful aid in the middle ages, and bitter indeed were its fruits. The Popish church, too, has had its day; so had the Jewish church, and much is due to both for the good which they have done. Many in both those churches, and during their respective influence, could see no farther than that “ignorance was bliss” to the savage hordes who first formed the nucleus of social and civil society. Did they know in their savage state the extent of their animal power, without mind to direct its force and capability of evil, the consequences would be, not social order or distributive justice, but universal chaos and general confusion. Ignorance may be said to have been bliss to these unlettered hordes and savages; science and literature, had they blazed upon them in their full noon brilliancy, would not have been appreciated by them, they would only have dazzled and confounded them still more. It would be dangerous to place within the reach of a thirsty savage a bowl

of Prussic acid; he might drain to the dregs the fatal poison, and thus that which, in the hands of science, might have been useful and legitimate, would become the instrument of death.

It would be unsafe to place a lighted torch in the hand of a sportive child, and send him to play with it in a powder magazine; the consequence might be death to him and to all around him. It was probably so at one time with science and learning. It was perhaps, in a great measure, bliss to be without them, until the human mind was prepared to make a proper use of both; it is so even in the animal and vegetable world, and why should it not be so in the world of mind and thought? Who, for instance, would place on a horse a harness which youth and want of exercise did not enable it to carry? Who would sow wheat in a soil unprepared to receive it? No prudent man would do either; and certainly much credit is due to those early Christians, and even to Jews and Papists, for what they have done, and for anything they have effected in preparing the minds, especially those of northern barbarians, for the reception of the sciences, but particularly the glorious science of the Christian religion, with all its saving truths and holy principles.

Infinite indeed are the obligations under which our ancestors have placed us, in opening our minds and preparing them for the reception of so many moral and scientific truths; and if the Popish church has contributed in any measure to this, I am as willing to thank her and give her full credit for all she has done, as the most hypocritical Jesuit that ever lived, or the most *liberal Christian* that practically denies human



depravity. But are there no more truths to be evolved, either in moral or civil science, than those which have been open to our view in the infancy of the Romish church, and for which I, for one, am willing to give her credit in all that she has done? Were there not many sources opened, even in the days of the glories of the Jewish Church, and Romish Church, too, which have been closed up, and must remain closed forever? Was not the Jewish religion, when it first dawned upon that devoted people, like the early beams of some fresh morning, fragrant and cheering to the captive in his cell? But that religion has passed away. It was glorious in its time; but does it follow, did it follow, or can it follow, that we should now embrace it? Must we hug the shadow, when the substance ceases to exist?

The outward form of the Romish church was once attractive and beautiful in the extreme; its gorgeous ceremonies, its high masses, the vestments of its priests, its music, its processions, its indulgences, its semi-pagan, or rather worse than pagan, idolatries, had in them much that was imposing, and well suited to their times; they were calculated to overawe northern barbarians,—then the enemies of Christianity and of civil rights. The Church of Rome did much to prevent the few among these barbarians from trampling to the dust the rights of their serfs, who constituted a vast majority of the people, and for this I am as willing as any other to give her credit; but the Church of Rome has done her work long since; her days of glory are numbered—her sun has long since set—not in triumph, but in blood—not in victory, but in death.

But Popery seems now to be gathering up her energies—at least she is endeavoring to do so—and looks upon this new country as a proper field to make the experiment; and there are serious doubts upon the minds of some, whether she will not succeed, at least in a measure, in partially re-establishing her ancient power in this new country. She is disposed to struggle hard for it. Already has the tocsin of war been sounded along her lines—her recruiting officers are abroad—she has her depots here and there and everywhere—her paymasters and *spiritual* recruiting sergeants are to be met with at all points. Go to the woods of Oregon,—travel along its meandering and fertilizing streams,—and you will find them there, preaching freedom, liberty of conscience, and equal rights. Go into the swamps of Texas, and you find them there, too, advocating civil rights, liberty of conscience, and perpetual slavery. In Oregon and New England we find Papists shouting O'Connell, the Pope, and the abolition of slavery. In the Southern States of the Union and in Texas, they hurrah for slavery—slavery not for a day, for a year, or a term of years—but forever! In the Northern States they brand the slaveholders with the epithets—*robbers, slave-breeders, and stealers of men*. In the South and in Texas, they denounce the Northerners as *fanatics, pirates, and sons of pirates*. How long Americans will tolerate these wolves in sheep's clothing among them, it is difficult to say; but one thing I fear is certain, that as long as they have oats, and Americans countenance among them *Barn-burners, But-Enders, Repealers, and Empire Clubs*, under the popular

name of Democrats, the evil to which I allude will continue.

It is said that Popery is on the increase in the United States, and there are not wanting some arguments to prove it. But though I have taken some pains, and perhaps as much as any other man in the country, to ascertain the truth of this assertion, I am still unconvinced on the subject. It is also asserted that Popery is on the increase all over the world, and must continue to increase. Upon this, too, I have doubts; I even believe that the contrary is the fact.

If by the increase of Popery is meant the number of square miles, or the extent of country which they own or occupy, it may be said, with some propriety, that if Popery is not advancing, it is not retrograding; but if by the increase of Popery is meant that its creed and idolatrous doctrines are gaining ground, I flatly deny the assertion. As another expresses it, a system that degrades can never advance. And that the doctrines of the Church of Rome do degrade, I think I have already proved. The Romish Church and its doctrines have crushed the spirit, and deadened the life of every country, and every people, that ever believed or maintained it; and shall our free spirits and bold intellects, in the nineteenth century, be broken and bowed down like those in Popish countries? It can never be. But this is not the question, exactly. The question is, or ought to be, Is the Popish religion on the increase? Does it gain upon the Protestant religion, or is it going ahead of it, as some even in these United States will have it? This question can be easily answered; and for that answer,

which I am about to give, I acknowledge myself much indebted to an anonymous but elegant writer in the Protestant Quarterly Review for the month of January, 1846. "Ask yourselves which religion,—Protestant or Popish,—will spread widest in an age of science and knowledge—which is best fitted to the growth of the human mind? In all Protestant countries, wealth, intelligence, and a high civilization, are everywhere seen; in all Catholic countries, deadness and decay rest upon everything which nature made beautiful. Under Protestantism, every department of science has made rapid progress. The very spirit of freedom breathes through the Newtonian and Baconian philosophy. Everywhere, from the harsh, barren soil of northern nations, sprang up life and light. England, Scotland, Prussia, in men of strong intellect, are superior to any of the older nations, in any preceding age. Mathematics, natural philosophy, metaphysics, ethics, commerce, agriculture, legislation—the whole extent of modern civilization—date from the Reformation, and exist only in Protestant countries.

"And those nations of Europe which caught but a glimmer of liberal opinions, but which in the Catholic or *Popish* reaction were again subjected to Rome, are far in advance of those countries, beautiful as they are, in the South of Europe, which never saw Protestantism. A single glance into the history of modern science, literature, and politics, will fully convince any candid mind of this. The entire spirit of northern institutions, their great progress, their growing intelligence, are all owing to Protestantism. They date their birth from it, they are thoroughly imbued with

its spirit, they must live still in its spirit. Firm governments and wise laws; just and liberal rulers; free and intelligent people; nobler views of man; nobler views of God; more knowledge; more liberty; more faith;—these have the genius of Protestantism imparted, and in their ever-growing life it will live. How different from this is the condition of the old Catholic States! The noble palaces of Italy are deserted; banditti infest the beautiful shores of Campania. The Dantes, the Petrarchs, the Tassos, are gone forever. The poetry, the chivalry, the bright southern romance, the fiery southern valor, have passed away; miserable want and beggary, vagabond recklessness, and sullen, obstinate, threadbare pride, are the remains of fair Italy. Ireland with her poetry and merriment is silent and desponding; her laughter has mournfully died away; her sweet melodies, equally beautiful, whether sung sadly or gaily, are chanted by lips quivering with emotion and parched by hunger and thirst. Popery has degraded and saddened her very soul.

“Austria, tyrannous and bigoted,—an enemy to all freedom, whether of thought or action,—with her degrading institutions, and decaying principles, is rather worse than poor Ireland. It is better to die than to kill. Spain, the birth-place of Loyola; the valiant opponent of the crescent and turban, for near eight hundred years; the land of brave knights and fair ladies; of song and dance; of literature, refinement, and elegant culture,—is wretched indeed. Squalid, seditious, fiercely proud and cruel, it now excites little compassion, still less of hate or fear.

“How are we to account for this immeasurable dif-

ference between the realms of Protestantism and those of Catholicism? Are the Italians inferior by nature to the Scotsmen, or the Spanish to the Danes? We cannot admit this; all history and philosophy disprove it. Yet now, in their degradation, they can scarcely appreciate their ancient grandeur; while the heavy nations of the north, have suddenly leaped far beyond their utmost limit. The only cause which can be assigned for this, is the vast difference in the genius of the two religious influences; Catholicism has blighted, Protestantism has advanced and strengthened. Can this ever be undone? Has all modern science been preaching a lie? Have the last three centuries been pushing forward in the face of truth, and acting out the lie? Can the onward sweep of civilization be retarded? and must the work pause, and wait till the huge car of Rome can rumble slowly up and bear it onward into the caves of night again? Forbid it Heaven, I cannot believe it."

But the Papist will say, "it is evident, from the recent course of events in France, Spain, Italy, Ireland, nay, to some extent, in the United States, that Popery is gaining ground and making extraordinary efforts to insure ultimate success." Be it so. Even admitting that they are attempting and strenuously trying to advance, that does not insure victory or final success. There are two broad and undeniable facts, which forbid this result. One is, that from the beginning of the world to the present hour, man has steadily advanced in progressive intelligence; and the other is, that the human mind has never been known to run backwards.

Papists will say, and it is now said from their

pulpits, in these United States, "that Popery can accommodate, and will suit itself to the advancing acquirements of man, and finally conform to our free institutions." Let us look at this question, and fairly examine its truth or falsehood. Upon a correct understanding of this subject, and upon it alone, can be founded a correct estimate or view of the ultimate fate of Popery in the United States. I flatter myself that I have proved, to the satisfaction of all Americans who have done me the honor of reading my books, that Popery has not changed in its doctrine or discipline; or, that if any change has been effected in either, it is decidedly for the worse. A recent French writer, well known to the readers of history — La Mennais — has tested the doctrines of Popery by the principles of intellectual advancement. He proved that Popery and civil rights were incompatible with each other, and could not co-exist under any government nor under any form or state of society. No argument could be more beautiful, more eloquent, or more convincing, than that by which he demonstrated to the world that human liberty and Christian liberty are antagonistic to Popery. He required no more from the Church of Rome than to conform to the simple principles of Christian freedom. His works are now extant, and I believe are to be had in all well furnished libraries in the United States. They can be seen and read by our fellow citizens, and they will find in perusing them that what I state is correct. The writings of La Mennais soon came to the ears of the Pope and his Inquisitors, and they were not long in discovering that if the principles contended for

by La Mennais were admitted, the Popish Church must fall. There was no medium; either that, or every other doctrine must be denied, and all arguments in favor of the civil rights of man had no foundation in fact. How did his Holiness, the Pope, act on this occasion? I do not allude here, to any Pope of ancient times, I allude to the Pope who now lives, and presides over the *Infallible Church*. He cursed La Mennais; he damned him and his writings. He insisted that La Mennais should write no more on the subject, and I blush for the honor of humanity, of mind, of talents, of genius, and liberty of thought, to state that La Mennais submitted to this tyrant Pope, and that only the other day, in 1833, though he declared to his friends, that, while he bowed to the Pope's supremacy, he felt that he was putting his name to the blasphemous admission that the *Pope was God*.

The Popish bishops of this country have the hardihood to say, that Popery is the friend and advocate of pure democracy, and that miserable tool of theirs, Brownson, says *amen*. They depute him to lecture upon this subject in almost all the large cities throughout the Union. He may do some injury to the morals of our people, but his reign cannot be of long duration; such is the character of the man, that whatever he says cannot fructify. He is, among our fellow citizens, what the ant is among a heap of corn; it takes it to its winter store house to feed itself alone, but whoever will carefully examine the grain or corn which it takes from others, will find that it has no bud; it destroys that, and thus selfishly and mischievously prevents



the grain from fructifying and enlarging. Brownson takes with him, and appropriates to himself, many plausible arguments from the works of eminent men, but the slightest contact, on his part, with the purest characters, is sufficient to destroy their vitality. If he were even to carry with him into the pulpit, the soundest principles of morality, his very presence, and past infidel life, would destroy their force; and a correct examination of them would show the Christian who might examine them, that they had no *bud* or *vital* principle within them and could produce no fruit. It is said that some men come into this world with two left hands, two crooked eyes, a good deal of brains, and little or no organization of its faculties. Brownson is one of those characters. He has two left hands, and was never known to do anything right; whatever he touches he is sure to despoil and disfigure. Both his eyes are crooked; he has never yet been known to see anything straight; so crooked are they, that he sees things only through the eyes of others. Hence it is, perhaps, that he never writes anything which is his own, but upon all subjects gives us the views of others, and as no two think alike, in general, Brownson's writings invariably contradict themselves. Add to this that great defect of order in his brain, and we cannot apprehend that his lectures will do much permanent injury. This Brownson has appeared to me, during the short time I have been noticing his movements and opinions, to be, in reality, a shallow-pated bombastic pretender to science and literature. He seems to know books just as some people know great *men*, they only learn their names, and then boast of

an intimate acquaintance with them. He talks very fluently about his intimacy with Tasso, Dante, Petrarch, Boccacio, and others. He and Boccacio seem to be as intimate as pickpockets (to use a common though vulgar phrase.) I wonder if Mr. Brownson recollects any of those anecdotes related by Boccacio about certain nuns, who lived in the vicinity of his father's residence? Will the illustrious *changeling* permit me to bring one or two to his recollection? One probably will be enough, as my readers may already have had sufficient information concerning the *amusements* practised by nuns and *sisters of Charity* in their convents.

It seems there was a large establishment of nuns in the neighborhood where Boccacio resided. The mother Abbess was of noble descent, a fine fair-haired girl, young and beautiful. There happened to be, adjoining the nunnery, a FRIARY; among these friars, as Boccacio tells us, in a work of his, which has since been suppressed by the Popes, was a young man of fine personal appearance, and who possessed, in a remarkable degree, the power of assuming any character he pleased. He was, besides, a ventriloquist, and could thus personate and imitate any character or any voice he chose. The *mother Abbess* took an extraordinary fancy to this young FRIAR, and tried by every means in her power to have him appointed *confessor* and *spiritual guide* to the nuns. But the Superior of the FRIARY was not easily deceived. He peremptorily refused to listen to the most pious entreaties of the mother Abbess, and positively declined giving the friar *faculties* to hear her confession.

What was to be done in this case? The *holy nun* soon hit upon an expedient. She sent for the *friar*, who always had admission to an iron grating in the wall, which separated these *HOLY nuns* from this sinful world. She told the *FRIAR* that her establishment was much in want of a gardener, and advised him to change his whole appearance, assume the character of a very old and feeble man, imitate his voice, and come the next day, with his spade on his shoulder, to apply for the situation of gardener to the nunnery. He accordingly came the next morning, thoroughly metamorphosed, and in the most doleful and piteous tones of distress and want, begged of the *holy mother Abbess*, for the love she bore the blessed virgin *Mary*, to give him employment, whereby he might support himself and his poor half-starved and bed-ridden wife. The *holy nun* moved by charity, and nothing else, of course, employed him as gardener; and moved by compassion for the weak and feeble old man, she occasionally sent for him to her cell to nourish him with some wine and water. *Verbum sat.* The Protestant reader will not forget that Boccacio was a Roman Catholic and is quoted by Brownson, in his Review, as one of those luminaries which adorned the Popish Church *between the sixth and sixteenth centuries.*

There was another, among the luminaries who flourished "betwixt the sixth and sixteenth centuries," named Rabalais. I am rather surprised that Brownson has not quoted him, as a model of a Christian bishop. He was a Roman Catholic bishop, and died in full communion with the Romish Church. He

was laid in his coffin dressed in his episcopal robes. The works of Rabalais are very little read now-a-days, nor could I conscientiously recommend them to the attention of any Christian reader; I *allude* to him with the sole view of giving Popish advocates the full advantage of the testimony and example of a Roman Catholic bishop in their favor.

There was not, perhaps, in all France, a more obscene writer than Rabalais. He was remarkable however for the depth and keenness of his satire. He felt the degradation of his position as a Popish bishop, but he wanted moral courage enough to renounce so advantageous a position in society as that which the Romish Church assigned him. The only alternative left him, under these circumstances, was to try to effect some reform in his Church and the morals of its priests. He turned against them the arrows of his ridicule, and though the wounds and scars, which they left behind them, were broad and painful, yet there was so much justice in all his statements, that the *Infallible* Church dared not raise a finger against him. I refer Bishops Hughes, Fenwick, and their corporal, *Brownson*, to his writings. They may, in all probability, find some similitude between themselves, their Popes, and other bishops, to those illustrious characters, Carragantua, Pantagrue, Trippet, and others so conspicuously alluded to in the works of Rabalais. I expect nothing else than censure for the bare mention of some of those writers to whom I have referred. It seems to have become quite fashionable now-a-days with pulpit orators, to censure anything like general reading; at any rate, no fault must be found

with the sins of the times. I have seldom heard a discourse or lecture, from infidels of the present day, where they have not found fault with all those writings in which sin and immorality are denounced in plain scriptural language. There are, among our modern LIBERAL CHRISTIANS, many who seem shocked at the idea that Eugene Sue, for instance, should have dared to satirize Popery, or that Guinet, or Michelet, should presume to denounce Jesuitism or warn mankind against giving it any encouragement amongst them. The argument used by these LIBERAL CHRISTIANS or philosophers—for they are all philosophers, every one of them—is this; if evangelical Christians should succeed in suppressing Popery, we philosophic, and Liberal Christians, shall be their next victims; *ergo*, Eugene Sue, Michelet, Guinet, and all who write against Popery, deserve no encouragement from us. Admirable logicians, these Liberal Christians! Profound and deep historians, these modern philosophers! Evangelical Christians have never persecuted *Liberal Christians*. I would challenge them to produce an instance where they have ever acted upon the offensive. Let them analyze the creed of evangelical Christians; let them dissect it; let them break it up, word by word, and cut each word into the most minute fractions; and if they can show me, among those words or fractions, a solitary particle, or an isolated idea, which teaches them to persecute any man on account of his religious opinions, I will acknowledge that *Liberal Christians* are right in preferring the ascendancy of Popery to that of evangelical Christianity. But how is it in the Popish

creed? Let these Liberal Christians turn back to the pages of history, and they will find that the creed and canons of Popery, as well as the decretals of its Church, all teach that Liberal Christians are to be dealt with by civil law, and that by civil law is to be understood the *Inquisitorial law*, which consigns every one of them to the sword, fire, and faggot. Do these gentlemen recollect the fate of Arius and his followers? Do they forget that the disciples of Arius were all *Liberal Christians*, and numbered, at one time, a vast and large portion of those who professed any belief in the doctrines of Christ, either as God or man? Pause, gentlemen, I entreat of you,—recollect that the reason why Papists are silent in relation to your doctrines, is simply this: they look upon you as damned, beyond a possibility of salvation. They place you and the Jews on the same level, and consider both as blasphemers of the name of Christ, and as altogether beneath the notice of all men who profess the Christian religion in any form whatever; and rely upon it, when I assure you, that I myself, who have been a Popish priest, have studied the doctrines of that Church to little purpose, if you are not the very first whom Papists will destroy, and whose property they will confiscate to the use of their *Infallible Church*, should they ever have the power to do so.

It is a question with me, whether many of the lecturers of the present day, in their unqualified *anathemas* against modern literature and general reading, are not doing more harm than good. Assuredly they are injuring, more or less, the cause of liberty, and giving all the advantages they possess, to arbitrar

power; especially to the factious, despotic, and violent power of the tyrant court of Rome. Those lecturers who denounce the writings of Eugene Sue, Guinet, and others, against the Popish Church, are bringing upon this country — unconsciously, I believe — all the evils of foreign tyranny, without any consolation. They are helping to destroy themselves, and must be destroyed in time by a superior power. Charity obliges me to suppose these lecturers sincere, and if they were equally discreet, might be useful auxiliaries in promoting the moral and political interests of our country. They are the instruments of cool-headed, dispassionate politicians, who see nothing, and care to see nothing, but their own private interests.

Besides all this, these declaimers against modern literature and general reading are injuring the cause of science. He who from his pulpit, or in a lyceum hall, disapproves of the writings of Eugene Sue against Popish domination, merely because he relates many facts and circumstances which are not proper to be seen or read by some of his hearers, — aims his blows at many of the noblest sciences which God has permitted man to study, and for reasons which could scarcely be satisfactory to a child, viz: because "some passages in his writings are rather indelicate." This is certainly as strong a reason as Dr. Sangrado, of Quixotic notoriety, gave to his patient, when asked why he did not prescribe cold water; "I have," said the Doctor, "already prescribed hot water." The reason given for not reading Eugene Sue may apply with equal force against the study of surgery; and I

should not be in the least surprised, if before long some of those gentlemen denounced and forbade the study of the noble and almost heavenly science of anatomy. Assuredly, beautiful, symmetrical, and lovely as the human frame is externally, it presents to the human eye, when dissected and exposed, in its native and naked proportions, no very pleasing object to contemplate. But does it follow that the science of anatomy should not be studied? Does it follow that works upon that science should not be read? Certainly not; and he who would contend for the contrary would be well suited by assigning to him an abode in some lunatic asylum.

I admit that there are some passages in the writings of Eugene Sue, Guinet, and others, against Popery, that seem rather indelicate. But is that a reason why the moral anatomy and structure of the body Papal should not be dissected? The external body of Popery, like the human body, may be fair to the eye, lovely to the senses, and beautiful to the imagination; but like the human body, it has its deformities, and I see no reason why its defects should not be anatomized, studied, and exposed, if necessary to the moral welfare of the human family. How can the evils of Popery be known, unless they are exposed to public view, and seen by those who are competent to judge of their evil tendencies? And who are more competent to form a correct estimate of their nature and character, than such men as Eugene Sue, Guinet, and others, who have studied Popery? Guinet and Michelet are now living. They are both Roman



Catholics by birth and education. They understand the doctrines of Popery thoroughly. It is idle—it is worse than idle—for American Protestant writers to attempt to prevent the circulation of Michelet's works, or those of Eugene Sue, in the United States. But it will be said, and it is said, that there is much romance about them, and that many passages are to be found, in Guinet especially, savoring strongly of infidelity. Admitting even this to be the case, it does not follow, by any means, that the enemies of Popery, which some Protestant journals and lecturers pretend to be, should reject and censure the many and undeniable truths which they contain on the subject of Popery. The fact is—and I regret that it is so—many of the journals which come out with flaming notices of *their determination* to stand by the Protestant religion, and oppose the introduction of Popery into this country, are not always sincere in their professions. Many of them are *theorists*. I may add here, *en passant*, that few of those “heroes of discussion meetings,” and editors of newspapers, are at all qualified for the task which they undertake. It is, however, a source of consolation to me, that there are some public lecturers and editors of Protestant newspapers, who are sincere and disinterested in their opposition to Popery; who see its destructive fruits now springing up in the fairest fields of our Republic; who know that Popery is corrupt in itself, that corruption of mind and morals is the natural result to be expected from its prevalence amongst our people. These worthy men and well-informed editors of many of our presses, are determined, cost what it will, that

Popery shall be fully understood in this country; that it shall no longer be hid in a corner, and that those Jesuit wolves who profess it shall no longer be permitted to appear in sheep's clothing.

Among the presses which now boldly stand forth in defence of the Protestant religion and the civil rights of man, I am happy to enumerate the Boston Recorder, the Olive Branch, and others, among the various presses in the city of Boston. There are also many among the political presses in our country, which are doing good service to the cause of Protestantism and the civil rights of man. J. T. Buckingham, of the Boston Courier, has generously and disinterestedly thrown himself and his fine talents between the intrigues of Papists and their designs upon our institutions, and the civil rights of his countrymen. These presses have not blushed to quote largely from Eugene Sue; they have not tried to hide from their readers, nor prevented them from reading, the faithful *expose* which Eugene Sue, Guinet, La Manais, Michelet, and others, have given of the iniquities and treasonable designs of Popish priests and Jesuits against Protestant governments and the civil rights of man. These presses have not put their hands to the plow and looked back. They love their God and their country too well to crouch before the *puerilities*—as the learned Bishop Eastburn of Boston expresses it—or the treasonable designs of Jesuits. The reader will here indulge me, and I trust the editors of the Boston Recorder will pardon me, for quoting largely from their paper of January 15th, 1846.

“*M. Pascal*, a devoted member of the Romish

Church, has set forth in his provincial letters the opinions of several distinguished Jesuits, as to the duty of loving God, and especially in answer to the question, 'When and at what time is a man obliged to have an actual love or affection for God?' One Jesuit, Saurez, says, 'It is enough if we love him a little before we die, without fixing any time.' Another, Vasquez, says that 'it is enough to love him at the point of death.' We marvel at such answers. But this is Jesuitism seeking to relieve itself of the painful obligation of loving God. No order of men, — no society that ever existed, has been so universally execrated as that of the Jesuits. Everywhere *intriguing*, *plotting*, and *dangerous*, they have been everywhere dreaded, hated, and opposed. And not by Protestants alone. The society of Jesuits has been at different periods expelled from all the States of Europe; and last of all, France has denounced and rejected it. The order, as every one knows, began with Loyola, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and ~~was~~ intended as a spiritual crusade against heresy; the particular heresy aimed at being the Reformation, under Luther, who was contemporary with Loyola. In 1773, the institution of the Jesuits was suppressed by a bull of Clement XIV. They were accused of 'too great avidity of terrestrial goods,' of 'criminal plots,' of having in their favor only the exterior of regularity, disgraced in their maxims, and to render themselves more powerful, given up to commerce, stock-jobbing, and politics.'

"But the time came when Rome needed the arms of the Jesuits, and their society was re-established in

1814. The Romish Church still defends the Jesuits, and stands before the world as their accomplice." The Recorder continues, and indirectly severely censures those presses and those timid and irresolute editors who seem to think that they cannot conscientiously read, or permit their readers to receive into their houses, the writings of Eugene Sue or Michelet, against the degrading and traitorous doctrines of Popery.

"The attempt of the Jesuits," continues the pious and talented editor of the Recorder, "to get the control of education in France, aroused some powerful spirits, among whom the most distinguished were Michelet and Guinet, Professors in the College of France. These men are Catholics, but too excellent and conscientious to receive the appellation in its bad sense. They are high authority, and we quote a few of their opinions, publicly uttered in college lectures within the last year or two." What think you of the above language, you editors of the would-be evangelical Protestant presses?—you who have *pledged* your *sacred honor* and *fortunes* to stand by the Church and the Gospel of Christ, and still censure Michelet, Guinet, and even my own humble efforts to oppose the spread of Popery among mankind. "Michelet," continues the Recorder, "calls the *spirit of Jesuits* the *spirit of intrigue*—of *holy detraction*. God give us, he says, political tyranny, military tyranny, and all other tyrannies, ten times over, rather than that such a police—that of the Jesuits—should sully our France." Will the reader permit me to add my petition to this, and will he join me in beseeching the Throne of Grace to receive it graciously? God give us, Amer-

ican citizens, political tyranny, military tyranny, and all other tyrannies, ten times over, rather than that Jesuitism should disfigure the fair face of our beautiful Republic. The Recorder continues his observations on the writings of Michelet. "He (Michelet) challenges men to study, and tells them that at the end of ten years they will find in the history of Jesuits but one meaning — *the death of liberty*." "This bold lecturer," (Michelet) continues the Recorder still, "abounds in passages like the following: 'What is the nature of the Jesuit? He has none; he is fit for everything. The Jesuits are a formidable machine for war, invented for the most vile combat in the sixteenth century. The simple and natural means which have generally succeeded with the Jesuits is to *catch wild birds by means of tame ones*.'" "I speak," says Michelet, "of Jesuitesses, polished and gentle, adroit and charming, who always, going before the Jesuits, put everywhere oil and honey, smoothing the way." How true this is; and is it not strange, beyond account, that Americans cannot see it? When Jesuits first came into Boston, they sent before them Jesuitesses, young, polished, gentle, and charming. These tame Popish birds were not long amongst us, when they caught whole flocks of our wild Yankee birds, and are now catching them in almost every State in the Union. But the Yankee, with all his *cuteness, cleverness*, and supposed *cunning*, will be caught. He is no match for the Jesuit. "The Jesuits," says Michelet, again, "have employed the instrument of which Jerome speaks — poor little women, all covered with sins." He alludes to the

Sisters of Charity, the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, the Mother Abbesses, &c., all which are directed and governed by the Jesuits.

Was there ever a truer picture of the operations of Jesuits than this? And the Americans who cannot see its truth and fidelity, must be blinder than the bats which flutter in the caves and caverns of their mountains. Had we not, the other day, on Mount Benedict, in the vicinity of Boston, the capital of New England, some of those *poor little women, covered with sins*—meek, and gentle, and angelic-looking little beings? Sweet little innocents! They had a nunnery there, too. They had a *fashionable school* attached to it. And our Protestant Jonathans—poor dolts—sent their daughters to these *poor little women*—these *Sisters of Charity*—to be educated in the principles of Christianity! True it is that none are so blind as those who will not see.

The reader will bear with me in quoting a few more passages, which the Boston Recorder selects from the writings of Guinet, on the subject of Jesuitism. “The nations which are sickest in Europe, those which have least credit and authority, are those in which the society of Jesuits has its hearth. The mission of Jesuitism, in the sixteenth century, was to destroy the Reformation; the mission of Jesuitism, in the nineteenth century, is to destroy the Revolution, which supposes, includes, and envelopes, the Reformation. What cannot fail to strike you, is the rapidity with which this society has degenerated. Where shall we find any thing like it in any other order? The public voice has been raised against it from its

very cradle. Already the society was driven out from a part of Spain in 1555, from the Low Countries and Portugal in 1578, from all France in 1594, from Venice in 1606, from the Kingdom of Naples in 1622. I speak only of Catholic countries. We may add, that France condemned the Jesuits in 1762, and actually drove them from the kingdom, and that she has since repeated her sentence of reprobation in 1845."

"Now let it be considered," says the Recorder — and I look upon that venerable journal, and its editors, as high authority — "that these very Jesuits, dreaded and loathed, in the old countries, looked upon as the offscouring of all things, the dregs even of Catholic states, are coming to this country by hundreds, [The Recorder might have said by hundreds of thousands] seeking here a field for their horrid operations, determined to regain all and more than they have lost at home. It is well understood that the Catholic officials who profane our soil, are of the Jesuit order, — desperate men, 'fit for everything,' whose very breath is the 'death of liberty.' Their mission is to deceive and victimize the American people. The people, therefore, ought to be aware of their character and operations.

"Some will say," continues the Recorder, farther, "it is not so, — there is no danger — these priests are a very harmless people. In this provoking stupidity lies our danger. Before they get their eyes open, the language of Michelet will be applicable. 'Are these Jesuits? A man asks this question, whose wife they already govern by a confessor of their own — the wife

the house, table, hearth, bed. To-morrow they will have her child.' There is little reason to suppose that Jesuits will be forcibly expelled from this country. So much the greater is the necessity that they should be watched, exposed, and resisted. Their movements here, are of special moment to Americans. We are called upon to watch around the 'altar of our liberty.' The Jesuits and the Pope, would rejoice to see us directing our attention to Italy,—to draw our attention there, even while they are choosing and fortifying their position here. Mr. Hogan may be right in suggesting that this is their 'plot.' If so, while they are plotting, let the Americans be adopting vigorous means of self-protection—such means especially, as religion and education can best furnish."

Thus speaks that truly evangelical and independent press, the Boston Recorder, of Jesuitism, and the writings of Sue, Michelet, and Guinet. And it is to me a source of consolation and cheering encouragement, to find that it does not disapprove of my own humble efforts upon the same subject, nor of any of those authorities which I have called to my aid.

I fully agree with the Recorder, that education—biblical education—is the best means and defence we can make against the intrigues of Jesuitism in this country. Our sole and only hope of success against them, is the general diffusion of education; and that education must be of a scriptural character. Until the people can read, they cannot think; and until they can think, they cannot reason, nor consequently distinguish between error and truth. A vast number of the citizens of this country are foreigners, from Pop-



ish countries, who have no education but such as they received from their priests; and the history of the world informs us of the wretched character of that instruction which they have received from that source. We all can see the condition of the poor Irish, who, for centuries back, have been walking by the light of some 'magic lantern, held by their priests.' We can see how prevalent the influence of Popish priests has been, in the education—or rather want of education of the Irish,—by referring to a *Report of Commissioners appointed to take the census of Great Britain and Ireland in 1841*. I here quote from the London Quarterly Review for June, 1845. "On the present state of Irish education, and its previous progress, the Commissioners have taken great pains to collect and communicate information, of which the result is, that the diminution of ignorants, that is, of persons unable to read and write, is, during the last fifty years, from forty-eight to thirty-five per cent. of males, and from sixty to forty-five per cent. of females." What must have been the condition of this poor people previous to the last fifty years, when they were educated exclusively by bishops, priests, monks, and nuns? And how grateful should they feel to the Protestants of Great Britain and elsewhere for the great diminution which has since taken place in the number of males and females who could then neither read nor write. It is creditable to government—the Protestant government of Great Britain—that out of the number of Irish, which are now in the military service of Great Britain, sixty per cent. of those between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five can both read and write. How

is this to be accounted for? Popish priests have nothing to do with the education of the children of those who are in the service of Great Britain. They are indebted to Protestant teachers, and Protestant officers, for the blessings of education which they enjoy. How are the people educated in Popish France? We can learn from the lectures of Michelet, Professor of Literature in the College of France; it is wretched in the extreme. But some of our *sympathizers* and mawkish journalists may question the authority of the gentleman. I would refer them to other authority. M. Boulay tells us that more than half the population of France can neither read nor write. He assures us this is a *fixed fact*—and he is no contemptible authority. What does Bishop Fenwick's *Corporal Trim* think of this? He assured us, the other day, on his honor and *consistency*, that the inhabitants of Catholic countries were the best educated people in the world. Ah! Corporal, thou shalt never die while imposture and Popery live in the United States. Let us compare the condition of the Irish, who are educated by Popish priests and Jesuits, with that of Americans, who have received their education from Protestant teachers, and we shall see—as the London Quarterly Review expresses it—in strong contrast, the effect of an almost total, and a very partial Papal eclipse. Taking the whites—in America—as the analogous population, we find that persons above the age of twenty years, who can neither read nor write, are not quite four per cent. (3.87.) To make this, however, a fair subject of comparison, we must consider that the numbers under twenty are not half the whites, (1.38\)

so that we must reckon *the ignorants* to be eight per cent. of the whole. How different this from the forty per cent. of the Irish Papists, and the fifty or sixty per cent. of the French Papists, all of whom are educated by Jesuits and Papists! What becomes here, of *Corporal* Brownson's assertion, that "the people are better educated, in general, in Popish than Protestant countries"? The fact is, my friend Brownson, you *had* better shut up shop; you are a man of no bottom; you possess no solid and useful information; and easily humbugged, as you and your brethren the Jesuits think the American people to be, no man can retain long among them, the character of a learned and honest man, if he have not some solid bottom of his own to stand upon. It is a bold attempt on the part of Jesuits, to try to persuade the American people, by means of their agent Brownson, that the mass of Papists are better educated than Protestants. But, as the learned Dr. South expresses it, "there is, in the effort to do what is glaringly false, such a mixture of the fool, as quite spoils the project of the knave." And I am much mistaken if the knavish Jesuits who infest this country, do not soon find that the observation of Dr. South is correct.

Jesuits and their agents in the United States, have taken and are now taking, great pains to persuade our Protestant citizens, that Papists are not only better educated than Protestants, but better provided for in every other respect. They have always charged Protestants with neglecting the poor, and over-working them in every department of labor. Some of the *Puseyite* philosophers of the present day, unite with

Jesuits in urging this charge against Protestants. This is peculiarly worthy of the attention of the Americans, and shows as clearly as any other circumstance can, the extent and depth of Jesuit intrigue amongst us. The great mass of the people, in every country, is composed of the laboring classes, or, as we term them, *operatives*. And Jesuits know full well that if they can persuade the great body of Americans, that Popery gives more encouragement to labor, and requires less of it for a given price, than those who profess Protestantism, it is an important point gained; in truth, if this be admitted,—if the Popish Church gives more encouragement and better pay to laborers, than the Protestant Church, I, for one, would not and could not withhold from her my full and hearty commendation thus far. If it be true,—as that great *Idealist* and Puseyite, Mr. Ward, of England, contends,—that the poor and neglected and oppressed, in those countries where Protestant government prevails, are much better provided for under Popish governments, the fact ought to be well understood, and in place of wishing to overthrow these governments and prevent the farther growth of Popery, we should pause, and look seriously into the question.

But is it true that labor is more encouraged and better paid, under Catholic than Protestant governments? Is it true that operatives—say for instance those who work in factories—are more humanely dealt with, better paid, and not required to work as many hours, under Popish as under Protestant governments? I call the attention of American Protestants to this question. It is one of vital importance.

Both Puseyites and Jesuits allege this as positive. We have them here on the platform of unequivocal allegation of fact. "We have them on the hip." I am now willing to grapple with Jesuits and Puseyites upon this question. It cannot be evaded by them. It must be *yes* or *no*. Jesuit sophistry can avail them nothing, and if I can show our operatives, and laborers in our factories, that those Jesuits and Puseyites who are now overspreading our Republic, are trying to deceive them and reduce them to farther hardships, I trust they will rise as a body, men, women, children, and all, and hoot them from our shores. It is wrong to deceive any one; and no honest man or true Christian will do so; but it is cruel to deceive the poor laborer or operative, who lives by the sweat of his brow.

If the reader will accompany me across the Atlantic, I will show him the condition of the operatives in some of those countries where the government is *Popish*, and where the religion of the people is that of Jesuits and priests. Let us visit France, a Catholic country. Let us examine a Report made by M. Delambre, the head of the department of Manufactures, in the office of the Minister of Commerce, in 1838. From that Report it appears, that the actual work of children, in factories, is never less than twelve hours, and extends from that *minimum* amount, to fourteen hours, in the twenty-four. It is also stated by him, that in the chief manufactories, it is not unusual with them to work all Saturday night and Sunday morning. So much for Popish clemency and Jesuit lenity to the poor operative. Let us cross over the Channel to England, a Protestant government and

a Protestant country. How is it with operatives and children in factories there? I refer the reader, for an answer, to Horner on the Employment of Children in Factories, page 28. "In England, under a Protestant government, no child under thirteen can be employed for more than eight hours a day; nor can any young person, just emerged from childhood, be employed more than twelve hours a day." On Saturday the hours of work were only nine, when Mr. Horner wrote, and I am informed by the London Quarterly Review, of January, 1845, to which I am indebted for much of the information which I here give on the subject of factory laborers,—that a new Act of Parliament, fixing the maximum of labor, for children, at six and a half hours per day, has recently been passed.

What becomes, now, of the assertions of Puseyites and Jesuits on the subject of Popish charity and humanity to the poor? The truth is, that I may challenge them to show me mankind, in any condition or any situation, or any clime or country, under Catholic or Protestant government, where they are not more oppressed, more degraded, more abused, and more ignorant under Catholic than Protestant governments. How then can it be, with this fact before their eyes, that Americans—Protestant Americans—give any countenance to Popery and Jesuits in the United States? or how can we account for the still more extraordinary fact, that one of the most learned Christian Associations that ever have been established in this country—*The Christian League*—does not devote its whole and undivided energies to the removal of Jesuits and Jesuitism from amongst us. I cannot account for the

fact. I have conversed with a learned member of this Association, a gentleman of distinguished talents and deserved popularity. I asked him why the Association did not spread its forces, extend its lines, and devote its funds of intellect, as well as of money, exclusively to the removal of Jesuitism from our happy country. His answer was, "we do not deem it prudent to do so; we cannot fail to kill Jesuitism in Italy, and there will be an end of it."

Gentlemen of the Christian League! I once before entreated you to withdraw your troops from Italy. You can do no good in that country. But suppose you did *kill* Popery in Italy — suppose that Jesuitism was dead and buried in that ill-fated country — I tell you that it will rise in this, and that in the shape of a tremendous, unformed spectre, in a far more terrific guise than ever before overpowered the imagination of man. I may not live to see it; many of you may not live to witness it; but that does not alter the truth of my prediction.

I have deviated far and wide from the point for which I set out at the commencement of this book. As usual, I have paid no attention to order, literary style, or argumentative consecutiveness. Let this, however, not be attributed to any want, on my part, of due respect for the good opinion of my readers. My sole object in writing this book was to state facts, a knowledge of which I deemed necessary and useful to my fellow citizens; and as I knew full well that it was perfectly immaterial to the majority of them, how or in what manner these facts were stated, provided they were true, I have given them at random, just as they

occurred to me — *currente calamo*. Besides this, I am pretty much of the opinion of Swift, and value not the rules of art as high as others do :

“Nature, I thought, performed too mean a part,  
Forming her movements to the rules of art.”

I will now return to the subject of auricular confession, and the gross immorality practised by priests in the Popish confessionals. But I must say, as I have often done before, that it is impossible to prove to the Protestant inhabitants of the United States all, or even many of the particulars of those various accusations which I have advanced against Popish bishops and priests. The system of confession itself, and the manner in which it is made, render the thing impossible. No one can understand the doctrine of Popish confession, except those who have been Popish priests, and have acted themselves in the capacity of confessors. The man who has not been a Free Mason, for instance, may accuse that ancient society of Free and Accepted Masons of sanctioning, or even perpetrating crimes, but all his accusations will go for nothing, if he has not been a Mason himself, for the very obvious reason that he knows nothing, and could know nothing of Masonry, from his own knowledge; and hence it is that we find Jesuit priests and Popish presses turning into ridicule, and not without some cause, many Protestant writers and Protestant newspapers for accusing them of things they know nothing at all about. Here I have had the advantage of Popish priests and Popish presses, and hence it probably is that my books against Popery have had such extensive circulation,



and have silenced, as it were by magic, almost every Roman Catholic Press in the United States. And let it not be deemed vanity in me, should I recommend to those editors who have established presses with the avowed intention of exposing Popery, to be cautious in their charges against the Papists, for one unfounded charge is apt to destroy the weight of a thousand which may be true; and I am sorry to see that many such charges are made by pious men, and even by learned men on other subjects, but who seem far in advance of their prudence. No man can detect a flaw in an argument sooner than a Jesuit, and no press can turn it into more bitter ridicule than a Jesuit press. No matter who the *reputed* editor of the press may be, every article in it is revised and corrected by a Jesuit bishop or his deputy, before it meets the public eye; and hence, perhaps, arises much of the popularity of my books. I have never advanced a charge against Jesuits or Popish priests, which I did not know to be true; I have never accused them, as a body, of being guilty of a crime in the confessional, which I did not know, of my own knowledge, to be undeniably true; and to do them justice, they have never denied it.

That the Romish confessionals are sinks of unparalleled corruption, seduction, and the most revolting impurities, is but too well understood in Papal countries. Michelet understands it in France, so does Eugene Sue; but still far better does John Ronge understand it in Switzerland, because he has been, but the other day, a Roman Catholic priest himself. The Catholic priests in almost all Germany understand *this*, and seem now determined, through their fearless

champion Ronge, to lay before the view of mankind the wicked impurities practised in the Romish confessional; and indeed it is a matter of astonishment that any people should sanction amongst them the practice of sending young females to confession to priests who are taught and commanded by their church to question them on subjects so indelicate and gross that of necessity impure thoughts must arise in their young minds. I can of my own knowledge say, that if it had been the intention of any body of men to corrupt the morals of the human race, to habituate the children of both sexes to impurity, filth and profligacy, it would be impossible to devise a scheme more completely adapted to produce that effect than the practice of confessing to priests, and the establishment of Popish nunneries amongst them. The common sense of mankind, the ordinary feelings of morality, would have made it impossible to carry into effect such a project, unless it had assumed the mask of a religious duty to God.

It is said in the United States that if priests were so immoral as I have represented them to be, and in the habit of taking such liberty with females at the confessional as I have accused them of, that virtuous females — and there must be some such among Roman Catholics — would not continue long to go to confession to those priests who take indelicate liberties with them. One would suppose that such females would leave the church altogether. How little — I repeat it for the hundredth time — do Americans know of the wheels within wheels in the great machine of Popery! Guilty priests who have made attempts to seduce vir-

tuous females at the confessional, and found that they could not succeed, understand how to manage their case well. The church, in her *infallible* wisdom, has made provision for such events. It is well known in Europe, and let it be henceforward known in the United States, that there are two distinct and separate orders of priests — *seculars* and *regulars*. The *secular* order is composed chiefly of parish priests and their curates, whose duty it is to hear the confessions of their parishoners. The order of *regulars* is composed of friars, who are sub-divided into several minor orders, and who have no parochial duties to discharge, unless especially deputed to do so by the Bishop or his deputy of the diocese in which they may be located. It is so arranged by the *secular* priests, that whenever they fail in seducing their *penitents*, and are detected by them, that one of these friars shall immediately be at hand to hear the confessions of all such females, and forgive them their sins *on condition that they shall never reveal to mortal being the thoughtless peccadillo of their parish priest, who for the moment forgot himself, and whose tears of repentance now moisten the ground on which he walks!*

Let me make this more plain by supposing a case or two, by way of illustration. Suppose the Popish bishop of New York were a young, athletic, amorous man; suppose he fixed his eye upon a young married woman, or some fascinating lady of his flock — the supposition is a very wild one, I admit — suppose he try to seduce one or either at the confessional, and she reject his criminal overtures, — how would his Popish *lordship* act on this occasion? He always has at

his elbow some friar, and that friar a foreigner, whom he directs to go, instanter, and hear the confession of those ladies. The friar knows his duty too well to disobey the orders of the Pope's viceroy in New York, and the whole affair is hushed up, perfectly to the satisfaction of the ladies, who are absolved from their sins, and entirely to that of his *lordship*, who knows full well that the affair will never be heard of again. This friar is a sort of *spiritual* rover, and as soon as he has done his business in New York, is despatched to Boston, or elsewhere, until he visits perhaps every diocese in the Union. He then returns home to Rome, never to visit this country again. Another is sent in his place, and thus the work of seduction and immorality goes on, from year to year, in Popish confessionals, and almost under our very eyes, without our knowledge, while the guilty monsters, priests and bishops, are rioting at our hospitable tables, feasting upon our richest viands, and sipping our oldest wines. Things are so arranged in the Popish church, that the crimes of the priests in or out of the confessional, are seldom known to the great mass of the people. Such are the means adopted by the church of Rome to cloak and conceal from the public eye the profligacies of her priests and bishops, that it is almost impossible to detect these culprits and bring them to legal punishment. If, for instance, a priest commit a crime in Boston, which the representative of the Popish church in that city thinks may, by possibility, come to light, and throw any discredit upon the church, or diminish his own personal influence in that city, funds are placed in his

hands by the church, to meet the expenses of removing him to any part of the world he chooses, and the guilty priest needs only what is technically called an *exeat*, to insure him a warm reception from any Popish bishop in the universe. It is a general practice of the bishops in the Romish church, to exchange guilty priests with each other; they are very punctual in reciprocating such favors. When nuns or Roman Catholic females commit crimes in convents, which can no longer be concealed, the *holy* and *infallible* church provides means for their instant removal to a different diocese. But should they still persevere in their iniquities, and should it be found impossible to prevent further illicit intercourse between them and their confessors, means are provided to send them to some foreign country. We have now several foreign nuns in the United States. By foreign nuns I do not mean foreigners who became nuns in this country. I mean those who became nuns in foreign countries, and who have been sent amongst us as such, for the purpose of educating our children, and educating them in the doctrines of *their pure religion*. And I positively assert, to the best of my own belief, and partly of my own personal knowledge, that there is not to be found among them an individual, much of whose previous life has not been spent in criminal intercourse and illicit connexion with their confessors and priests. This is no random assertion of mine. I make the allegation with shame and sorrow, but the cause of truth demands it; and justice to my fellow citizens who are in the habit of sending their children to school to these consummate hypocrites, renders it

imperative upon me that I should declare the truth, however unpalatable it may be.

Will the reader indulge me, while I quote a passage or two from the London Quarterly Review, for June, 1844? The editors of that periodical are gentlemen of great respectability, and men of well-established veracity, whose statements confirm some of my assertions. "The heads of the Church themselves, admit the liability of abuse through the confessional, and frequent exhortations are published, desiring all women, who have improper *solicitations* made to them there, to denounce the confessor; but a moment's consideration will show the inutility of this exhortation; and one instance, which we shall give, must suffice for all. An Italian gentleman of our acquaintance, removed with his family, from the place of his nativity, to a town in another State; soon after their arrival the wife went to the confessional, in the parish church, where improper proposals were made to her; she ran home and acquainted her husband; he made a formal complaint to the proper authorities, in her name; a day was appointed for the examination of the charge; and when the time arrived, the lady naturally declined to appear. It is obvious that just in proportion as the person offended, is delicate, and the offence gross, there will be the greater difficulty in inducing the complainant to come forward." The truth of this is obvious to all, and here lies one great security against detecting a licentious and criminal priest. Were it not for this, our citizens would hoot at them as they walked our streets. Were it not for this, Popish priests and confessors would never be admitted into their houses,

or occupy a seat at the table of any decent or virtuous family. I know so well, of my own knowledge, the nature of those questions and solicitations, that are offered by Popish priests to women in the confessional, that I can scarcely believe any woman could be found, who would appear in the presence of men, or before any tribunal, civil or ecclesiastical, and repeat the language by which her ears have been insulted.

Popish priests understand human nature well; they know the timid and shrinking disposition of a virtuous woman. They feel that they are safe from public prosecution, so long as their solicitations and criminal overtures are known only to women of reputation. If it were not for this, our criminal courts could not contain the number of those reverend wretches, among Popish priests, who should appear before our criminal tribunals. Even Roman Catholic laymen, of rank and intelligence, have no idea of the enormities committed by their priests. Effectual means are taken, by the Church of Rome, to conceal their enormities from the public eye. The extent of immorality is so great in Catholic countries, in Germany, France, and, *sub rosa*, in Ireland, that it is considered an evidence of prudence, in a priest, to keep a mistress, rather than be a public scandal. It is thought by the Irish that their priests are peculiarly chaste and virtuous; they boast of this. I know the Irish priests as well as any other man living; I have lived among them; I was one of them; I acted as a confessor among them, and held in that capacity a higher position than any of my age in the country; and I solemnly declare, tha

I never knew a chaste man among them. Every parish priest that ever I knew in Ireland, kept a mistress whom he called a *housekeeper*, or some female whose duty or whose *apparent* business it seemed to be, to superintend his wardrobe or some such thing; but such is the credulity of the poor Irish, and such their idolatrous veneration for their priests, that I really believe, if they detected one of them in *flagranti crimine*, they would not credit the testimony of their own senses. It occurs, sometimes, — though very seldom, — that one of those Irish priests is detected; the punishment, in that case, is simply his removal to another parish. I have known immoralities committed in the houses of Irish parish priests, so heinous that they cannot be put to paper; and yet the poor Irish Catholics, who seem fated to be the victims of every species of delusion and imposture, look upon their priests as perfect models of piety; and consider their agent, Daniel O'Connell, — that enemy of peace and happiness, — as one of the most perfect specimens of patriotism that ever basked in the pure air of freedom.

The poor Irish believe, most implicitly, in the necessity of Auricular Confession; and such is their delusion, that many of them, even in this country, will not be persuaded, at this day, that their priests take any pay for absolving them from their sins and forgiving their crimes. It is not many days ago since a respectable physician in Boston told me that an Irish Roman Catholic, in that city, offered to bet him five hundred dollars that Roman Catholic priests demanded no pay for pardoning sins. Can this be delusion, or infatuation, or is it a species of witchery



that thus deceives, enchains, and blinds a people, in all other respects of quick imagination and natural talents? I am free to confess, that I know not how to account for it myself. I am perfectly at a loss what to call it; but there it is, strange as it may appear.

I would ask that gentleman who offered to make the above bet, or any other Roman Catholic who ever lived in Ireland, whether he has heard of such a thing as *stations of confession*, which are held two or three times a year by every parish priest in Ireland; or whether he has ever heard of such a thing as the *Viat-icum*, which is given to the sick, after confession, and in *articulo mortis*. I cannot suppose that there is, in this country, an Irish Roman Catholic who has not seen and heard of both, and who does not know that these are modes and practices adopted by Irish priests for the purpose of collecting payment for the pardon of sins. There are regulations published in each diocese in Ireland, and put forth among the priests, by episcopal authority, regulating *clerical dues*. Specific sums are laid down for mass, and for auricular confession,—which the Church of Rome calls a sacrament, by the name of *penance*,—for marriage, for baptism, extreme unction, &c. The parish priest selects two or more houses in each parish,—invariably those the most wealthy among the farmers,—and gives notice from the altar, the Sunday previous, that on a certain day, of the coming week, he will hold a *station of confession* at the house of A——; this notice is equivalent to saying,—and is understood in no other sense,—*all you who have not come to confession for a certain time, or who wish to go to confession now, come*

*forward and pay me my dues.* The wily priest never says, come and pay me for pardoning your sins; that would never do. Protestants may hear it, and it would surely go abroad that Irish priests were not entirely disinterested, and that they could no more live by *prayer alone* than other people. I have, by order of the parish priest, for whom I acted as curate during a short time, held many of those *stations of confession*, and never did a Yankee pedler drive a harder bargain with his customers, than I was compelled to make with those who came to confession to me, for payment for pardoning their sins; '*crediti amici*,' however strange the declaration may appear to you; I have been ordered by the same Popish priest, in Ireland, to administer what is called, in Popish parlance, the *Sacrament of Extreme Unction*, and to give to the dying patient the *Viaticum*; I have done so hundreds of times, but never until, by order of the same priest, payment was made to me in advance, whenever there was the least doubt of the ability of the patient or his friends to pay. Before the *Viaticum* is given, or permitted to be given by the Irish bishops, it is required that the dying sinner should confess; for be it known, the poor Irish Catholic is persuaded, that this *Viaticum* or wafer, made of flour and water, is the great God himself. The *Viaticum* is contained in a small box, called a *pixis*, and large enough to contain from ten to fifty of these wafers or Gods, and is carried in the breeches pocket of the priest. Do not laugh, American Protestants, or imagine that I am dealing in fables; I have gone, hundreds of times, to hear the *confessions of dying Irish Papists*, and given them

one of these Viaticums or Gods, fifty or sixty of which, I have often carried at a time in my pocket. My orders were, upon all occasions, never to give absolution or the Viaticum, to any one, until payment was first insured to me; otherwise I had to pay the parish priest out of my own funds. Scenes which take place on such occasions, are truly heart-rending. The poor sick and simple Irish Catholic, believes that he shall be damned to all eternity, if he is not anointed and forgiven his sins by the priest. He would cheerfully pay him if he had the means; he would cheerfully sell the blanket that shelters him from the cold blasts of winter, to pay the hard-hearted priest; but the blanket is often worth nothing, is often but a filthy, lousy rag, such as no American can form the least conception of, though the well-fed priest lives in luxury. I have known some curates in Ireland, who had no means of their own, to take the chickens, the ducks, or turkeys of poor men whom they *anointed*, and who had no money to pay the priest for pardoning their sins, and tie the legs of those fowls together, throwing them across their saddles, and carrying them home to pay the parish priest. The poor curate perhaps was not worth a dollar, and dare not return to the priest without bringing with him his dues.

It is extremely unpleasant to dwell upon the disgusting scenes which are daily witnessed in the sick rooms of the Irish peasantry. The idea of dying without obtaining *absolution* and extreme unction from a Roman Catholic priest, is agonizing and intolerable to a poor Irish Papist, and it is considered as an ever-

lasting stigma even upon his posterity. Every effort is therefore made to procure a *shilling*, which is the minimum charge made by a priest for administering exteme unction. Any man may judge of the feelings and mental distress of a dying man who believes that he has not an hour longer to live, and that his eternal salvation depends upon the absolution of his sins and the application of extreme unction, or *blessed oil*, by his priest. But the dying individual is not the only one who suffers; the wife, the children, and grandchildren, participate in his mental sufferings; and those warm-hearted creatures would give, and do give, the last potato from their table, or the last basket of turf in their possession, to a priest, rather than witness any longer the sufferings of the dying parent. It must seem strange that this people should not make some effort to shake off the chains with which their priests have bound them to the car of Popery; but they will not. Such is the influence of superstition over their minds, that they will suffer on forever, unless Protestant Christians do something to relieve them. The Protestant government of Great Britain would willingly break those chains which bind this generous and warm-hearted people to Popery, but they will not have them broken. The Popish bishops of Ireland have recently refused to accept the provision which the Protestant government of Great Britain seems willing to make for the support of the Roman Catholic church and priests in Ireland. That demon in human shape—that traitor in the guise of a patriot and Christian—Daniel O’Connell, advises the Roman Catholic bishops of Ireland not to accept the state

provision which Great Britain is willing to make for the priests of the Irish Catholic church. This man's drafts upon the credulity of mankind are very large—so large that I believe they cannot be *honored* much longer. Why do Irish priests refuse the state provision which Great Britain is willing to make for them? Why do they not accept it from that source, rather than drag it from the poor, in shillings, in chickens, ducks, turkies, *barrels of potatoes*, pounds of butter, cishes of turf, &c. &c.? Why does Daniel O'Connell advise them, in his traitorous harangues, not to receive the liberal provision which the British government seems willing to make for them? The reason is plain to the most careless and superficial thinker. The traitor knows very well that the ultimate success of all his ambitious designs depends upon the coöperation of the Popish church and its priests in Ireland. He knows full well that if the priests were paid by the state, they would lose their influence with the people, and that he would lose the coöperation of both in his treacherous designs to overthrow Protestant governments and Protestant religion in England and elsewhere. Disguise it as he may, cover it over with Jesuitical varnish of what thickness or depth he pleases, it is evident that the overthrow of Protestantism in Church and State is the grand object which O'Connell and the Popish church have in view, in their present movements, both in Ireland and in the United States. The Popish bishops and O'Connell are aware that the moment the parish priests and curates of Ireland were paid *their dues*, they (the bishops and O'Connell) must lose their influence

with the great mass of the people. This is evident to myself. But what sort of influence would they lose? Must they lose that influence which a Christian minister of the gospel would like to possess over his flock, and which every good man likes to see in all evangelical religions? I answer in the negative, and I challenge fair contradiction. They could lose nothing which a pious Christian or a good citizen would desire to retain. They could only lose their influence as rebels to God and traitors to the rights of man.

Will Americans reflect for a moment that we have about three millions of the disciples of O'Connell and Popish bishops in this country? Let every lover of our constitution ponder seriously upon this fact. How do Popish bishops persuade their people to blind submission to their will, and to the will of the traitor O'Connell? It is done through the confessional. That is the channel through which the poison of treason and idolatry is infused into the minds of Papists. But let that O'Connell take heed, lest the fate of Dante, once as good a Roman Catholic as himself, should overtake him. Apropos, *Corporal Brownson*, Bishop Fenwick's mouth-piece in Boston, makes a boast of the fact that Dante was a Roman Catholic, and assures us that he was an honor to the Popish Church. I wonder whether the *Corporal* has ever read Dante's poem on Hell? If he has, I would advise him to have written on the door of every Popish confessional, that caution which Dante recommended to be posted on its portals. I have not a copy of Dante in my possession, but it was something to this effect, "*Pause before you enter this*

gate." This caution should be written in large letters upon the door of every Romish confessional in the civilized world. I can assure those who enter that accursed tribunal, that they may as well enter the hell described by Dante. I owe an apology to the public for the frequent mention of the name of Brownson, in these pages; but he has proved to me so great and prolific a source of mixed sadness and merriment, that I could not avoid frequent allusion to his name. I verily believe that were it not for him, I could scarcely write the present volume.

"Without thee [*Corporal Brownson*] nothing lofty could I sing;  
Come, then, and with thyself thy genius bring."

The *Corporal*, I understand, is now lecturing in Philadelphia, on the *infallibility* of the Romish church, and the simple purity of its *democratic form of government*. According to Brownson, who never utters a word until it is first approved by the Roman Catholic bishops in the United States, no form of government should be allowed, but such as that now established and sanctioned by the Pope of Rome. The Pope's *subjects*, and they alone, as Brownson assures us, are fit to bear aloft the standard of liberty. No hands should be permitted to touch or embroider the flag of freedom, but those of *chaste* nuns and sisters of clarity in the Popish church; and no arms should be allowed the honor of defending that flag, but the *valorous* ones of those who have been pardoned their sins at the holy tribunal of confession. Is this really the state of things? If so, thrice welcome the *sisters of charity* amongst us, and ten thousand welcomes to

those Popish *patriots* who have confessed their sins and been pardoned by their priests. But what if the government of the Court of Rome should be found not to be, in reality, all that our Popish bishops recommend, and all that Brownson represents it? What if it should be found that the Pope is not an angel, and that his government is far from being perfect? How would it be if his *Royal Holiness* the Pope, were proved to be a weak and licentious old profligate, unable to rule, and unwilling to obey? What if his government were proved to be one of the most corrupt, avaricious, tyrannical, that ever existed upon earth? This would entirely change the position of affairs, and could not fail to tinge with a blush the cheeks of our citizens who are weak enough to listen to the ranting declamations of the hired infidel Brownson. I have before me the last number of the Westminster Review, a work of great talent and popularity, widely differing in tone, and style, and respectability, from a *thing* called Brownson's Democratic Review. The reader will easily pardon me for quoting a few extracts from it, which will tend to throw some light on the beauties of that Popish republicanism which the bishops of the Catholic church are desirous of introducing into the United States. I beg the particular attention of my readers to it. There is more of good sense, sound judgment, truth, and good taste, in it, than in all the *clishmaclaver* which has been issued from the Popish presses and Jesuit quarterly reviews in the United States, during the last half century. "We are not here to treat of the Pope, that *nominal* head of the State — all-powerful for evil — absolutely impotent for



good. As a general rule, he may be set down as an old imbecile, thrust into power by a faction of the Cardinals, who share among them the spoils; or as a veteran trafficker in ambition, who settles with his electors the price of his elevation to the Papacy, and who is compelled, at the risk of his life, to observe the conditions of the compact. The real chief is the Secretary of State—*Sacretario di Stado*—this is he who is the leader of the faction in the conclave. He stands above all authority. He is supposed to receive the responses of the Papal oracle, and to utter them in the name of laws. A few strokes of the pen, forwarded to a tribunal, enable him to annihilate, without publicity, statutory enactments.” How would our Western citizens, Wolverines, Suckers, Hoosiers, and Squatters, like such a Secretary of State? How would the citizens of Tennessee, and Illinois, like such gentlemen, as Secretaries for their respective States? How many votes, reader, do you suppose such a man would receive, were he a candidate for re-election as Secretary of State, in Vermont or New Hampshire? Very few, I apprehend; and yet the infidel Brownson, who is a native of Vermont—if I am correctly informed—is trying to establish amongst us a religion which would force upon us the duty of supporting such characters for the highest offices in our government.

“Next to the Secretary of State,” continues the Westminster Review, “comes a Cardinal. His titles confer upon him the Presidency of the Apostolic Chamber, and the management of the customs and the mint. . . . His titles would lead one to infer that the general direction of the postal department was

intrusted to him, though he has nothing to do with it. The posts are under a separate and independent jurisdiction . . . . More definite in duty, but equally unaccountable as to performance, is the Treasurer General, who completes a supreme triumvirate of the Papal States. He is the real minister of finance, though with the usual rule of *misrule*, several branches of that head are entirely independent. He attends to the collection of the revenue, and appoints the provincial receivers; he contracts loans, and orders the sale of public property. *He never gives account to any one of his administration, nor of the distribution of the funds that enter the treasury; neither has any one a right to demand an account.* He can only be dismissed from his office by being promoted to the office of Cardinal; he then leaves on his desk a key, supposed to be that of the treasury, being the only formality that is indispensable." This is taking the *responsibility*, with a vengeance! The reason why the Popish Church gives this unlimited power to the secretary of her treasury, deserves peculiar notice. Americans should view it closely. All Protestant governments and Protestant countries should examine it attentively. The Pope and his government are aware that if their Secretary of the Treasury were compelled to give a correct account of the monies he received, and the uses for which they were appropriated, their plans, their bribes, their subornation of witnesses, their intrigues, and various modes of overthrowing Protestant governments and Protestant churches, could not fail to be discovered, and then the *unanimous voice of mankind would cry aloud, Down*

with Popery! down with the *Beast!* down with the old harlot of Rome! If the Pope's treasurer were compelled to account for the millions upon millions which Jesuits and Popish priests wring from the hard earnings of mankind, the Romish church could not exist an hour longer, and there is not a Protestant government upon earth, that would allow within its jurisdiction a Popish college, bishop, seminary, nunnery, or monk-house. Were the treasurer of the Romish church obliged to give a fair account of the uses to which he appropriated the funds received and expended by him, Americans could soon know where Bishop Hughes of New York receives the vast sums of money which he has been expending for several years back, in erecting colleges and nunneries, into which he may decoy the children of Protestant Americans. It would then be known where Bishop Purcel of Ohio, obtained the funds with which he clandestinely, and without giving them any notice, purchased the buildings occupied by the Misses Beecher and others, in the city of Cincinnati, as a seminary for the education of young ladies. The Popish Bishop Hughes of New York never owned a dollar of his own; it is but a few years since he was employed as a gardener in the college of Georgetown or Emmetsburg, I forget which. Bishop Purcel of Ohio was equally poor and destitute; but now these right reverend Jesuits have at their command any amount of money which they in their judgment may deem necessary to proselytize *American heretics*, and overthrow their republican form of government.

Could we but know how the treasurer of the Pope

disposed of the funds of his church, the Jesuit Bishop Fenwick of Boston, could no longer conceal from the citizens of Massachusetts, where he found means to build a Popish college at Worcester; to which, I understand, he soon intends adding an extensive nunnery and a *Foundling Hospital*, in which *fatherless orphans*, or rather the bastard children of Jesuits, are to be provided for.

It is sound policy, in the Popish Church, not to require from the Pope's treasurer, any account of the mode or manner in which he disposes of the funds entrusted to his charge. And I cannot withhold from them due credit for this admirable stroke of policy, wicked and demoralizing as it is in reality.

" Yet lower, beneath the class of principals and subalterns, swarms, as reptiles in filth, a hideous race, not to be hinted at in good society, but whose abnormal existence must be proclaimed in our effort to make intelligible the nature of papal government—a race of varlets, parasites, prostitutes, traffickers in vice, legions of familiar demons, who crawl from the basement to the very summit of the edifice. The celibacy of the clergy,—the occupiers of every avenue to power,—is the source of their influence..... For ages past, the interior corruption, and the power exercised at Rome by domestics and women of gallantry, has been notorious; but before the time of Pius VI. (Pius died only about fifty years ago) the profligacy of the priests, though more brazen, had not, in general at least, stained the family hearth. The natural children of Popes, Cardinals, and Bishops, impudently recognized, by their elevation to the highest dignities, were

not the offspring of their neighbors' wives. .... At a later period, the depravity general in Europe, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the examples set by Cardinals Richlieu, Mazarin, and Alberoni, and the *morale* of theology disseminated by Jesuits, — masters in the art of inciting the human passions, to turn them in the end to their own account, and of fostering covert infamy, to lord it over their penitents by the possession of their secrets (in the confessional,) — taught, by Roman Cardinals and Bishops, that it was more convenient, and less scandalous, to insinuate their seduction, where it was the interest of all parties to conceal it."

The Westminster Review is good authority upon any subject; but I have adopted a general rule, in my controversy with Papists, never to quote from Protestant authorities, except when I know, of my own knowledge, that the facts stated by them are true, and susceptible of proof. This is not — as the reader may easily imagine — because I doubt the veracity of Protestant writers, but because Jesuits will persuade their followers, that my statements are only a repetition of *old lies*, fabricated by heretics. I have unqualifiedly accused the Roman Catholic priests and bishops of this country, and elsewhere, of using the confessional for the infamous purpose of seducing females. I have charged upon nunneries, that they were nothing better than legalized houses of prostitution, and established among us, by the Pope of Rome and his bishops, for the sole purpose of affording them better opportunities and greater security in their immoralities and high-handed profligacies; and I appeal to Americans, of all denominations, whether I have or

have not established my charges against them. I ask any well-read American, who is acquainted with the private history of Cardinal Richlieu, whether he was not one of the greatest profligates of his day? Is it not well known, that Cardinal Mazarin was so notorious a profligate, that no man's wife was safe in his society, or proof against his political influence and extravagant expenditures. He was Prime Minister to Louis XIV. of France; he had, in his gift, nearly all the offices under the government; and it was well understood, throughout all France, that it was perfectly useless for any man whose wife was not young and beautiful, to apply to him for office. There is not to be found, a well informed man, who has not read the life of Cardinal De Retz, and who does not know that his house, and his soirées, were places of rendezvous for gay women, and especially for that portion of them whose character for chastity was not the best. Let it be observed here, that the parish priests and curés were all in the pay of these Cardinals, and employed to procure and select for them, through the confessional, the most beautiful and desirable women in Paris; and faithfully did these Popish *pimps* discharge their commissions. But still, the Jesuits of this country, and that miserable outcast mouth-piece of theirs, Brownson, talk of the *infallibility* of the Romish Church, and the superior beauties of its democratic form of government. Can it be possible that the enlightened Republicans of the United States, have patience to listen to the diatribes of this man against Protestant governments and Protestant Churches? Yet so it is; and I have not the least

doubt, that many of the indignant expressions, which I make use of in speaking of him and Jesuits, will be found fault with, as they have been before, by many of the mawkish *sympathizers* with Popery, in the United States.

There are to be found, among the good and virtuous of our Protestant people, many who think that I should use milder language than much of that contained in my books,—that some of it is too harsh,—that it shows a bad spirit, a bad temper, and is — *pro tanto* — an indirect evidence, that I possess not a Christian feeling towards Popery or its advocates. That I am not what a Christian ought to be, in thought, word, and deed, I will freely admit. But those *sympathizers*, whether Infidels or Christians, who think that I should use milder language in my controversy with Papists, know but very little — as I have often told them before — of the spirit and elements of Popery, or the mode of warfare adopted by its Jesuits; and hence it is, that whenever they themselves enter the lists of controversy with Popish priests, and Jesuit presses, they are invariably and ingloriously defeated. I would ask these gentlemen, who find fault with the apparent asperity of my language, whether they could, collectively or individually, silence the howlings of a northeast storm by softly whistling Yankee Doodle, or humming Hail Columbia? When they can do this — but I doubt much if it can be done sooner — then they can silence scurrilous Jesuits in their abuse of Protestant religion, and check the efforts of the Popish presses in the United States, by using mild, charitable, and gentlemanly language, in all controver-

sies with them. The fact is, Protestants and Protestant theologians too, must alter their mode of warfare with Papists.

The Popish press in the United States, has always endeavored, and never failed in the attempt — as far as I know — to place our Protestant presses in a position of defence. A single thrust from their journals, inflicts a wound which requires months to heal; the prescription alone, which is necessary for a cure, occupies whole columns of our presses and periodicals, and thus they have a great advantage over their Protestant opponents. I have never given them this advantage, and until my Protestant fellow laborers in the glorious cause of religion and civil rights, follow my example, in their controversies with Papists, they may as well ‘pile arms’ at once, and retire from the arena. I have carried the war with Papists, into Africa, but not until all overtures for peace proved ineffectual. I have inflicted upon them wounds, which it will require some time to heal. The result has shown the policy of my course towards them. It is scarcely twelve months, since *repeal meetings*, — which in reality were meetings held for the ill-disguised purpose of overthrowing the Protestant Church and government in this country, — were held in every hall and place of public meeting in our cities. I have exposed the covert intentions of those meetings, in pure Saxon language. I have called the priests and Jesuits who encouraged them, as well as the presses which advocated them, — traitors, and enemies to religion and the civil rights of our people. What has been the consequence? We scarcely hear now, of a *repeal*



*meeting.* Its advocates have been silenced, and they are obliged to abandon the cause, or support it under some other name or title, which I understand they are doing now, in Boston, under the infamous disguise of taking up contributions for the *starving Irish*. The Popish bishops, finding me rather a troublesome customer, and well versed in Jesuitical fencing, — parrying and thrusting with as much skill and precision as they themselves, having been taught in the same school with them, and by the same masters, — have come to the wise conclusion, that they had better let me alone, and tacitly admit the truth of every accusation which I have brought against them. They seem, however, resolved to die hard, and recently commissioned the notorious infidel Brownson to defend them, and, if possible, to exculpate them from the enormous and vile crimes of seduction and treason, which I have brought against them. I fondly hoped that when this Brownson took the field in defence of Popery, some of those *meek, bashful* theologians, and editors of religious journals, who think my language too harsh, would come against him and his Jesuit masters. There is not a scurrilous epithet in the English vocabulary, which Brownson and his Jesuit masters, have not applied to Protestants and Protestant presses. He has encouraged, by advice of Jesuits, treason to this government, by recommending the government of the Pope, as a better and more republican system; and still, I find — much to my regret — that there is not a single Protestant divine in the country, or a single Protestant periodical — as far as I can discover — willing to raise his voice or publish an

article against him. They all seem alive to the paramount necessity of finding fault and condemning what they term *cheap literature*, as calculated to demoralize the community. Eugene Sue, and Michelet, are special objects of their censure. It was only the other day, that an orthodox clergyman, who holds a high station and receives a high salary from his church, delivered, in New York, a philippic of nearly two hours' length, against Eugene Sue's *Wandering Jew*, and concluded with a Jeremiad, bemoaning that so many copies of it should have been distributed in the book stores in New York. "The work,"—observed this learned but mistaken lecturer,—"*is flooding the country.*" Very true, it is *flooding the country*; but is not Popery *flooding the country*? Are not Jesuits *flooding the country*? Are not Popish concubines, denominated nuns and *sisters of charity*, *flooding the country*? Is not Brownson, the Pope's Agent, *flooding the country* with infidel principles and treason against our government? Which of these floods does the reverend gentleman to whom I allude, prefer? He is now fairly between Scylla and Charybdis; he must fall upon one; and which does he choose? The Popish flood, which Eugene Sue is trying to dam, or the flood occasioned by the sale of the *Wandering Jew* in New York and elsewhere? The former is a torrent which flows forever; the latter—even if it were destructive for the moment, is but a land flood, that may cover the meadows to-day, but disappear on the morrow. *Utrum horam mavis accipe.* Let the reverend lecturer, and those who maintain similar opinions of modern and anti-Popish writers, take their choice.

There is no proportion, I apprehend, to be found between the zeal of those lecturers and their knowledge of human nature. The fact is, that very few of them have travelled far into the regions of general science; each seems to be confined within the circle of his own creed, and many of them vainly endeavor to lay the foundations of morality much higher than the existence of moral agency itself. They resemble, in a great measure, some of those ancient philosophers who supposed that the essences of things existed before the things themselves made their appearance, or could assume any shape or form. For instance, they imagined the essence of black and white, red, blue, pink, &c., had existence before there was any such thing as color. There were many philosophers who supposed that the essence of square and circle existed before there was any such thing as form. Many of our modern moralists and lecturers upon morality are little less extravagant in their ideas; and if they do not check their imaginations and unmeaning deviations from common sense, in some of their public lectures, they must soon share the fate of those ancient dreamers to whom I have alluded. Lecturers now-a-days must recollect that men are permitted to exercise — and that freely — their own judgment. We find it very difficult to accompany many of our speakers in their extraordinary flights to the regions of morality, in which the common sense and sound doctrine of moral agency, are entirely lost sight of. The lecturer who would condemn the efforts of Eugene Sue to arrest the progress of Jesuitism, shows but a very limited knowledge of this world, and impliedly denies

the efficacy of human agency. He will soon find that his own efforts to impede the progress of Popery will prove ineffectual; they will be lost in those regions of fanciful perfection which his own imagination has created. Theologians of all denominations are peculiarly apt to run into extremes; many of them take certain standards of morality, which cannot be defended, and which need not be sustained, and they are very apt to pronounce all who differ from them to be in error, when in fact charity and good sense demand from them a frank acknowledgment, that though they themselves may be right, it does not follow that others are wrong. Eugene Sue condemns not only the religious doctrines of Jesuits, but severely censures their political creed. He holds the latter up to the world as dangerous and destructive to the happiness of the human kind. He knows man, in every state of society, and he writes to convince him in each. He is well versed in the elements of political government, and knows that it is upon the preservation and maintenance of it in a healthy form, that the happiness of man, in this world, depends. It is therefore perfectly idle, and worse than idle, for those lecturers who perhaps have no other ideas of the moral and political duties of man than those which they have learned from Baxter's *Saint's Rest*, *Four Fold State*, or his *Crook in the Lot*, to declaim against Eugene Sue, or any other man, whose better experience in the world teaches him to pursue a different course in trying to accomplish the same object. Let it not be supposed that I mean to speak disrespectfully of Baxter, or that a thorough knowledge of his works and writ-

ings would prove useless to any one; but no man of sense or prudence could suppose for a moment, that he was a match for Jesuits, or that a knowledge of his and similar works would enable any lecturer to encounter Jesuits on the field of controversy.

The policy which Jesuits would introduce into this country, and force upon us, by the authority of their church, could not long fail to divide this Union into fragmentary sections, and embroil our citizens in scenes of blood and slaughter, such as never have been witnessed before. We should soon have State armed against State; and in place of one united army and one commander-in-chief, we should have twenty-eight armies, and as many generals-in-chief. This is precisely what the Jesuits and the Popish church are aiming at. This would give them, *united*, a superior power, and to them we should have to appeal for the settlement of our difficulties. The policy of the Popish church has always been a curious combination of ecclesiastical and democratic pretensions. In theory, it is democratic enough for our most rabid Locofocos; but in practice, it requires from man the most thorough subjection. Let us look back to history, and the truth of this will appear evident. Any opposition to the Pope of Rome, from any sovereign, or any other authority whatever, is considered by the Popish church as treason against God and man.

Every historian will recollect the murder of the Guises in France. The disturbances of the times, and the causes which led to them, are well known to the readers of history; and let it not be forgotten, that the Popish doctrines and Popish republicanism which

then existed in France, are now covertly and treacherously taught in these United States. In 1589, some of the French people entertained scruples whether it was lawful or not to depose a *legitimate* sovereign, or put him to death, after swearing allegiance to him. The question was one of great anxiety among the people, and something was to be done to quiet it. Meetings were called in different places, and it was finally determined by them to lay the subject before the Popish theological faculty of the University of Paris: This faculty had full power from his Holiness the Pope, to give judgment in the case, and the Catholics of France were bound to obey it. Accordingly, on the 7th of January, 1589, the great, and holy, and infallible doctors of Popish divinity in the College of Sorbonne met, *by authority*, and pronounced the following decision: "Having heard the nature and free counsels of the *Magistri*, and after many and divers arguments heard, drawn, for the most part, verbatim from holy writ, the canon law, and the Papal ordinances, it has been concluded, by the Dean of the faculty, without any dissenting voice, first, that the people are absolved from the oath of fidelity and allegiance sworn by them to the King. Furthermore, that the said people may, without any scruple of conscience, combine together, arm themselves, and collect money, for the maintenance of the Roman Catholic Apostolic religion, against a king." This is republicanism, as taught by Jesuits and Papists. This is the republicanism which they teach through the *confessional* in the United States, and this is the democracy which they have commissioned the infidel Brownson

to spread over our country. This is the republicanism which Eugene Sue is cautioning mankind against introducing amongst them, and Eugene Sue is the man whose writings many of our philanthropic, but mistaken lecturers, are trying to suppress. Eugene Sue has done more to stem the torrent of Popish democracy in this country, than any man who has written against Papists. He has attacked it in its very bud. He knew where it germinated. Our Protestant lecturers know not the source from which it springs, and therefore they had perhaps better let it alone altogether, until they become thoroughly acquainted with the principle that gave it birth, and the influences that sustain it. Eugene Sue knew full well that the Popish confessional was the source and substance of all Jesuit treasons, immoralities, plots, and murders. He is a man of the world, and knows that licentiousness and despotism are more closely allied than is imagined by our simple-minded and pious lecturers; he knows that both are inconsistent with liberty,—which should be the true end of all governments,—and he has therefore deemed it prudent to bring all his energies to bear against the Popish confessional, knowing full well that if that were destroyed, together with the supremacy of the Pope of Rome, mankind could not fail to be benefited. He has attacked that confessional, not by whining over the immoralities of the times, or the romance of modern literature,—this any old woman can do,—but he has fallen upon it with the club of Hercules, whose well-aimed blows I pray heaven no lecturer may weaken. It is far from my intention to be disrespectful to any well-meaning lec-

turer against Popery, and it is still much further from my mind to be uncourteous towards any of those Protestant divines who disagree with me in regard to the anti-Popish writings of Eugene Sue; but I must do my duty, as I understand it myself. I am not unmindful that there was a time when general knowledge was a scarce article among the people, and when the clergy engrossed the largest portion of it; and I doubt whether it is not a great misfortune that many of our lecturers derive most of their knowledge of mankind from the study of works written in those times. Hence much of their unfitness to criticise the writings of men of the world. It is, however, an easy matter to condemn the writings of any man; but when a Protestant theologian publicly finds fault with Eugene Sue, or any other writer against Popery, it is reasonable to expect him to supply something better of his own. A good anecdote is told of, Margaret, Governess of the Netherlands. When Luther first commenced writing against Popery, he handled the Pope and his Jesuit priests rather roughly; he knew them of his own knowledge, just as I do myself. Margaret upon one occasion had around her some of her courtiers, who were chatting most politely and courteously, and commenting on the inelegance and uncourtliness of many of the expressions used by Luther in his writings. Margaret, suddenly turning round, asked one of the most garrulous and verbose amongst them, "Who is this Martin Luther?" "He is," replied the courtier, "a rough and uncouth man, and from the coarseness of his language, I should suppose he was an ignorant man." "Yes, he is," ex-



claimed the whole circle of *exquisite theologians* and fashionables. "I am glad of it," replied Margaret. "You are learned men, possessing refined minds, and no doubt you will give us something better than he has written. I wish you would do so as soon as possible, and furnish me a copy of your production." Can the sapient critics to whom I have been alluding take a hint? Eugene Sue understands much better the strength and power he has to contend with, than our American theologians do. If I estimate them correctly, or if it be proper to judge of all by any one of them, I would say they know nothing whatever of the strength of Popery. I recollect having recently seen and read a speech delivered by a distinguished member of the Christian Alliance, at a meeting held in Boston, and the following passage in that speech made so vivid an impression on my mind, that I have not forgotten it since; nor could I help inferring that if the speaker were a fair sample of the whole, they formed a very incorrect estimate of the power of that wily enemy to civil rights, the Pope of Rome. The following are literally the words of the speaker to which I allude: "I thought the Pope was a man of learning, but he aint; he's a granny." This sentiment, and the mode of expressing it, may be satisfactory to the learned gentleman who uttered it, but to one who may be entirely indifferent, it is a much stronger evidence of the *grannyism* of the speaker, than of the Pope. I refer to this with no other view than to show how unacquainted some American theologians are with Popery, in every shape and form. This gentleman should know that if the Pope were a *granny*,

it would be no argument against Popery, or any preventive of the evils with which it threatens us. Suppose a meeting of citizens were held, on the subject of our difficulties with Great Britain, we can easily fancy some *spouter* to rise in his place and say, "We have nothing to dread from that nation; the Queen is but a silly woman; she is but a mere granny." Would not any sensible man at the meeting advise this spouter to sit down, and no longer intrude upon their time by such nonsense? It might be known to the meeting, that the government of England was not managed by the Queen, but by her Cabinet, composed of men well versed in the science of diplomacy and government intrigues. It is immaterial whether the sovereign of England is in her cradle, flirting at a ball, or in her dotage—the power of England is not the less to be dreaded.

Had our American theologians as much worldly tact, and knowledge, as they have of single mindedness and true piety, they might easily know, that it is a matter of perfect indifference,—so far as the power of Rome is concerned,—whether the Pope be a *granny* or a sage. The affairs of his *court* are managed by unprincipled, crafty, and licentious men, who thirst for power and patronage. They are not without friends in this country. Many fear them, politicians sympathize with them, and they are gaining ground, in spite of the friends of liberty in the United States. But let not the friends of freedom or of religion despair. Popish influence cannot long prevail over the good sense and cool reflection of our Protestant people. No man has ever measured the strength and

dangers of Popery more accurately that Eugene Sue. He knows that Popery has in view, not exclusively the propagation of its religion, but also the increase of its wealth and temporal dominion. It is accomplishing both, in the United States, while it is losing the latter, in every other country in the world; and it is my deliberate opinion, that if Eugene Sue and Michelet, were put into the hands of every American who can read, they would do more towards shutting up the floodgates of Popery, which are now open upon this country, than any other means we could adopt towards effecting so desirable an object. Americans may suppose—and it will be extremely difficult to persuade them to the contrary—that however the Popish Church may succeed in propagating her religion amongst them, she can never get possession—at least to any extent—of their property or temporal power. In this they are mistaken—egregiously mistaken.

I beg leave to lay before my readers one instance—and let this one suffice for all—of the secret and fraudulent manner, in which the Church of Rome, through her agents, is gaining power and acquiring property in the United States.

I had the honor, a few weeks ago, of receiving a letter from the Hon. ———, an eminent and distinguished member of the Philadelphia Bar, of which the following is a copy :

*Philadelphia, Nov. 14th, 1845.*

TO WM. HOGAN, ESQ.

I make no apology for troubling you with this communication, having read your books and thereby per-

ceived that you are willing to serve the cause of truth and justice.

A suit has been instituted against the county of Philadelphia, by a Society calling themselves "the Brothers of the Order of Hermits of St. Augustine," to recover damages—laid in the declaration, at one hundred thousand dollars—for the destruction of the church of St. Augustine of this city. The Act of Assembly, upon which the suit is founded, gives the remedy to the *owners* of the property, and it is a part of my duty, in defending this suit, to see that the suit is brought by the rightful persons, as a recovery by the wrong ones, would not bar those justly entitled, in a second action. You perceive, therefore, that it becomes important to know who these Brothers are. I have searched the records of their enrolment in vain for their charter and deeds. None are to be found, and indeed everything in relation to them is involved in such mystery that it is difficult to get along.

As you resided a long time in the city and were, doubtless, intimate with some of the parties, would you do me the favor to enlighten me on the following points?

1. Who are the Brothers of the Order of Hermits of St. Augustine? by whom instituted? are they enabled to hold property?

2. What property and estate do they hold? I perceive that, in 1820, they were composed of the following persons; Michael Hurley; Prince Galligzen, Catholic pastor at Bedford, Pennsylvania; Lewis Debarth, pastor of St. Mary's Philadelphia; Patrick Kenney, pastor at Coffee Run, Chester county, Penn-

sylvania ; and J. B. Holland, pastor at Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Did any of these churches belong to this Order? and if so, which of them?

3. It has been often said that the Pope was the real owner of the Catholic churches in the United States. Is that true? and if so, how shall I be able to prove this upon the trial of the cause?

4. It has been confidently asserted, that this Order of Hermits, is confined to ecclesiastical duties, and is prohibited from holding real estate. Is this true, and if so, how shall I be able to prove it? An early answer, if it suits your convenience, will much oblige yours,

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We see, from the above letter, the *modus operandi* of the Romish Church in acquiring temporal power in this country. It is an axiom, and one as well understood by Americans as any other people in the world, that "money is power," and Papists understand it equally well. These artful encroachers upon liberty, are not deceived in the effects which must result from the possession of property. Give them money, give them real estate, give them space and room for their followers, and they will ask no more from Americans, — the rest they will have in spite of them.

I would call the attention of any intelligent American, to the above letter. I wish he would sit down with me and calculate, for a moment, the probable amount of property which the Popish Church now owns in the United States. In Philadelphia, one church possessed by an individual member of a com-

paratively obscure order of friars, is estimated to be worth one hundred thousand dollars. Let us suppose that this order of friars owns or claims ownership to fifty such churches in the single State of Pennsylvania. That would give the Order of Hermits of St. Augustine five million dollars' worth of property in Pennsylvania alone, without even taking into consideration the appurtenances and real estate belonging to these churches; and if we admit that the "Brothers of the Order of Hermits," own for themselves, or as the Pope's agents, property worth five millions of dollars in Pennsylvania, what must be the amount owned by other different orders of friars, priests, and Jesuits, in that State? The amount, if correctly estimated, would baffle my limited powers of calculation. But Pennsylvania is not the only state in the Union where Popish friars and priests are getting possession of real estate. They own millions upon millions' worth of property in almost every state in the Union, but especially in Maryland, Louisiana, South Carolina, Ohio, New York, and Massachusetts. But it will be said, and I have heard it said in Boston, that the Popish Church cannot possibly own much property without the knowledge of our citizens, and can consequently acquire no influence of any amount from that source. There again Americans are deceived, and literally, as we term it, *gulled* by the Church of Rome. This is exemplified in the case alluded to in the above letter. There were but few in Philadelphia,—if any besides Popish priests,—who knew even of the existence of such an Order as that of the "Brothers of St. Augustine." I have searched in vain, says my correspond-

ent, "for an enrolment of their charter." There was no record of it to be found; yet the *Order* exists, and lays claim to damages amounting to one hundred thousand dollars, for the burning of a church, which forms but a fraction of that property which they allege to be their own. In vain do we examine our tax books, to ascertain the amount of property claimed as belonging to the Popish Church. We may look them over till the day of judgment and not be the wiser. Millions are now owned in the single city of Boston by the Popish Church, of which the Bostonians, with all their shrewdness, have not the remotest idea. It is owned under cover, under fictitious names, and otherwise. It may be regularly appraised; its taxes may be regularly paid, but who it belongs to, or who has the beneficial interest of it, is what cannot be known until the arrival of the time when the law requires, and imperatively demands, that a legal ownership should be established, as happens to be the case in Philadelphia.

It will be asked what reply I have made to my correspondent in Philadelphia. I answer none at all; at least I have made none to the questions propounded to me. It may farther be asked, why not? It is for the very reason which my correspondent assigns for propounding his questions to me. I wish to serve the cause of *truth and justice*, but I have no desire to interfere in party questions, except in the way of my profession, on the emolument of which I am chiefly dependent for the means of subsistence. Were I to pause, in the course of my opposition to Popery, and turn aside to interfere in particular cases of controversy, I should soon lose the influence which I may

now have in advancing the moral interest of the community at large. I should soon be considered, not the friend of abstract "truth and justice," but a party bar-rator, unworthy the confidence and respect of my fellow citizens. There is, besides, another reason for not yielding to the wishes of my respected correspondent. I have resided, as he himself states, "for some years in Philadelphia," and never have I ceased, during that time, to warn its inhabitants against the encroachments of Popery amongst them. But they heeded not my warning, and permitted the Papists of that city to heap upon me the grossest abuse that man ever endured. I have, over and over again, appealed to the Protestant inhabitants of Philadelphia, to come to my aid in my efforts to guard their religion and civil rights against the rapacious and impious efforts of the Court of Rome to destroy and rob them of both. I have offered them my personal services *gratis* for five years, if they would supply me with a church or pulpit, where I could preach and protest against the following doctrines; viz., Auricular Confessions, the Supremacy of the Pope of Rome, the Popish Latin Mass, and the idolatrous doctrine of Transubstantiation. I made this offer through one or two of the public presses in Philadelphia, but the offer was entirely rejected by some, and coldly received by others. Here I must state—though with great regret—that not a single Protestant clergyman, of any denomination whatever, either in Philadelphia or elsewhere in the United States, offered me his pulpit, his aid, or his counsel. The doctrines, which I was willing to maintain then, were precisely those which John Ronge is disseminat-



ing in Germany; and there is not a Protestant clergyman in that country, who would withhold from him the use of his pulpit, or his influence, in so holy a cause as that in which he is engaged. But I can see a shade of difference, and not a very slight one, between German and American Protestants. The heart of a German Protestant can be approached, through the medium of his understanding and conceptions of his moral obligations; that of an American Protestant, in many instances, can be touched only through his pocket. There is a sort of magnetic communication, or something else, between gold and the souls of some American Protestants. Solomon says that money can do all things; and had he alluded to this country alone, the saying of the wise man would have been doubly true.

But happily a change seems to have come over the spirits of our Protestant Christians. They are coming up to the work of gospel labor with a noble zeal. There is but one voice among them on the subject of Popery, and may that voice be heard throughout the four corners of the globe. Down with the Pope Down with Popery! and may the God of mercy spare and convert the poor deluded Papists. I believe I am safe in saying that there is not at present an evangelical clergyman in the United States, who would refuse the use of his pulpit or church to any individual, properly qualified to expose the errors and idolatries of the Popish church. I have had, myself, applications from some of the most eminent men in the Orthodox church in this country, to preach and lecture from their pulpits, and should most cordially have accepted the friendly

offer, if my feeble state for the last few months, had not entirely forbidden it. The same cause also at present forbids it.

I have here digressed from the purpose of this volume. But the subject towards which the digression is made, is of too much importance to be fairly discussed within the limits of any digression, however wide or extensive it may be. It is one which must soon occupy the serious attention of our most talented and best informed Christian writers. It demands the consideration of all who understand the blasting influence of Popery upon the morals of the rising generation. Protestant theologians must come up to the work; they must open their churches, and pulpits, and lend their influence and their talents to put down Popery, or Popery will put them down. Nor let them suppose that when I charge them with apathy in this good cause, I am indulging any feelings of personal disappointment, or moved by any fitful, fretful, or angry thoughts towards them. On the contrary, it is because I entertain no such sentiments, that I speak with freedom of things as they once struck me. I should be as silent as the grave on the subject, were it in the power of any man living to attribute to me pecuniary or interested motives.

But to return to the point from which we have, in a measure, digressed. Such is the deception practised upon Roman Catholics, through the confessional, by their church, priests and their agents, that they (the Catholics) will not believe the plainest truths, unless sanctioned by *them*. I have often known them to *discredit the testimony of their own senses*, and I have *now before me a case in point, confirming this almost*

incredible assertion. It appears that some time ago, when much anxiety was manifested in England and elsewhere, in regard to the alleged destitute condition of the Irish tenantry, the London Times accused O'Connell, the Pope's agent in Ireland, of being himself one of the most oppressive landlords, and reducing his tenants to the most wretched condition. This was a serious charge against the Pope's vicegerent. It could not, it must not be admitted. It will be recollected by the reader, that O'Connell and the Popish priests of Ireland have been for years, without any intermission whatever, accusing Protestant landlords and Protestant clergymen of oppressing their tenants, and reducing them to the very extreme of want and penury. The proprietors of the London Times, aided by several philanthropic Protestant gentlemen, resolved to send over to Ireland a few gentlemen of known veracity, to ascertain the truth or falsehood of this serious accusation. They accordingly entered upon the discharge of their duty, proceeded forthwith to Ireland, and reported the condition of affairs just as they found them. According to their report, the charge against Protestant landlords had no foundation in fact, and was pronounced in the Times to be utterly groundless. No sooner had the Times reached the *Island of Saints*, than the whole body of *saints, angels, and archangels* — by whom we are to understand Popish priests, bishops, and archbishops — rose in a body, together with their presses, pamphleteers, periodicals, &c., and pronounced the statement of the commissioners a *base falsehood*, and the Times itself a *vile and scurrilous press*. The proprietors of the Times

and their friends were not, however, to be put down by this bullying; they were not to be put down by this shameless beggar, inflated gascon and traitor, O'Connell. They proposed to O'Connell to send over six gentlemen, to meet any six whom he and his Popish friends might appoint, to examine the condition of the tenants upon O'Connell's own estate, taking that as a fair and most impartial specimen of the condition of the Irish tenantry. Nothing fairer than this could be offered. Surely, if *all the misery* of the Irish tenantry were fairly to be attributed to the Protestant church and Protestant landlords, no portion of it could be found on those estates owned and held by Roman Catholics. But what was the course of O'Connell upon this occasion? He called a meeting of the *saints, angels, and archangels*, and laid before them the proposal of the Times; but lo! and behold! he and they shrank from the proposition. On the receipt of their refusal, a competent individual was sent from the Times' office, to accompany the commissioners back to Ireland, and to take note of what they saw in presence of Mr. O'Connell, or any of his friends whom he might appoint. The commissioners proceeded to the estate of Mr. O'Connell, in the county of Kerry, Ireland. They spent three days walking over it, going into every cottage and making personal inquiries. The result was published in the Times of December 25th, 1845. It speaks for itself, and cannot fail to be satisfactory to any man of truth and honor. The first day, the commissioners were accompanied by an agent of Mr. Hartop, under whom Mr. O'Connell holds some lands as a middleman. The second day

they were accompanied from Valentia by Mr. O'Connell's own steward, throughout the whole of their inspection. The third day they were accompanied by one of O'Connell's sons, Morris O'Connell. They inspected his father's estates from Waterville to Derrynane Beg. At Ardara, — a town land which Mr. O'Connell holds on a lease of his own life, and sublets to a middleman, — the condition of the huts was perfectly horrible. The commissioners thus conclude their report upon the condition of the poor tenantry on the lands of Daniel O'Connell, the great *liberator* of Ireland — he who is *sacrificing* his *time*, his *fortune*, for the amelioration of the condition of mankind at large, but especially the Irish. It is with difficulty I can restrain a tear of sorrow, while I read the report which is given of the poor creatures who are the tenants of this cold-blooded hypocrite, O'Connell. I can already fancy the impatience of my readers to hear the conclusion of it. Here it is. Listen to it, I pray you, American Protestants. Hear it, you simple-hearted Irishmen in the United States, who have contributed thousands and tens of thousands to support in luxury this heartless impostor, O'Connell. "*We have,*" say the commissioners, "*been all over England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, and we declare solemnly, that in no part of the United Kingdom is such neglected wretchedness, such filth, such squalor, such misery of every kind, to be seen, as we saw on Mr. O'Connell's estate, in the presence of his son, Morris O'Connell.*"

There was a law among the Athenians, which provided that he who accused another of crime, and

failed to substantiate or make good the accusation, should forfeit his head. Some doubted the wisdom of this law; but there was one good in it which no man can question. It showed that he who accused another justly, was a man of principle, bold and intrepid in the cause of truth and justice. It showed, besides, that the crime of false swearing, or falsely accusing another, was looked upon as a crime hateful in its character, and of the utmost magnitude.

If this old Athenian law were in force in Ireland, where now would be the head of O'Connell? Just where it ought to be, on the point of a spear at the top of some steeple, where the passer-by might point at it and say, there is the head of Daniel O'Connell, the false accuser of his Protestant countrymen. Where would be the heads of the Roman Catholic Bishops and Archbishops of Ireland? Where would be the heads of Bishops Hughes of New York, Fenwick of Boston, Purcel of Cincinnati, and the other Popish bishops of this country, who accuse American Protestants, and their clergymen, of persecuting Roman Catholics? They might be found rolling in the dust.

We should thank Heaven that no such law is to be found under the sanction of our free Constitution. But, though these men do not legally forfeit their heads, they lose all claim to the respect and confidence of every man of veracity and honor in any country. What now must be thought of the veracity of O'Connell, the would-be Liberator of Ireland? What must an American Christian think of those Popish bishops, who vouch for the truth of O'Connell's statements? *I know not, but my mind has long since been formed*

and long since frankly expressed. They may not, perhaps, be worse than others similarly situated, but the position of these men, in this country at least, renders them, morally and politically, iniquitous, and Americans should keep a watchful eye on them. Americans are not a very suspicious people; freemen are seldom so. But let not even freemen ever forget, that the world is governed by men, and that men are governed by their passions and interests. It is peculiarly the duty of the citizens of the United States, to observe closely, the movements of O'Connell and Irish priests among them.

There are many of the latter mixed up with Americans, and exercising a mighty influence over their political destinies; and it is the business of our laws to restrain them. Inquiries are now being made, to ascertain how far the governments of Europe are interfering with our Republican Institutions. Some movements to that effect have recently been made in Congress, and I beg to assure him who has originated this inquiry, that if he perseveres and carries it through, he will find that there is not in Europe, a monarchical power, or a Popish power, under whatever name it may appear, that is not engaged in endeavoring to overthrow this Republic. They have been planning this for years, and finding that all other means were likely to prove inefficacious, they have concluded to introduce a Trojan horse into the citadel of our liberties, taking good care to fill it with Popish traitors fully armed and equipped.

The limits of this volume do not permit me to dwell farther on this subject, but *graviora loquor*.











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